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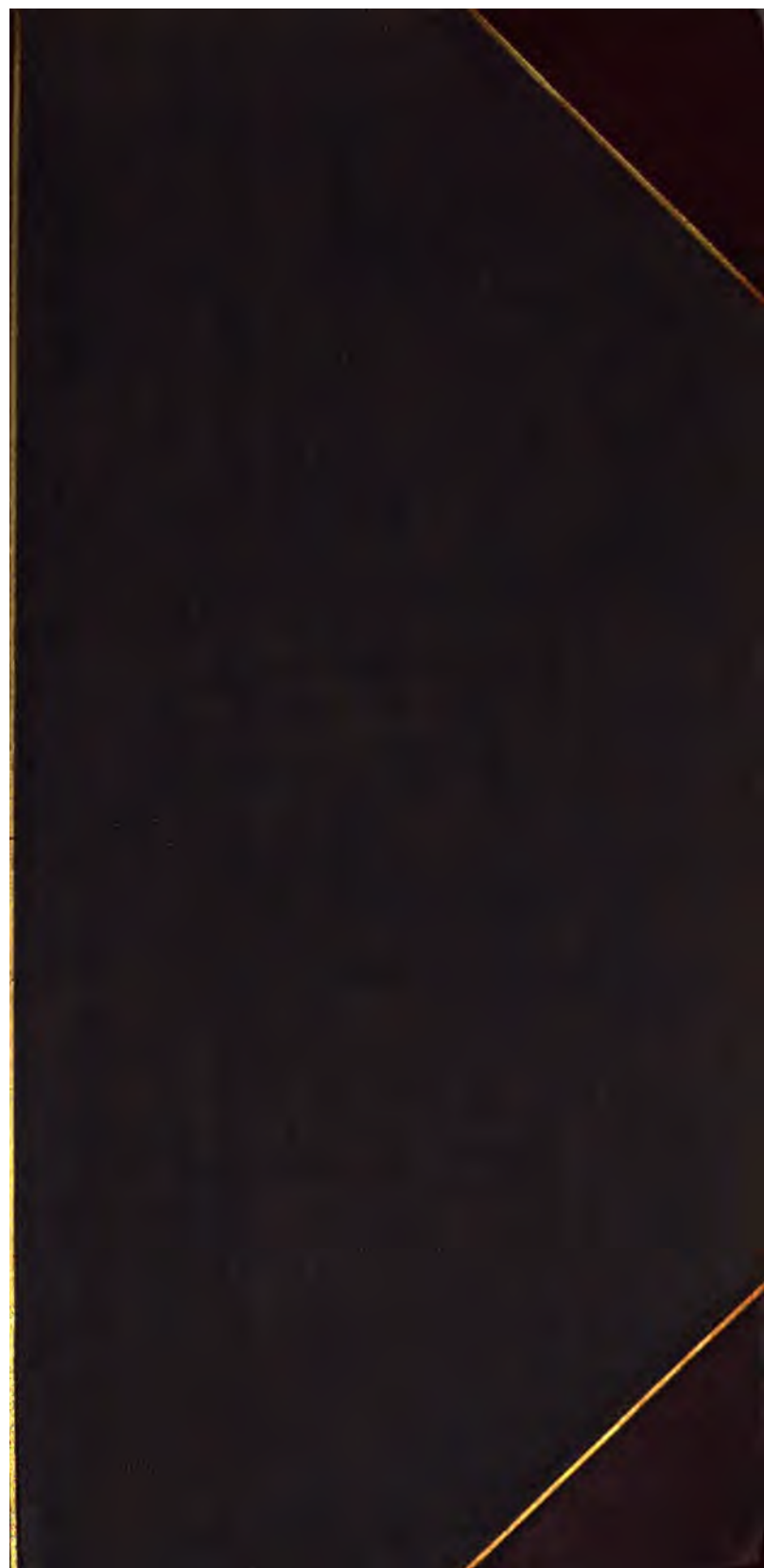
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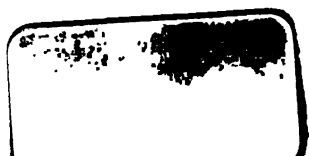
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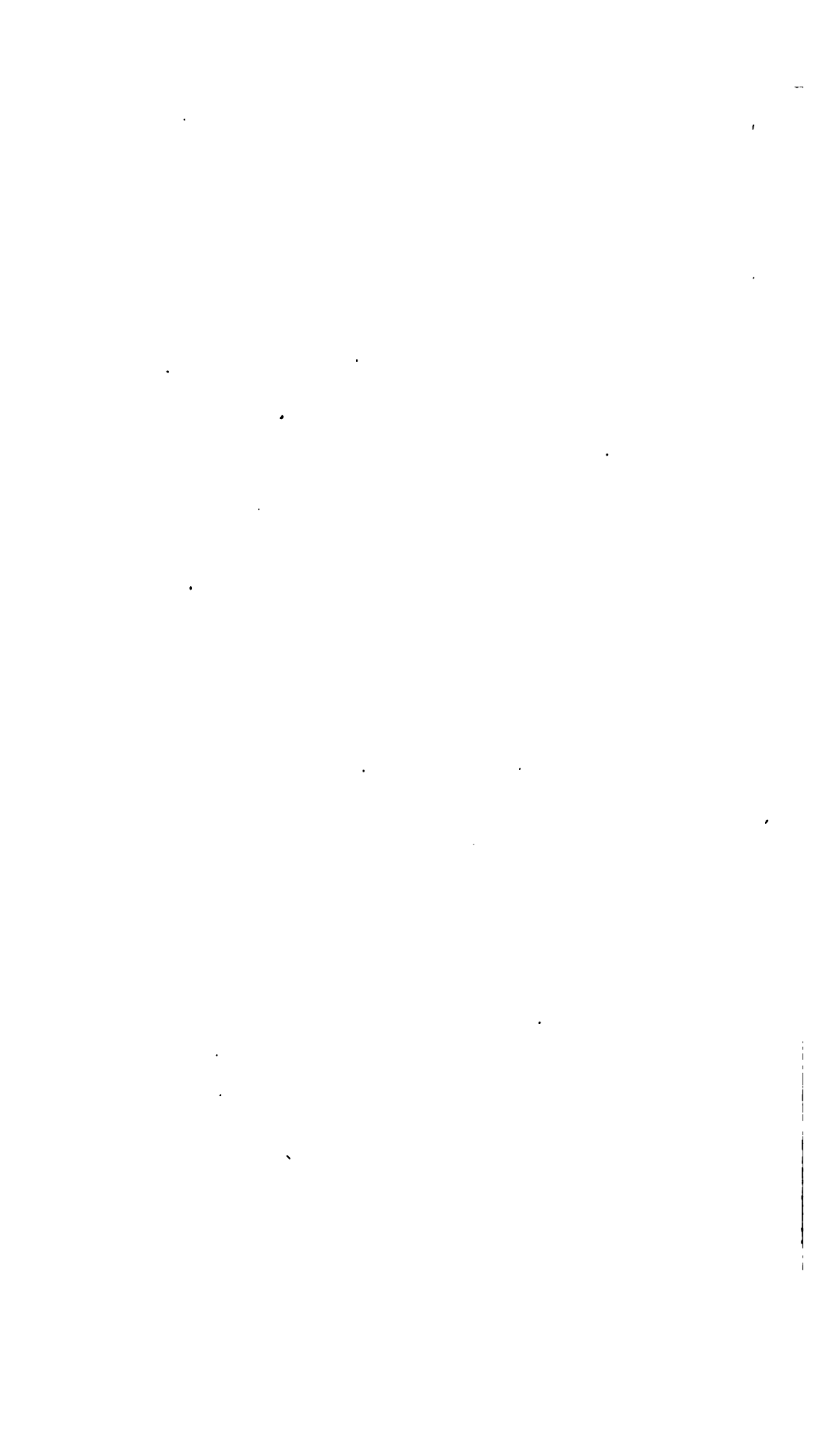


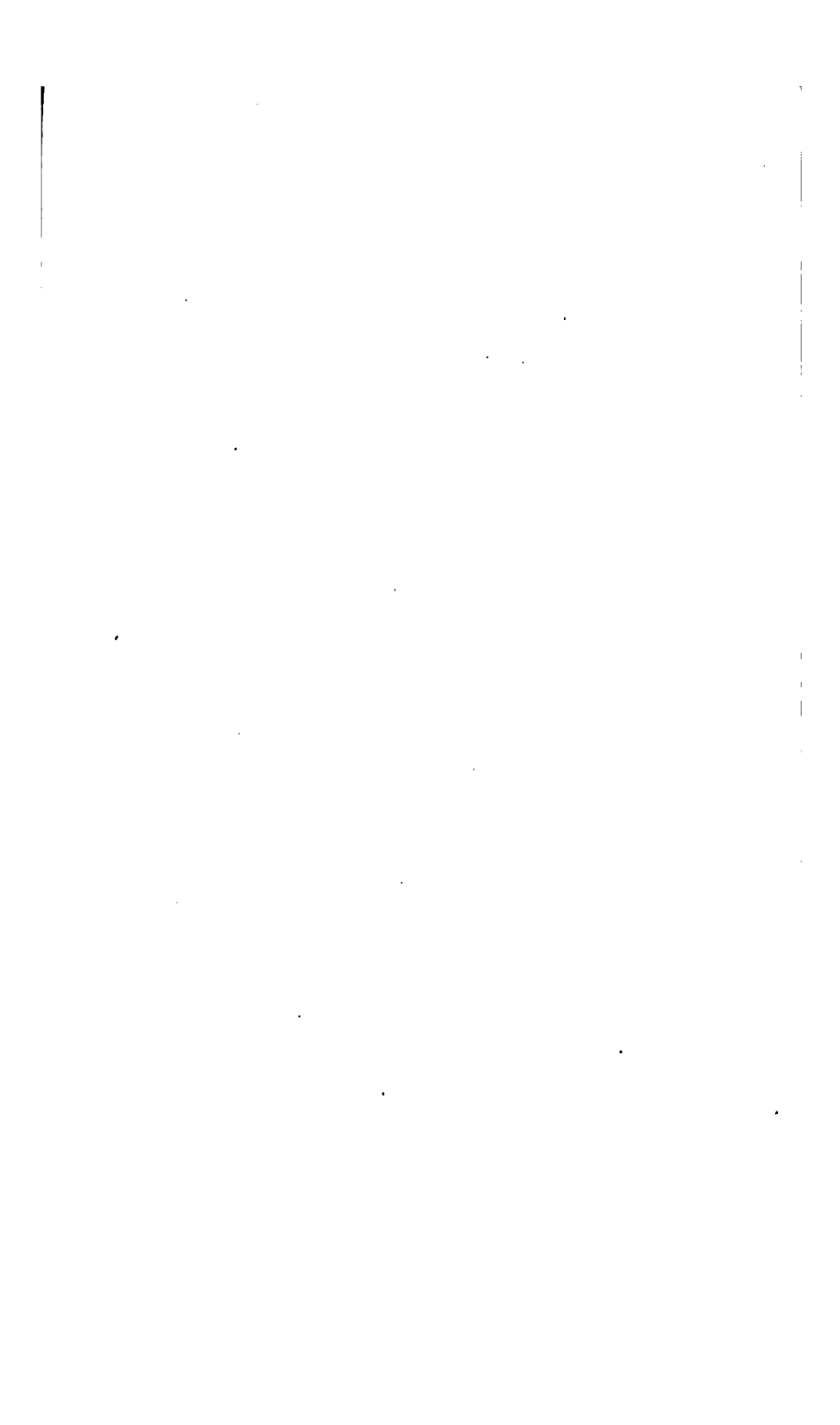
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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,
OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR
JULY, 1876 OCTOBER, 1876.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. CXLIV.



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ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,
EDINBURGH.

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2. *The Annual of the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering*, No. 4. London: 1874.

THE progress and condition of the naval power of foreign nations cannot be other than supremely interesting to a maritime people like ourselves. Apart from all selfish feeling, originating in a fear that our own particular domain may be invaded, to watch the advance of a foreign navy is an occupation replete with interest for those who are intent upon maintaining the maritime pre-eminence of this country, and who are desirous of learning—from comparisons of its condition with that of the forces of other powers—how our own service may be improved and strengthened, or even only kept at the proper level of efficiency. Like many others of our public institutions the British navy has had a slowly progressive growth. Great changes have from time to time been made in its organisation and in other and minor details. The naval officer of a past age would scarcely recognise in the navy of the present day the service to which he had belonged, so altered are the structure, the armament, the appearance of the ships, and the customs of those who man them. Still there has been a remarkable continuity in the history of our navy. Customs of which the origin is lost in, as far as naval history is concerned, a pre-historic antiquity are still rife on board the ships of her Majesty. The vocabulary of the seamen of the present time—enriched, indeed, by many additions and softened

in its expletives—is in all essentials the same as that in use some centuries ago. Our own age has been remarkable for the extraordinary improvement—revolution, perhaps, would be a more suitable word—which has been wrought in the science of naval gunnery; yet there are at this moment, in ships of the most modern type in Queen Victoria's service, guns mounted upon carriages which are all but exact fac-similes of those which were worked by the seamen of Elizabeth.

When, therefore, we are able to contemplate—as those who live at the present day are privileged to do—the growth of a naval force in its completeness, and to witness the whole course of its history from its inception to its latest phase, the interest with which we do so may well be scientific, as it may be envious or patriotic. We may learn how much of our own organisation and customs or regulations has been deemed worthy of imitation by the founders of a service turned out of hand, as it were, complete and finished from the first. We may see how far a force so established may differ from our own, the almost insensible growth of centuries, and in what points the divergence is to be found. The German navy, though by no means an unique instance, amidst the many navies of recent establishment, exactly supplies these conditions. Its connexion with our own has been somewhat close. Many of its officers have studied their profession and learned its duties on board British ships. Several of its ships still retain the names which belonged to them when they were included in our own 'Navy List.' The most powerful of those which now compose it were constructed in this country from designs supplied by our own naval architects. Moreover, it has attained to such a respectable degree of strength as to have quite recently attracted to itself the attention of Europe.

The extraordinary ability exhibited by the administrators of Germany, or more correctly of Prussia, in organising and perfecting their vast military power, might reasonably enough be expected to extend to the institution of their naval force. It is, perhaps, a sufficient fulfilment of such expectation that the German navy has already come to be regarded as a factor of no small importance in the political calculations of the day. Such calculations are admittedly less accurate than the rigorous operations of more exact sciences. So it may be quite worth our while to ascertain the just value of this late addition to the stupendous warlike might of Germany.

Short as has been its existence this navy is not without a historian. Major von Crousaz has written a volume in which he traces its career from its origin. It might be fairly alleged

against the German navy—if this writer be allowed to be its legitimate representative—that, like most *parvenus*, it lays claim to an artificial, or at least a strained genealogy. But a great and powerful nation like the Germans has little need to rely upon such a possession, even if it were a real one, for claiming a large share of consideration for its fleet. Heavy ironclads, well-disciplined seamen, intelligent officers, and respectable performances in war as well as in peace are advantages the possession of which Germany may justly claim, and for which Prussia deserves her gratitude; for it is from the handful of Prussian ships that the present German fleet has been evolved. The great Napoleon is said to have replied to the flatteries of some pedigree-makers, who desired to discover for him a brilliant ancestry, that his patent of nobility really dated from the battle of Montenotte. So the true history of the German navy may be said to begin with the acquisition by Prussia, or the North German Bund, of the huge ironclad ‘König Wilhelm.’

The author of the ‘Short History of the German Navy’ appears disposed to find its origin in the armaments of the Hanseatic League in the Middle Ages against the pirates who infested the German coasts. We may therefore allow him a certain moderation in fixing it in the seventeenth century, in the reign of the Great Elector. The history, of which the beginning is thus fixed, though not perfectly continuous, still maintains a connexion throughout. In one way it reflects accurately the general history of the country. The navy was first that of Brandenburg, then of Prussia, then of the North German Bund, and last of United Germany. These were its various phases: at first electoral; then royal; then confederate; and now imperial. In its latest phase it would seem to be not unworthy of the great country beneath whose flag it sails.

The Peace of Westphalia in 1648 first gave to Brandenburg, an inland state, a footing on the sea-coast. Sweden then ceded to the Elector the province of Farther Pomerania, lying east of the river Oder. In subsequent contests with his Swedish enemies the Great Elector experienced the advantages and disadvantages of a maritime frontier. Exposed to the descents of the Swedish navy, it, on the other hand, supplied a base of operations for attacks on Swedish commerce, or on the island of Rugen, at that time a possession of Sweden. Three frigates and ten smaller vessels were constructed in Denmark to the Elector’s order, and cruised in the Baltic as the first Brandenburg squadron. Of these vessels some had

the brilliant fortune to take part with the combined Dutch and Danish fleet in the great victory gained by the allies over that of Sweden, off Bornholm, in the year 1676. Those who remember the recent origin of the present German navy, and who would scarcely carry back its foundation beyond the excitement of 1848, when the Frankfort Parliament decreed the creation of a fleet, and the Schleswig-Holstein affair pointed to its probable employment, will find it difficult to allow the claim which this navy puts forward to represent a division of the force which fought under the orders of the celebrated Cornelius Tromp.

The name of Tromp carries us back to an epoch remote even in our own long naval history. Cornelius—of the younger of the three generations of his family which had been distinguished in the sea-service of the Netherlands—was one of the celebrated Dutch admirals who fought against us in the wars of the Restoration. In 1675 the States-General took part in the war between Sweden and the Elector of Brandenburg. By treaty, their high mightinesses agreed to send a squadron of nine ships to protect the lately acquired territory of the electorate on the Baltic. In the following year a combined fleet of Danish and Dutch ships cruised under the orders of the celebrated Niels Juel and Cornelius Tromp. Under these illustrious seamen the Brandenburg squadron took part in the great events that followed the junction of their forces. Before Tromp had joined him, Niels Juel had fought with the Swedes more than one of those bloody and indecisive actions which are so familiar to the readers of the history of our own wars with the Dutch.

The result of the battles of the combined fleet was very different. Nothing illustrates this interesting period of naval history, at which the German navy is said to have had its birth, more perfectly than the story of the great battle which was fought soon after Tromp had united his forces to those of the Danes. It may not be amiss to tell it here, as we can, in his own words, taken from the despatch sent by him to the States-General* :—

‘On June 11th, in the forenoon we perceived them [the enemy’s ships] again to the southward of Oeland, and we approached them so near, that they were obliged to form line of battle, the wind being WNW., and we had the weather-gage. Then the two fleets engaged; and as soon as the combat had begun, the ship “Tre-kroner,” mounting 134 guns and commanded by the Swedish General-Admiral, capsized and blew up, I know not by what accident, as I had hardly given him a

* *Vie de Tromp*, par M. Richer. Paris, 1784: pp. 150 *et seq.*

few broadsides. Then the whole enemy's fleet appeared to take to flight. I immediately made the signal to attack at all points and fall upon it with the main body of our fleet. This movement stopped it at once; we tacked to the southward, and I came close alongside the flag-ship of the enemy's Admiral, commanding the Yellow Squadron. I attacked him vigorously as well as the other ships which came to his aid. After an action of an hour and a half the Admiral's main-mast went by the board. I compelled him to strike and to cry for quarter. This I granted him on account of his stout resistance and of the courage which he had just shown, and I had my boat sent to take possession of him; but it was too late, as one of our fire-ships fouled him, without considering that he had struck and that I had not given the signal to board him. He was burned to ashes, and this fine ship perished with nearly the whole ship's company, which was 650 men. Fifty men only were saved by a boat. The enemy's fleet, seeing that victory had declared for the Danes, bore up, and, under a press of sail, escaped the pursuit of the victors. They left behind them the ship "Neptune" of 44 guns and 198 men; she was taken by Captain Van Zyl. We also took another of the same force.'

The Swedes lost in this bloody battle ten ships of the line, a frigate, and a yacht. The number of killed and wounded, as might be inferred from the destruction of the two flag-ships related by Tromp, was considerable. The extraordinary and terrible fate which befell the first of the two destroyed was ascertained afterwards. The ship was reputed to be one of the finest that had been launched. She carried, as has been stated, 134 guns and was manned by 1,100 men. On the approach of the combined fleet, the admiral had ordered that all the guns on one side should be run out in order that a simultaneous broadside (a manœuvre which has even now been only just perfected by the aid of electricity) might be fired at the proper moment. When the order had been complied with, he directed all the guns' crews to cross to the opposite side; but they had omitted to secure the guns in the position in which they had been left. The ship heeled over on her side, the guns ran across from their proper ports, and she capsized. The lighted matches kept in readiness for firing the guns were thrown down by the inclination of the ship and fell upon the powder, thereby causing the explosion by which she was blown up.

This story supplies a striking comment upon the state of naval gunnery and discipline at that day. The Elector's squadron, many of its ships hired from private owners, was, after the great events just related, able to render assistance in the operations resulting in the capitulation of Stralsund. By these operations the whole Pomeranian coast was added to his dominions. Frederick William desired to derive the

full benefit from commercial undertakings on a great scale, in which the extension of his territory to the sea would enable his subjects to engage. He established at Berlin a general college of commerce, and contracted with a Danish shipbuilder for a squadron of ships to trade to the Indies. He was not, however, to retain his newly won sea-coast, as by the Peace of St. Germain's he had to restore to Sweden his conquests in Pomerania. Thus compelled to choose between the alternatives of an entire abandonment of his aspirations to make his country a naval power, or of employing his young navy in the work of colonisation and foreign commerce, he selected the latter.

Yet, before he had embarked in any such attempts, an opportunity arose of sending the flag of Brandenburg on a warlike expedition into distant seas. The Great Elector had been promised by the crown of Spain, as the price of his participation in the league against France, a monthly subsidy of thirty-two thousand thalers. Of this only a small proportion had been paid, the greater part was still in arrear. As all his friendly applications for payment of the considerable sum, upon promise of which only he had felt himself able to incur the expenses of a war, failed, he determined to seek redress by arms. His newly-raised squadron supplied him with the means of recouping himself by attacks upon Spanish commerce. Six ships were accordingly despatched from Pillau, in August 1680, with orders to capture all Spanish vessels fallen in with on the high seas, but to refrain from all other hostilities. The results of this expedition, and of one to the Gulf of Mexico, were most unsatisfactory. An attack upon that favourite quarry of our English seamen, the plate fleet on its way back to Spain, was unsuccessful; and the Brandenburg squadron returned to port without making any important captures. Though no material gain flowed from these operations, yet the fame of the prince for his bold dealings with so great a naval power as Spain then was, was greatly increased; and he had succeeded in exhibiting his flag in distant latitudes.

The Elector's thoughts still turned to the founding of colonies and the establishment of a foreign trade. Before he had finally given up his attempts to wring the payment of her debt from Spain, he had, in 1681, despatched an expedition with the special object of seeking a suitable position for a settlement in that *el-dorado* of the seventeenth century—the coast of Guinea. A recent passage in the history of our own relations with the tribes that inhabit the Gold Coast will give additional interest to these endeavours of the Great Elector to colo-

nise that region. The leader of the expedition, Captain Blom, whose name Herr von Crousaz rescues from oblivion, made a treaty with three negro chiefs in 1681, by which the latter agreed to trade with the ships of Brandenburg, to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Elector, and to cede him a piece of ground on which to build a fort, between Axim and Cape Three Points. The golden age of monopolist companies had not yet come to an end; and, according to the custom of the time, the Prince established for the African trade a commercial association (*Handelsgesellschaft*) in his dominions. A second expedition, with a special envoy from the Elector on board, sailed for the Gold Coast in 1682. Treaties were made with several African tribes, and more than one trading-station and fort in the neighbourhood of Cape Three Points was erected. The Prince's scheme of colonisation and commerce were not confined to the Eastern hemisphere, but extended to the Western as well. He obtained permission from Denmark to establish a colonial and commercial station in the West Indian Island of St. Thomas; and, to have a more convenient starting place for his ships, succeeded in removing the business of the Commercial Association from Königsberg to Emden.

The result of these schemes, however unfortunate they may have proved commercially, was that the Elector before long was in possession of a respectable fleet. In 1684 he made a definite distinction between the ships of war and those of commerce which bore his flag; and he was able to count no less than twenty-eight of the former. At that time, the era of Buccaneers and Sallee Rovers, the 'protection of commerce' meant much more than it does now; and no ocean trade would have been secure had the merchant ships not sailed beneath the shelter of a flag able to avenge them when required. To direct the affairs of this nascent navy two Admiralty-boards were established at Königsberg and Emden, under the supreme direction of a High Admiralty at Berlin; and a special budget was prepared for the naval department. But a short time elapsed before the affairs of the commercial companies established by the Great Elector, which were no exception to the rule in such cases,* began to show signs of failure and decay. No return came in for the capital embarked in them; the expenses exceeded the receipts. So universal, however, was

* 'The Abbé Morellet has given a list of fifty-five companies established in different parts of Europe subsequently to 1660, every one of which had failed though most of them had exclusive privileges.'—*McCulloch*.

then the belief in the efficacy of these associations in enriching a country and extending its trade, that foreign nations seem to have become jealous of the infant commerce and young navy of Brandenburg. The Dutch Republic especially seems to have taken the alarm and to have used all the efforts of her widely-scattered business-agents, and of her still formidable navy, to check the extension of the Elector's plans. How far that sovereign would have been able to triumph over the obstacles which lay in the way of the projects in which he had taken such interest it is impossible to say; but his death may be looked upon as having been the direct cause of the extinction of the commercial importance and naval power of his country.

His successors were engaged in other schemes. Frederick, who succeeded him, found sufficient occupation for his ambition in the elevation of his electorate into the Kingdom of Prussia, and in the position of affairs in Europe consequent on the outbreak of the war of the Spanish succession. The African trade languished, and the royal attention being withdrawn from it, at last ceased to exist. The King, as ultimate creditor, came into possession of the forts and the goods of the African Company, the value of which had probably been still further diminished by the unsettled state of the Gold Coast and the intestine warfare of the Negro tribes, as well as the encroachments of the Dutch and English traders. Frederick William I. was too intent upon the organisation of his army, and the recruiting of gigantic soldiers for his infantry, and also far too parsimonious by disposition to pay much attention to the affairs of a failing navy, or to allow good money to be thrown after bad in not over-promising speculations. An opportunity of selling the forts and stores on the west coast of Africa to an English company, on favourable terms, was not taken advantage of, and, their value still diminishing, they were made over* in 1717 to the Dutch at a moderate price. The St. Thomas' enterprise nominally existed a few years longer; but with the sale of the stations of the Emden Commercial Association the first period of the history of the German navy comes to a close. Even the great and numerous contests in which Prussia was engaged throughout the eighteenth and the earlier years of the present century did not lead to any revival of the naval force of the kingdom.

* A record of the Electoral colonisation schemes still subsists in the geographical nomenclature of the coast of Africa. There is a Brandenburg Promontory not far to the westward of Cape Three Points.

Frederick the Great had a frigate built at Stettin; and a few small vessels were fitted out at Königsberg in 1807; but in reality Prussia remained without even the semblance of a navy for nearly a century and a half.

The bursting of the great democratic storm of 1848, which shed a lurid light on the political awakening of modern Germany, may be regarded as the direct cause of the new foundation of the German navy. Frederick William IV. of Prussia had paid some attention to naval affairs. A body of seamen had been enrolled; and a corvette had been built in which they might make such cruises of instruction as would fit them for their professional duties. This vessel and two rowing gunboats composed the naval force of Prussia when the great events of 1848 occurred to disturb the preconceived schemes of statesmen and open new paths for ambition. The formation of a navy for Germany was one of the projects which engaged the attention of the Provisional Parliament at Frankfort. The possession of such a force was declared to accord with the dearest wish of the German people. In the midst of the animated debates in which the enthusiastic deputies were occupied, a practical commentary on the defenceless condition of the German coasts and the German mercantile marine was supplied by the attitude which the small state of Denmark, owing to her being provided with a respectable navy, was able to assume in the Sleswig-Holstein conflict. The German ports were blockaded, and German military operations impeded by the action of Danish ships. The Prussian administrators foresaw the difficulties likely to ensue from the existence of two distinct naval forces both flying German flags, and they pushed on the formation of their own navy. Sailing and rowing gunboats were built; the practice-ship and steam-packet were fitted out as men of war; and steps were taken to form a corps of officers, and to enrol crews. Officers were permitted to volunteer from the Artillery and Engineers; and practical seamen were selected from the merchant service to fill the posts of officers in the new force. At the same time two companies of Marines were formed. An Order in Council, dated September 5, 1848, constituting a Naval Committee, with its seat at Berlin, may be regarded as the fundamental statute of the new Prussian navy.

That little time was lost in organising the new service will appear from the fact that in the autumn of 1849, scarcely a year and a half since the first steps had been taken, it consisted of forty-five ships and gunboats, carrying 97 guns, and manned by 48 officers and 1,753 men. Though not employed

in any important operations during the Sleswig-Holstein war, the force was increased at the break-up of the Central Parliament by the transfer to it of a Danish frigate, which had fallen into German hands at the combat at Eckernfiord, and of another vessel, a steamer. In 1853 a site for a new naval port, which has since become, or is in course of becoming, one of the most important in the world, was obtained by the acquisition of the district of Jahde; on the North Sea, be it observed, and not upon the periodically closed-up Baltic. The new navy was not long in showing itself upon the ocean. Many cruises were made; some for the instruction of officers and men, others with the avowed object of introducing it to the notice of foreign powers. In 1856 Prince Adalbert, who had been made Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, was able to punish the Riff pirates for their seizure of a Prussian merchant-ship, by an attack upon their stronghold at Cape Tres Forcas, and thus gained, and deserved, the gratitude of civilised nations. By the purchase of ships from the British* navy, and the construction of others at home, the force was raised by the end of 1863 to a total of thirty-one steamers and eight sailing vessels, carrying 308 guns, besides numerous gunboats. The total expenses of the naval establishment amounted to upwards of two million and a quarter thalers.

Before very long an opportunity occurred of showing how great a change had been wrought in the relative positions of Prussia and Denmark as naval powers. In 1864 the 'Federal Execution' in the Elbe duchies having led to the advance against the Danes of the combined Austrian and Prussian troops, an obstinate war began. The superiority of the Allies on land was, of course, as far as numbers were concerned, overwhelming. The gallant Danes, stoutly contesting the ground which they had to relinquish, were borne down by sheer weight of numbers. But Denmark, the ancient naval power, the country of Niels Juel, the state beneath whose protecting flag the Brandenburg navy had made its first essay in arms, might look with some hopefulness to the issue of the struggle on the water. In the previous Sleswig-Holstein contest her ships had ridden the undisputed, or almost undisputed, masters of the German waters. But in the interval there had sprung up a Prussian navy, which had now become, if not equal, at least not much inferior to her own. Denmark, indeed, possessed a greater number of ships, but many of them

* The line-of-battle ship 'Renown'; the frigates 'Thetis' and 'Niobe'; and the brigs 'Rover' and 'Mosquito' were once British men-of-war.

were of antiquated type, or of a size more fitted for combats on the open sea than in the cramped and shallow waters of the Baltic coasts. The ships of Prussia, though inferior in number, were mostly of modern form, and were armed with weapons of approved construction. As to steam-ships, which alone could be counted as of use in active warfare, it was found that the powers could dispose of the following:—Denmark of thirty-one, carrying 402 guns, and Prussia of twenty-seven, armed with 129 guns. The system of armament and some other matters, in addition to what has just been noted, in reality rendered the difference between the forces of the two nations less than from a bare enumeration it would appear to be.

Behind the line of Prussian ships were those of the Austrian Empire, still some distance off, but yet not so far as to be unable to take an important part in the struggle, and to make, even in their absence, a formidable diversion in favour of their allies, and thus almost exactly redress the balance of strength of the two more northern nations. The Danes soon found that their fleet was by no means to be mistress of the sea. The Prussian vessels ventured out more or less boldly to exchange cannonades with those of their enemies; and though the advantage usually remained with the latter, they could boast no very decisive success. The allied troops, in some of their operations near the coast and fiords, found also valuable assistance at the hands of the young navy. The Prussian officers had in this way the good fortune of being able to give practical proof of the benefits which their silent labours had conferred upon their country. When the Austrian ships had effected a junction with those of Prussia, Denmark out-matched upon land was at least equalled by sea. The important action off the island of Heligoland, between a Danish and an Austro-Prussian squadron—the latter on the whole slightly superior to the former—resulted in a very decided, though not very brilliant, success for the Danish arms: a success rendered the greater inasmuch as the allied ships were under the command of one whose name subsequently came to be so justly celebrated, the illustrious Tegethoff. When the war ended, though on the whole the glories of the naval operations fell chiefly to the Danes, yet there was nothing in the conduct or execution of them which the rising navy of Germany need have cause to be ashamed of.

These proceedings during the late hostilities supplied its chiefs with telling arguments in favour of its augmentation during the long period throughout which the policy of the Prussian

Government was opposed by a powerful party in the Landtag. The brilliancy of the recent history of Prussia has thrown into deep shade that interesting time at which, before the great war of 1866, the Lower House of Parliament endeavoured to make its weight felt. When the memory of her lately-earned military glory shall have somewhat faded, patriotic Germans will hold in undiminished remembrance and gratitude the efforts of some of their fellow-countrymen to check the growth of a military absolutism and assert the right of Parliament to make itself heard in the conduct of affairs in a constitutional state. The echoes of the political contest reached to other countries. Here it was watched with interested attention till the grand catastrophe of the war in Bohemia turned men's thoughts in other directions. It was upon military questions, upon the organisation and expenses of the military establishments of the kingdom, that the discussion chiefly turned. The proposals of the Government were not sanctioned, and the sums demanded were not voted by the legislature. The superior importance of the Prussian army, even in the minds of Germans, quite overshadowed that of the infant navy; and though the ultimate fate of both was concerned in the issue of the parliamentary struggle, to most men it appeared that the Government and Parliament were in conflict concerning the former only. The plans of the Administration concerning the navy, however, were just as definite as those concerning the army.

That the formation of a German navy had been one of the favourite projects of the Provisional Parliament at Frankfort in 1848, and that this force had been since merged in the Prussian fleet, rendered it far from unlikely that, whatever obstacles might be met with in the path of military re-organisation, increased naval efficiency would be unopposed, or even advocated, by the popular party in the Chamber. The Government counted upon their neutrality or assistance, and relied greatly upon the telling effect of the conclusions to be drawn from the history of the two late wars with Denmark. In that of 1848 Prussia, utterly without a navy, saw her rising commerce at the mercy of the ships of Denmark, and her military operations impeded for want of proper co-operation on the water; in the more recent conflict her ships boldly kept the sea, lent important aid to the land-forces, and—combined with those of Austria—were able to meet the enemy in a regular engagement. Such arguments were not omitted. The opposition, however, refused to submit to the proposals of the Government. It had, by the skilful tactics of the latter, been placed in the

dilemma of either opposing its former opinions, or endorsing a policy to which it thoroughly objected. The schemes of the Administration, therefore, were not directly opposed, but each particular was contested and submitted to a protracted criticism.

Ministers taunted their opponents with being directly responsible for the refusal of supplies which would have sufficed to place the naval forces of Prussia on an equal footing with those of Denmark in time for the late struggle. They recapitulated their proposals for the acquisition of ironclads, the building of cruisers for protection of commerce, and the supply of the fixed naval establishments. Had these been complied with how much German blood would have been saved ! how much sooner would the question of the Elbe duchies have been settled ! The war of 1864 had conclusively proved the justice of their views : this the whole country could see for itself, and not even the opposition deputies could be strangers to the fact. Early in the session of 1865, the Minister of War, General von Roon, formally introduced the scheme of the Government to the notice of the Chamber. He began by asserting that ' there were two important and urgent reasons why Prussia should enter the ranks of the maritime powers ; namely, first to protect the ocean trade both of Prussia and of Germany, and to defend the Baltic and North Sea coasts ; and secondly, to maintain for the future her European influence with those nations which were accessible only by sea.' Keeping in view these requirements, the scale upon which the Prussian naval establishment should be fixed can be easily ascertained. ' Prussia,' it was continued, ' is not now in a position to oppose a maritime power of the first rank ; but the plan before us lays rather the foundation of such a navy as would enable us to perform the task of doing so in the case of a power of the second rank.' The maritime strength of those countries, the coasts of which are washed by the same waters as those of Germany were first considered, and the prospect of being obliged to make head against them united is discussed.

The *matériel* necessary to the policy suggested was next dealt with. Various classes of ships are required. First, powerful ironclads to engage hostile vessels on the open sea ; secondly, smaller ironclads for coast-defence, and operations upon an enemy's territory ; thirdly, ships for the protection of commerce, frigates and corvettes, fast despatch-vessels, and ships for transport of men and stores. The various details of the different individuals of the above-mentioned classes were somewhat minutely dwelt upon ; the material of which they

should be constructed, the thickness of their armour, and the power of their artillery. The Minister then proceeded to demand the following numbers in the various classes : for fighting ships, ten ironclad frigates ; for coast and harbour defence, ten smaller ironclads of great hardness, carrying heavy armaments, and built on the cupola or turret system ; for cruisers, to protect sea-borne trade, eight screw corvettes (in the British navy they would be classed as frigates), of twenty-eight guns, and six flush-decked corvettes of fourteen to seventeen guns, of wood ; besides the last there were to be despatch-vessels, light paddle-wheel steamers, or small iron vessels with double screws. In addition to these, which might be taken to comprise the *matériel* of the active navy, training-ships, school-ships, gunnery-ships, tug-boats, and dredging-vessels would be required. Naval and artillery stores would be wanted ; frequent repairs would be necessary ; the maintenance of the *personnel* would claim much attention and demand considerable sums. But the cost of a war-navy would not end here. There were naval ports to establish, dockyards to construct, and storehouses to build. Prussia had recently come into virtual possession of the seaport of Kiel ; the port at Jahde was in the infancy of its formation. The sums requisite for these various objects would amount to the considerable total of thirty-four and a half million of thalers ; to be spread over a period of expenditure of twelve years.

The parliamentary opposition still refused to comply with the wishes of the Ministry. The conflict was prolonged through sitting after sitting, and carried on from one session to another. Dissolution followed prorogation ; but the opposing deputies were not to be moved from their determination. The Government, as many of us in this country may still recollect, determined to try the ticklish experiment of carrying on the business of the kingdom without a Parliament. From the necessity of so acting for any great length of time, and from the serious consequences which the political seers of the time confidently predicted for them, they were saved by the memorable events of the summer of 1866.

The Austro-Prussian war broke out ; and in a few weeks the political map of Germany had undergone a complete reconstruction. The marvellous successes of the Prussian army—that army which had been brought so near perfection by the Administration in spite of the opposition of the Lower House of the Land-tag, did more than render the country the paramount German power, they brought about the conversion of whole

political parties in the country itself. The Conservative party was largely increased. A new spirit pervaded the ranks of the Liberals and the party of progress. On August 5th the King in person opened the Land-tag. After recounting the great events which had just taken place, he expressed the hope that the Ministry and the Parliament would work together to ensure the proper gathering of the fruit which should spring from the seed just sown. His confidence was not misplaced. An indemnity was voted by a majority of more than three to one. The rapidly increasing estimates and expenses of the naval department were produced and allowed, and the certainty of getting others for the ensuing year, far larger than any that had preceded them, passed during the session was soon made manifest. The Minister availed himself of this changed condition of affairs. Before the end of the year the sum of eight and a half million thalers was voted for the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of the navy. Of the extraordinary expenses a considerable portion was to be incurred for the payment for two ironclads—one of which, the 'König Wilhelm,' was being completed in England, in which country she had been originally designed to the order of the Turkish Government; the other, the 'Friedrich Carl,' was of French construction and design. Large sums were also to be devoted to the fortification and improvement of the naval ports at Kiel and Jahde, and to the armament of the ships with guns such as the recent improvements in naval ordnance rendered necessary. Thus the supplies which the opposing politicians of the popular party had endeavoured to stop altogether began to flow again with even more than the original fulness. The action of the Ministry was not only condoned, both formally by the Act of Indemnity, and generally by the feeling of the country, but it was commonly regarded as deserving of sincere gratitude. Henceforth but few obstacles were thrown by the adherents of any party in the way of establishing a powerful German fleet.

Assured of the position that had been won, the Ministry of Marine applied itself industriously to the task of organising the rapidly increasing force in a manner suitable to the rank as a naval power which the country was bent on assuming. The fortification of the seaports, the establishment of a naval school, the organisation of corps of artificers for the fleet and the dockyards, regulations concerning the shipping of seamen as volunteers, were amongst the matters which early occupied the attention of the naval authorities. The naval officer who studies the rapid progress of the German navy will be inter-

ested in noticing the quick succession of orders in council (*Kabinets-ordre*), decrees, and ordinances issued in the space of a few months, and dealing with matters which, in our own navy, were made subjects of regulation slowly and at intervals of, often, many years in accordance with the requirements of the time and the progress of the naval art.

The year 1867 marked the close of another period in the history of the navy which carried back its origin to the astute policy of the Great Elector. In that year was published the constitution of the North-German Bund; and in October was hoisted at Kiel the black-red-and-white tricolour of the new Confederation. By the article of the constitution having special reference to the navy, the force was declared to be under the sole command of Prussia. Its organisation, and the appointment and distribution of its officers, was to be in the hands of the Prussian King. Kiel and Jahde were to be the naval ports of the Bund. Long and minute regulations concerning the liability to service in the navy, the period of service in the various classes of the *personnel* both of the active service and the *Seewehr*, the proportion of officers of the Reserve, and other matters of a like sort were issued about the same time.

The new flag was soon exhibited in various parts of the world. One ship cruised in the Levant; others were sent to the West Indies and to Central America; and some even to the Eastern shores of Asia and the newly-opened seaports of Japan. These cruises were undoubtedly undertaken in order to introduce the new navy to the acquaintance of the world at large. In the ports of all nations were to be found many Germans in whose operations considerable commercial interests were involved: and these interests were yearly increasing in magnitude. In such countries as China and Japan, in which the German mercantile communities are now so numerous and important, the presence of some ships of war as a specimen of the naval resources of the Confederation was probably essential to the security of its citizens and the quiet prosecution of their undertakings. But these cruises served another object. They afforded admirable opportunities of instruction to both officers and men; who thus acquired in the school of experience a knowledge of some of the most important parts of their duty; and who were also brought into contact with the representatives of other navies, and were thus enabled to observe and compare the forces of other countries and their own. Other methods of training officers and seamen were not neglected. A line-of-battle ship was purchased from the English Government for use as a gunnery-school, like our own 'Excellent;' and training

brigs for the instruction of boys cruised during the winter * off the coasts of Spain and Portugal. In the summer of 1869 the King of Prussia travelled through some of his newly-acquired dominions, and extended his journey to the shores of the Bay of Jahde, to inspect the important naval port which was there rapidly growing up, and to which—in honour of his visit—was given the now well-known name of Wilhelms-haven.

A review of the naval force at the disposal of the North-German Bund at the close of the year 1869 will reveal how great an advance had been made in the short period of twenty years. Of ironclads alone it possessed no less than six; and of the same class of vessel two others were building. Of effective war-steamers of all classes the number was forty-five, carrying 336 guns. Sailing vessels for instruction purposes and harbour craft of various kinds were not wanting to complete what was already becoming a formidable navy. The officers and crews of the above numbered 3,800; and in addition there were 1,200 men of the corps of Marine Artillery and Infantry. The estimates for the year 1870 included sums amounting to upwards of seven million and a quarter thalers. This was indeed a change from the state of things in 1848, when the navy of Prussia consisted of a single sailing vessel.

Great, however, as was the increase of the naval power of Germany in the interval, it was yet by no means in a position to cope with that of the antagonist which it was soon to be called upon to meet. When war was declared by France in the summer of 1870, with a startling suddenness which will long be remembered, it was at once felt in Germany that the newly-formed navy was quite inadequate to make head against that of, unquestionably, the second maritime power in the world. It was understood from the first that the brunt of the conflict would have to be borne by the land army. The predominance of France on the sea of itself imposed many important duties on the German fleet. The inequality of the contest on the water precluded any idea of attempting to make head against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy. Still the existing force had to be protected, the newly-established seaports to be guarded, and the more exposed and more tempting portions

* This admirable practice of continuing the training of our young seamen throughout the year, instead of allowing several valuable months to be lost, has just been introduced into our own navy. In this, at least, we pay the German Admiralty the compliment of imitation.

of the German coast to be defended. Ships were scattered abroad in various parts of the world; fortifications were still unfinished; and no complete system of coast-defence had been as yet matured.

The same astuteness which had distinguished the Government of Prussia in the formation, or more properly creation, of the rising navy was apparent in the measures taken to preserve it from annihilation. Ships were as quickly as possible recalled from abroad. A squadron of the most powerful ships about to start upon an ocean cruise of some duration was recalled from the English seaport which it had already reached; and the vessels thus collected were stationed at such points as seemed to require their presence, and possessed, from shallowness of water and other difficulties of navigation, the greatest capabilities of natural defence. The half-finished fortifications of the dockyards were pushed on as rapidly as possible. A torpedo-corps was formed and lines of torpedoes were laid down at places which seemed open to the enemy's attacks. Garrisons were strongly reinforced; and a system of telegraphs, by which the defending forces at the various ports could be kept in communication, was established along the coast.

These measures were completely successful in securing the end in view. The war, as everyone knows, had little of a maritime character. The powerful fleet sent by France to the Baltic and North Seas was steadily kept at bay outside the impassable barrier of shoals and torpedoes behind which the German ships and arsenals lay in security. The marvellous successes of the army which invaded the enemy's country led to the recall of the vessels which had been compelled to adopt the solitary measure of idly blockading the German coasts. The crews were urgently required for the performance of more pressing duties on land nearer home. As soon as the French squadrons were withdrawn German vessels issued forth and cruised upon the open sea. The injury inflicted upon German commerce by the early captures of merchant-ships by French war-vessels was not allowed to pass without attempts at retaliation; and prizes were taken by a German man-of-war in the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay. Before the end of the year, an action was fought between two vessels of the opposing powers, which gave the German navy some opportunity of showing what might be expected of it when upon something like an equality with its antagonist. We began our sketch of the history of this navy with an account of an early sea-fight in which the ships of Brandenburg had a share; it may be not uninteresting to relate the latest en-

gement of a German with an enemy's ship, an engagement which may further claim a special interest as being the most recent of all combats on the sea. The account we are about to give is founded on the official report of the German commander.

On November 8, 1870, the French despatch-vessel 'Bouvet' and the German gun-vessel 'Meteor' were lying in the harbour of Havannah, in the West Indies. The same day the French vessel put to sea. That their neutrality might be respected the Spanish authorities would not allow the 'Meteor' to follow her till after the lapse of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, she was not able to start until the afternoon of the following day, the 9th. At one o'clock on that day she got under way, and having cleared the harbour's mouth proceeded to the northward. Within half-an-hour the enemy was sighted coming towards her under full steam, and she was immediately cleared for action. The respective strength of the two combatants was fairly equal. Both vessels were small, but both were of the same class. The 'Bouvet' carried nine guns, most of which must have been comparatively light; and the 'Meteor' three, which were probably all of considerable power. The latter ship's steam power and number of men were less than those of her opponent; so that on the whole the superiority was probably on the side of the Frenchman.

The 'Bouvet' first opened fire on her approaching enemy, which the latter did not return till about half-past two, when about twelve hundred yards distant. At this time the two vessels were about ten nautical miles north of the Cuban coast. At first the sea was smooth and the breeze light, but towards the end of the action the swell had so increased that the working of the guns in the two comparatively small vessels was somewhat impeded. When within five hundred yards of each other the French vessel attempted to 'ram' her opponent. To avoid this manœuvre, and also, it is stated, with a view to board the former, the 'Meteor' turned towards her, so that the two ships approached each other nearly 'end on.' The ramming attack seems to have been skilfully avoided, and the attempt of the 'Bouvet' to strike a blow at her enemy's side, which would almost certainly have sunk her, was frustrated. The attempt had so nearly succeeded, however, that the two combatants grazed each other's side in passing, and indeed were momentarily locked in a short embrace. Notwithstanding this, they were not in contact long enough to enable the German commander to carry out his intention of boarding. Short as had been the contact, and comparatively slight as had been

the collision, his ship had yet been considerably damaged. The broadside guns of the 'Bouvet' had been fired whilst the two vessels were side by side, and by their fire two seamen of the 'Meteor' were killed and one was wounded; her bulwarks on the port side were stove in, two of her boats were destroyed, the fore-yard was carried away, the main-mast was sprung, and the mizen-mast went by the board.

Whilst in this crippled condition, with her way through the water seriously impeded by the wreck hanging overboard, and the screw-propeller in danger of being fouled by it, the 'Meteor' seemed to offer an easy prey to her foe. But the two vessels after the collision had retained sufficient 'way' through the water to have separated for a considerable distance, and before the French vessel could turn and renew the engagement the 'Meteor' had gained a position from which she could bring her guns to bear with effect. A shell from one of them struck one of the 'Bouvet's' boilers and so damaged it that the latter was practically put out of action at once. It was now the turn of the 'Meteor,' who had observed that serious damage had been done to her opponent. But as she was preparing to take advantage of the situation of the latter, the ropes of her steering wheel were carried away, and some portion of the wreck which had been towing overboard got foul of her screw and condemned her to inaction. Half an hour was necessary to enable her to get into a condition for fighting again, and when that time had elapsed the 'Bouvet' was seen to have set sail and to be fast making for the neutral waters to the southward. A Spanish man-of-war now appeared on the scene, and, as the limit of Spanish jurisdiction was reached, thrust herself between the late combatants, so as to preclude all possibility of continuing the engagement. The action had lasted somewhat more than two hours.

In consequence of the 'Bouvet's' apparent retreat the Germans claimed the victory, though it is not easy for a disinterested observer to see that the action was anything but the most indecisive of drawn battles. Both vessels were lying disabled at the same time; the machinery of one had been rendered useless by the accident to her boiler; both the rigging and machinery of the other were practically in the same state from the damage done to her masts and the fouling of the screw. The commander of the former vessel naturally and properly set sail, not in all probability—as was claimed by his enemy—to effect his retreat, but to keep her under command until the injured boiler could be repaired or disconnected. Before either could venture to renew the action the Spanish waters had been

approached, and the Spanish ship had intervened to stop further fighting.

Partial and indecisive as this, the latest of all sea-fights, proved to be, it is yet not without some lessons for the student of naval warfare. The history of the 'Bouvet' proves that masts and sails are still likely to have their uses even in a battle. Had the French vessel not been provided with them she would probably have lain at the mercy of her antagonist long enough for the latter to have either sunk or captured her. The case of the 'Meteor,' on the other hand, shows the extreme imperfection of the screw as a propeller for fighting ships from its liability to be fouled and the difficulty and length of time wasted in clearing it. The careful and observant men who direct the affairs of the German navy have probably been struck by this fact, as they have ordered the construction of a vessel to be propelled by what is called the 'hydraulic'* system of propulsion, so unfortunately discredited in our own service. But whatever estimate may be formed of the issue of the engagement in question, it cannot be denied that the German navy had creditably acquitted itself, and had reason to be proud of its services during the war, slight though they might have been.

It now entered on its latest phase, and became the navy of the German Empire. We may here fittingly extract from the work of Herr von Crousaz a short *résumé* of its history for the short period of less than five-and-twenty years.

- '1848.—The Prussian navy possessed one sailing corvette, two yawls, or rowing gunboats, and a small body of men attached as a "Naval Section" to the Pioneer division of the Guard.
- 1849.—In the autumn there were already 1 sailing corvette, 2 steamers, 36 gun-launches, 6 gun-yawls (both propelled by oars); or altogether 45 craft with 97 guns and complements amounting to 48 officers and 1,753 men.
- 1863.—At the close of the year the Prussian fleet consisted of 31 steamers with 164 guns, 8 sailing vessels with 44, and 40 rowing gunboats with 76. The total was brought up to 79 vessels of all sizes with 384 guns, and a *personnel* of 78 officers and 1,402 men.
- 1866.—Directly before the Austro-Prussian war the Prussian war-fleet comprised 40 steamers with 278 guns, 8 sailing ships with 144, 36 rowing gunboats with 68; total 84 vessels with 490 guns, and 154 officers and 1,693 men.
- 1869.—Towards the end of this year the fleet, now under the flag of

* Perhaps more correctly designated the 'turbine' system, which exists in H. M. S. 'Waterwitch'; and which contains some promise of being for war-ships the mode of propulsion of the future.

the North-German Bund, amounted to 45 steamers with 336 guns, and 7 sailing ships with 158. The rowing gunboats having been struck off the lists as unsuited to the necessities of the time, the total amounted to 52 ships of war with 494 guns, manned by 162 officers and 3,655 men.

1872.—The fleet, now that of the German Empire, was composed of 49 steamers (several of them ironclads, carrying a less numerous but far more powerful ordnance), with 314 guns, sailing vessels being no longer taken into account as part of the fighting fleet. The *personnel* numbered 221 officers and 5,042 men.'

In the above recapitulation it will be seen that the increase in the number of steamers was even greater, in proportion, than that in the other navies of Europe. With respect to ironclads it was the same. In 1866 Prussia possessed but two; in 1870 she had five; and in 1872 nine. The progress in artillery was on the same scale.

'The guns of the navy,' says Herr von Crousaz, 'have during these twenty-four years undergone great changes, resulting partly from the great advance in artillery during the period, partly from the greater perfection of the ships. We have advanced from smooth bores to rifled guns; from muzzle-loaders to breech-loaders; from light to increasingly heavier ones. The construction is continuously becoming more perfect; the distances at which we can fire effectively surpass any earlier idea; and the armour of the ships having been made thicker as against the guns, has occasioned an extreme refinement of make.'

We have now brought our account of the history of the German navy to a close. There only remains for us to present our readers with a picture of the condition which it has already attained to; and so place them in a position to judge for themselves of its relative importance in the armed strength of Europe. To do this it will be necessary to consider four separate items, which go to make up what is a really efficient navy. These are ships, guns, dockyards, and *personnel*. So rapid has been the growth of the naval power of Germany that it is only very lately that it has attracted sufficient attention, at all events in our own country, to make steady observation of its increase appear a matter of any importance. Of late there has been a change; and we now awake to the fact that a new navy of considerable power has arisen in our immediate neighbourhood. The proceedings of the German navy have, therefore, been chronicled in our newspapers with an increasing frequency, and anyone who cares to read may discover for himself what is being done from day to day to improve its already very astonishing efficiency. It is amusing to remark with what alacrity on the first appearance of disturbance in

the East, the whole German fleet, ironclads and all, was ordered off to Salonica. But the appearance of a German squadron in the Levant, to support the policy of the Northern Courts, is an event which may lead to serious consequences.

In the early part of last year there appeared in a semi-official German newspaper, the '*Nord-Deutsche Zeitung*,' an account of the condition of the German ships, and of the proposals for the future, which is full of interesting information as to both the intentions and ideas of the Government. 'We have long realised the fact,' it said, 'that power and influence, no less than riches and culture, are to a great extent dependent upon the possession of an effective fleet—a fleet representing the moral and political *status* of a nation, and reflecting its prosperity or decline.' In 1867, after the formation of the North German Bund, a plan for increasing the navy was drawn up and its prosecution begun. But the events of 1870, the proclamation of the Empire, and the position assumed by the country in consequence, led to the abandonment of the plan as being insufficient, in favour of one 'enlarging its effectiveness far beyond what had been originally proposed.' This plan is known as that of 1873. By it it was determined that the iron-clad fleet should consist of eight frigates, six corvettes, seven monitors, and two batteries. Of un-armoured ships, there were to be twenty classed as corvettes, six despatch-vessels, eighteen gunboats, and twenty-eight torpedo-vessels. 'Comparing the plan laid down in 1873,' to quote again from the semi-official journal, 'with the one adopted in 1867, upon the establishment of the North-German Confederation, we find the former exceeds the latter by seven ironclads, two despatch-vessels, four gunboats, and twenty-eight torpedo-vessels.' The plan has been steadily put into execution. 'With such energy,' says a special correspondent of the '*Times*,' apparently writing from Wilhelmshaven, last autumn, 'has the scheme been attacked that at the present time the eight frigates are nearly all completed—the "*König Wilhelm*," "*Kron Prinz*," and "*Friedrich Karl*" are in active service; the "*Kaiser*" and "*Deutschland*" were recently launched; the "*Great Elector*" is just completed; and the "*Friedrich der Grosse*" and "*Preussen*" are rapidly approaching completion. All these vessels are exceptionally powerful both in armour and armament, and form alone a compact and powerful squadron.'

The three last named were constructed in German dock-yards; the '*Great Elector*' (*Grosse Kurfurst*) having been recently launched at Wilhelmshaven, the first production of that important naval arsenal. They are all sea-going turret

ships on the same model. They carry nine-inch armour plating, and ten-inch plating on the turrets. In each of the latter are two twenty-six centimètre Krupp guns, somewhat more powerful than the British ten-inch guns carried by the 'Hercules,' 'Sultan,' and 'Monarch.' The 'Kaiser' and 'Deutschland' are broadside vessels, built in England from designs by Mr. Reed. They have a protected central battery, and carry plates of ten-inch thickness. Their armament is composed of the twenty-six centimètre guns just mentioned, and two of twenty-one centimètres, slightly superior in power to our guns of eight inches. They have engines working up to an indicated power of 8,000 horses, which has only been surpassed by three vessels—two in the British navy, and one, the 'König Wilhelm,' flying the same flag as themselves. 'The "Kaiser" and "Deutschland,"' says the writer in the "Times," above quoted, 'are superior in dimension, speed, equipment, and power of resistance to any Russian vessel; and in comparison with the British navy, they are only equalled, and not surpassed, by the "Sultan," "Hercules," "and Monarch,"—that is, in comparison with ocean-going ironclads of the same class.'

Of the proposed six ironclad corvettes, one, the 'Hansa,' has been built at the Vulcan works at Stettin, and been fitted for sea at Kiel. On the 12th of last September, another, the 'Leipzig,'* was launched at the former port. Two others are nearly ready, one being built at Kiel; these two are intended chiefly for home service, and are without masts and sails. 'They are not unlike our "Devastation," and it is said they are only surpassed by the "Inflexible."' Of the twenty unarmoured corvettes ten are now afloat, and at least one is actually serving in China. They are of various sizes and are specially designed for speed and ocean-service. Two of them are larger and more powerful than the others, and are designed on the model of the British 'Inconstant.' Six torpedo-vessels out of twenty-eight are finished; and several gunboats are ready for sea—one, the 'Cyclops,' being at present in China.

In estimating the force of these vessels it should be remembered that the great majority of them are of very recent construction. They are consequently designed with all the improvements that the most complete experience could suggest. Few of them, if any, are compromises between one type and another, patched up and altered to suit one system, after cruis-

* This vessel is about the size of our 'Invincible' class, and is fully rigged.

ing for years with fittings arranged in accordance with another. Hull, engines, armament are all of the most modern description. Their newness in itself is an element of strength, as the period of their duration must naturally extend farther into the future. This is more particularly the case as regards their machinery, and especially their boilers, which so soon suffer from the ravages of time. Few of them are of wood, and in this respect they have a considerable superiority over most of the iron-clads of France, so many of which are constructed of that material. Thus they represent an effective force more than equivalent to an equal number of vessels in the service of any other power.

The heavy guns in use in the German service, with which exclusively the ships are armed, are the steel breech-loading rifled cannon of Krüpp. The works of that manufacturer at Essen have attained a world-wide reputation, and there is probably no place in the world at which such a vast number of implements of destruction are constructed. Their history is remarkable. Herr Krüpp lost his father in 1827, he being then but fourteen years of age. He succeeded to a small cutlery manufactory, which his skill and energy, aided by good fortune, has converted into one of the greatest factories of guns, engine-shafts, railway-bars, axles, &c. in Europe; the present works having come into his possession in 1848. He brought out the gun which bears his name in 1849; but could not succeed in inducing any of the existing German Governments to purchase so expensive a weapon. Since then it has been adopted by the great majority of foreign Governments. Russian ships are armed either with his guns or with those constructed in Russia on a model so closely resembling it as to be almost identical. The Austrian and Dutch navies are partially armed with his guns. They are largely used on board Italian, Turkish, and Egyptian ships. They have even penetrated to China and Japan; and the Chinese frigate which lies as guardship in the Woo-sung river below Shanghai has a complete battery of them. Many of them also are to be seen lying at the Chinese arsenal of Kiang-nan near the same city.

The establishment, on the faith of an American account, is said to extend over several hundred acres, and to employ 12,000 workmen. It is traversed by a railway five miles in length, and a tramway of two miles. Its various parts are connected by lines of telegraph wires and no less than thirty stations. The annual sum paid in wages amounted some years ago to 400,000*l.*; it is now probably much greater. Considerable skill is required in the manipulation of the steel so largely

used at Essen. When a good workman is found it is desirable to retain him; and so, as far as possible, it is made worth his while to remain when once he has been employed. A pension fund has been established, to which everyone employed on the works must subscribe a small fraction of his wages. To the money thus collected the proprietor adds a sum equal to half of that subscribed by the men. From it a workman can claim a pension after twenty-five years' labour. Shops have been erected at which the workmen can purchase at reasonable prices all the necessaries of life. Finding that the bread used by them was not what it should be, Mr. Krüpp himself took the matter in hand, building large bakeries at which bread could be baked and supplied to the workmen at a cheap rate, which allowed of a small profit. Nearly three thousand men are provided with board and lodging; and a hospital containing two hundred beds has been established.

Of the metal of which the guns are constructed a small portion only is converted on Bessemer's system; Krüpp preferring to perfect his own specialty. The smaller guns are fashioned from one solid piece; those of more than eight inches' calibre are compound, and strengthened by jackets and rings. There would seem to be scarcely any limit to the size of the guns constructed at Essen; one of forty-six centimetres' diameter of bore, to fire a shot of a ton weight with five hundred weight of powder, is said to be contemplated. The guns are all breech-loaders, and the system of closing the breech strikes an English eye as highly complicated. German naval officers, it is only fair to say, deny this, and express the fullest confidence in their guns. In comparison with the guns in use in our own service they are more powerful. Colonel Reilly, R.A., reports* that the blow struck by the shot from the British 9-inch gun is to that struck by the German 24 c. m. gun only as 1 to 1·05. In the case of the British 10-inch and German 26 c. m. guns, it was as 1 to 1·07. In that of the British 11-inch and German 28 c. m. guns, it was as 1 to 1·08. This shows a superiority on the part of the German ordnance in all cases. Being breech-loaders, it is more than probable that their accuracy of fire is greater. A great objection to them appears to be their excessive costliness. Two guns throwing shot of 540 lbs. made for the Russian Government cost 7,000*l.* each.

Krüpp's factory at Essen is not the only important private establishment upon which the German Government can rely

* Notes of a visit to Berlin, Dec. 1872. 2nd edit. London: 1873. ;

for the supply of munitions of war. Mr. Grüson at Magdeburg manufactures nearly all the iron gun-carriages, and all the heavy projectiles required for the land and sea services. The projectiles made by him are classed by Colonel Reilly 'as of most excellent quality.' They are made from metal all of which is imported from Scotland. There is a difference between the way of casting 'chilled' projectiles adopted by Mr. Grüson and that followed at Woolwich. At Magdeburg, the mould, instead of being, as at our Royal Laboratory, of exactly the same depth as the shot, is deep enough to allow an addition of two and a half inches of molten iron being poured in at the base of the projectile, which addition acts as a 'dead head.' When the shot is cooled this dead head is cut off, and a 'hard surface is thus left to receive the blow of the explosion of the charge, instead of an imperfect surface, such as our shells often present. Mr. Grüson attributes the success of his shells against iron plates to this mode of manufacture.'* The powder used in the German guns has been most carefully selected. About the end of 1874 it was reported that the Government had just adopted a new kind of prismatic powder, which was superior to that used in England and Russia; from which latter country we ourselves took the idea of an explosive formed in exceptionally large particles. The new German powder consists of hexagonal prisms pierced with one hole only, instead of seven, as in that previously in use—which was itself of high quality—and the specific gravity has been raised. The results produced by this new powder are declared to be extraordinary, and to have raised the power of the guns considerably.

The great naval stations of Germany are those at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, which deserve a special description. There is a government building establishment at Dantzic; and the private shipbuilding yards of the Vulcan Company, and of Mr. Moller, both of which have produced vessels for the navy, are at Stettin. There are smaller naval stations also at Sundewitt and Alsen. At Kiel the harbour is capacious, being nearly three miles long and a mile and a quarter broad. There is also a depth of water sufficient for the largest ships. Its position is excellent, and may be regarded as the key of the Baltic. In the hands of such a power as the German Empire, its position and strength must admit of an influence on the Baltic little short of paramount. It is strongly fortified on both sides; and the forts not only mount powerful artillery, but

* Colonel Reilly, p. 31.

are armed with an extensive system of submarine torpedoes. Neither money nor labour have of late years been spared to make Kiel an arsenal worthy of a first-class naval power. Docks, manufactories, barracks, and forts have been constructed or improved; and much has been done to make the harbour impregnable. It seems to deserve its title of 'the Cherbourg of the Baltic.'

Wilhelmshaven is even larger and more important than Kiel. For several years after its acquisition from Oldenburg, which we have already spoken of, comparatively little was done towards creating at it the great establishment which has excited the astonishment and admiration of recent visitors. Four years ago even it was described as a place in a very unfinished state, existing chiefly on paper. It is now a well-built town, with spacious buildings, many of them worthy of a great city, and wide streets; and already contains ten thousand inhabitants. A recent account states that the dock-yard is in a fair way of becoming one of the first in the world. Its position, close to the Weser and the Elbe, and outside the Baltic, gives its possessor an open port throughout the year. In the yard are two graving docks, built of Swedish granite, capable of taking in the largest ships afloat. There is a third dock nearly as large, and two building slips of proportionate dimensions. There is a basin, or 'inner harbour,' over four hundred yards long and two hundred and forty wide. There is another basin, or 'outer harbour,' connected with this by a short canal; but another canal has been begun, which will afford a second entrance to these basins. The west side of the river Ems, which this canal is being cut to join, is Dutch, and could only in case of war be blockaded by a fleet hostile both to Holland and to Germany. This, taken in connexion with the fact that a third canal is to be constructed which shall connect Kiel on the Baltic with Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea, will show the prudence with which the affairs of the German navy are conducted.

As it is, the entrance to Wilhelmshaven is protected by powerful batteries and a casemated fort plated with iron. The largest guns are to be mounted on these defences. The place is also to be fortified on the land side, and when the fortifications are completed it is expected that it will be second only to such first-class fortresses as Metz and Strasbourg. The difficulties of constructing both the forts and arsenal have been enormous. The whole country was little better than a swamp. The marshy soil had to be raised above its original level by layers of sand, in some places to a height of no less than ten

feet. Quantities of piles also had to be driven in to secure the foundations. The cost has been increased proportionately ; and the frugal Government of Prussia must be taken to be sincerely intent on creating a first-class naval arsenal, since it has already permitted itself to expend on it no less than eight millions sterling. Large sums must still be spent before both port and defences are finished. That the place is in fairly good working order already will appear from the launch there very recently of the powerful ironclad 'Great Elector.' At the festivities on the occasion General von Stosch, the Minister of Marine, made a speech in which he stated that the ship was rightly named after the Great Elector of Brandenburg, 'who originated the idea of a German fleet to protect German interests and German commerce abroad.' Wilhelmshaven is also the port near which the naval manœuvres of the German fleet have just been conducted. That a fleet of nine ironclads carrying the German flag could have been assembled for a series of naval evolutions in the North Sea will alone show that the claim of Germany to be considered the third naval power in the world has been fairly substantiated.

The German navy is manned by 5,500 seamen, artificers, and boys. There are also nine companies of marines—six of infantry and three of artillery—composed of 1,500 men.* Of these the greater part are levied by conscription from the seafaring population, who are exempt from service in the army. A certain proportion is composed of the seamen who have entered the service as boys, and have undergone an elaborate course of training. Of the conscripts 2,000 are discharged annually from the active service, the average time spent in which is about two years and a half. No conscript is taken as a sailor unless he has had one year's experience of a sea-life. Considerable inducements are held out to these men in the shape of increased pay to remain in the active service and become petty officers. The legal duration of the active service is three years, at the expiration of which the conscript passes into the Reserve for four years, unless required for the active service. Each man must undergo two periods of drill during the four years he is in the Reserve. From it the men are drafted into the *Seewehr* for five years. Young men who have already been one year at sea may enter the navy as 'one-year volunteers.' These young men receive their uniform clothing and rations free. When there are vacancies young seamen of the levy, above seventeen years of age, may be admitted

* *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1875, p. 106.

as volunteers for three years. It will be seen that the organisation of the navy closely resembles that of the army.

The officers and men of the navy are attached to one or other of two grand divisions called 'stations'—the Baltic and the North Sea. Each station has one division of seamen and one of artificers, and to that of the Baltic the marines are attached. The seafaring population of Germany has been estimated at 80,000, of whom 48,000 are serving in the merchant service at home, and 6,000 are in foreign vessels. It seems that Germany, in spite of the large field for recruiting thus offered, has not escaped those difficulties in finding men for her navy which have proved so perplexing to older naval powers. The seamen frequently join foreign merchantmen before they are liable to serve in the navy: the consequence is that, as a rule, one-third of those called out fail to answer the summons. Many return, but others do not, and their services are lost to the country both in the imperial and the mercantile marine. Of those actually serving but few desert, the proportion during the last three years being but $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This has been compared with those from the English navy, said to be 6 per cent. But it is fair to our own seamen to add that in this percentage are included many men who are only technically deserters, that is men who over-stay their leave of absence more than a regulated number of hours, but who have no intention of staying away altogether.

The want of seamen is also felt in the merchant service. The German 'Navy List' for 1874 contains a statement of this want, both on the Baltic and North Sea coasts. 'The want is so great,' it says, 'that merchant ships ready to put to sea remain lashed alongside the wharves for whole weeks for want of hands to work them.' The chambers of commerce at the various ports have expressed great anxiety on the subject. The writer does not deny that the scarcity is also felt in other occupations. But in that in question it is a very serious matter, as a man requires an apprenticeship of several years to make him a passable seaman. The causes of this state of things are given with an openness not common in such official publications as the one quoted from. 'In the ex-kingdom of Hanover and the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg seamen were formerly exempt from all naval duties, which could not be tolerated after their annexation to Prussia, where compulsory service has long been customary.' The scarcity of seamen is attributed to two causes—the frequency of desertions (from the men liable to be taken as conscripts), and the indifference, more and more marked, of the inhabitants

of the coast-districts to the calling of seamen. A remedy often advocated in this country, the establishment of training-ships at the commercial ports, has been suggested and favourably received. General von Stosch said in the German Parliament, 'I am authorised to state, that if the maritime provinces of the empire who are most directly interested in the question will furnish the funds requisite for the maintenance of these schools, the Government is ready to supply and fit out suitable vessels.'

The officers of the navy are divided into three classes:—those of the Active Service, the Reserve, and the *Seewehr*. The training is most elaborate, and the number of examinations which the young cadet or midshipman has to pass would seem appalling to the youngsters who are educated in the 'Britannia.' The age of the German cadet, however, is considerably higher than that of the British. If provided with a grammar-school certificate entitling him to go to college he may be as old as nineteen; if he can only produce a lower certificate his age must not exceed seventeen. All undergo a searching physical examination. The cadet joins the school in April of each year, and is sent for a cruise in the Atlantic or Mediterranean, returning in September. Only such as show on this trial trip that they possess the necessary qualifications for a sea-faring life are finally admitted to the school. Technical study and school-work last till the next April, when the cadet is sent for a two years' trip to distant seas. After two years at sea he presents himself for another examination. This passed he has to be balloted for by the officers of the 'station' to which he is to be attached. On their vote depends his final admission to the service as an officer. Other examinations follow before the young aspirant attains the full rank of naval lieutenant.

Officers of the Reserve are taken from officers who leave the active service, from cadets only able to obtain a Reserve-officer's certificate at the examination for the rank of lieutenant, and from those one-year volunteers who have received the same certificate. They must be in receipt of a respectable income, for they get no pay, and hold a good position in society. 'No clerk or tradesman could be a Reserve-officer, whatever his income.' The senior Reserve-officers supply those for the *Seewehr*. One-year volunteers who have been Reserve-officers for four years also pass into the *Seewehr* as officers for five years more. They are not called upon to perform any duties in time of peace.

Engineers are taken from the merchant-service, or from young men who intend to make the navy their profession.

They have to pass a stiff examination and are said to form a superior body of men. They are styled engineer's-mates for three-and-a-half years after passing, when they may be admitted to the engineer school for a course of instruction. On passing an examination the rank of engineer is attained, and after another examination that of first engineer. 'As engineer and first engineer he is a petty officer; as *machine engineer* he may become a commissioned officer.' But his final admission depends upon the vote of his future brother-officers.

The pay of the German naval officers is considerable as compared with that of our own; especially so if due regard is had to the difference in remuneration of members of other professions in the respective countries. On paper the salaries of the higher officers appears smaller than in England; but in a service like the German there is, practically, no half-pay, on which the greater part of an admiral's and captain's time in the British navy is passed. In Germany, officers on shore also are allowed lodging-money, and those afloat divide amongst themselves a very large sum voted as 'sea-allowances' and 'messing-allowances.' In the British navy no officer under the rank of admiral receives any allowance whatever beyond his pay.

Our survey of the German navy is now completed, and we may be permitted to express the hope that we have enabled our readers to form a fairly correct estimate of the growth of this new naval power. To a maritime nation a record of what has been done to create a navy elsewhere ought to have a paramount interest. Whilst to a nation with a keen eye on the conduct of public affairs it may serve as a useful reminder that there is still truth in the Lucretian maxim:—

'Augescunt aliæ gentes, aliæ minuuntur.'

Holland and Spain, the great maritime Powers of the 17th century, have almost disappeared from the seas, as combatants. Italy and Germany have launched great ironclad fleets; whilst Russia is struggling to make her way to the high seas. France and England retain their ancient position; that position has been modified by the growth of the Secondary navies of the world; but the greater is the necessity to maintain and secure the ascendancy of the naval power of Great Britain.

ART. II.—*Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspondence and Table-Talk. With a Memoir by his Son* FREDERIC WORDSWORTH HAYDON. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1876.

Non bis in idem is a good plea in the High Court of Judicature, and it is equally valid in the High Court of Criticism. About three and twenty years ago Mr. Tom Taylor gave to the world an excellent and judicious *Life of Benjamin Haydon*, in which he said, with great feeling and a proper degree of reticence, all that could or need be said of that most unfortunate of artists and of men. The biography was reviewed at the time in these pages * by one who combined with a feminine delicacy of appreciation for the artist a vigour of style and power of criticism which has not often been surpassed in writing on the fine arts. At this distance of time we may so far depart from our almost invariable practice as to name the authoress of that paper—our accomplished and lamented friend the late Mrs. Jameson. Should the present publication revive, as it can hardly fail to do, the interest of a younger generation in the tragic tale of Haydon's sufferings, illusions, and death, they may be found related with consummate delicacy and judgment in the article to which we now refer, and those who care to look back through so long a series of our volumes will not, we think, be unrewarded. For ourselves, as far as the incidents of Haydon's life are concerned, we have nothing more to say. Our opinion of him is unchanged, and we do not presume to think that it could be more ably and gracefully expressed. We could have wished that the story had been left, as it was told three and twenty years ago.

But the editor of these volumes, one of the sons of the painter—a gentleman who has served with gallantry in the British navy—does not take this view. He appears to think that not enough was said of this deplorable tragedy of real life. He has chosen to rewrite a *Memoir of his father*, without the reticence Mr. Tom Taylor displayed. He has reopened the old quarrels and the old wounds. He has repeated the preposterous pretensions of his father to be considered as the founder of High Art in this country, which are now even more manifestly extravagant than they were forty years ago; and he has republished a number of bitter attacks on persons now no more, which were dictated to poor Haydon by disappointment, indigence, and mortified ambition.

* Ed. Rev., vol. xcvi. p. 318 (October 1853).

Mr. F. Wordsworth Haydon, who owes his name, we believe, to the circumstance that the poet Wordsworth addressed a very noble sonnet to his father at about the time of his birth, informs us that he is not a painter or even a literary man, but a sailor; and he attributes this publication to a meritorious desire to vindicate his father's fame. As to his literary qualifications, this gentleman hardly does himself justice, for they are by no means contemptible. The notes with which he has enriched these volumes display a creditable amount of reading, a minute though not always accurate knowledge of history, and a spirited style. He has evidently inherited something of the genius of his father—we hope he has been more fortunate in turning the gift to account; but we are compelled to say that this book shows in many places that he has also inherited some of his irritability, his resentments, and his want of judgment. We are not disposed to pass a heavy sentence on a son who seeks to do honour to his father's memory, and who evidently hopes that this publication will cause the aspirations and the real services of Haydon to Art to be better understood. Nor shall we dwell upon the passages which have grated on our ears, and which will be disagreeably felt in many places, because that would only be to give them greater publicity and to aggravate the sting they may possibly inflict. Our opinion simply is that all poor Haydon's quarrels and bickerings had better be buried and forgotten. His greatest enemy through life was himself, and it is cruel to raise his ghost after he has been dead thirty years to play the part of self-accuser. We propose therefore, on the present occasion, to confine ourselves to the more agreeable topic of Haydon's correspondence and conversation with his literary friends.

Just as our attention had been directed to this subject, we received another biographical work—published by another unwise son of a wrong-headed father—which, in spite of the essential difference of the manner of life of the two men to whom these books relate, presents a curious similarity in their characters. We refer to the *Life of Dr. Robert Gray*, the late Bishop of Cape Town, recently compiled by his son Mr. Charles Gray. Dr. Gray, like Mr. Haydon, conceived himself to have a sort of divine commission which placed him above the laws of his profession and the rules of social life. What High Art was to the one, High Church was to the other. Haydon spent his life in combating the Royal Academy, chiefly because it was a constituted body exercising a certain amount of control and influence over the profession of an artist. Dr. Gray denounced in no measured terms the laws which govern

the Church, the Royal Supremacy, and above all the Court of Appeal whose duty it was to sit in judgment on his ecclesiastical experiments. He described it as 'the Dagon of the Privy Council.' 'The Church,' he said, 'must destroy that master-piece of Satan for the overthrow of the faith, or it will destroy her.' 'The Royal Supremacy, as held in these days, is as fatal to the Church's faith as Papal Infallibility;'^{*} and his correspondence is full of suggestions for the subversion of all civil authority over the Church. It is curious that Dr. Gray never seems to have discovered that, although he was the subject of several appeals to the Privy Council, he never was in fact brought under the *ecclesiastical* jurisdiction of the Queen in Council at all. The cases in which he took so lively an interest, and which cost him so much money, simply came before the Privy Council in the shape of ordinary colonial appeals from the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope, and had nothing whatever to do with the jurisdiction of the Crown over the Provincial Courts of Canterbury and York. This is a specimen of the confusion of ideas which an excessive notion of their own importance begets in the minds of enthusiasts. Dr. Gray fancied that he was fighting the battles of the Church; he was in truth simply contending against the ordinary course of law. Haydon imagined that he was destined to inaugurate a new era in the history of Art, but his own works were certainly not of a quality to assist the cause he had at heart, and he was engaged in continual warfare with those who were promoting the advancement of British Art much more effectually than he could do. This little episode seems to us to illustrate the radical defect of character which was fatal to the reputation and usefulness of two well-meaning but misguided individuals. The biographies of both of them contain useful lessons of what, as a rule of life, it is desirable, not to imitate, but to avoid.

The dream of Haydon's existence was that he was living at the dawn of a period of prodigious splendour to British Art, in which he and his works were to occupy a conspicuous place. The reality was, that although he led a life of alternate excitement and depression—sometimes in jail, often a bankrupt, still oftener betrayed by his too sanguine disposition—and utterly unconscious of the true value of his own performances as an artist, on which posterity has reluctantly set the stamp of mediocrity, yet he had the honour to belong to a generation of men, who have seldom been equalled in the annals of

^{*} Life of Dr. Gray, vol. i. p. 336.

Britain, and to many of the most eminent of these men he was united by ties of the most cordial friendship. The sun of genius was at its meridian, though he mistook it for the dawn.

As we are approaching the close of the nineteenth century, and receding from its earlier years—as, one by one, the men who cast so great a lustre on the last seventy years are dying out, we are more and more sensible of the astonishing profusion of eminent persons who marked that period in almost every department of literature and art, of politics, of law, of science, of philosophy, and of the mechanical arts. While Haydon was denouncing the Royal Academy, it comprised Sir T. Lawrence, Turner, Constable, Wilkie, Eastlake, Landseer, Mulready, Calcott, Stothard, Flaxman, Chantrey, to quote only names of the first rank. Among the poets he was the contemporary of Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and the friend of many of them. He witnessed the discoveries of Davy and Faraday; he saw the world renewed by Fulton and by Stephenson. A host of scholars, prose writers, and critics—Hallam, Milman, Napier, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, and Hazlitt—were extending and improving every branch of historical research and literary culture. Holland House and Lansdowne House received with boundless hospitality the most liberal and polished society in Europe. Parliament and the Bar could boast of Canning, Peel, Brougham, and Lyndhurst. The Duke of Wellington stood alone in his greatness. All these men, and a great many more scarcely less illustrious, were living members of the society of London and of England while Haydon figured in it; and as the practice of his profession brought him into contact or collision with a great many of them, his reminiscences and his correspondence derive an interest from his contemporaries and associates which his own melancholy career could hardly excite. We confess that we cannot ourselves look back upon the past, and enumerate this long array of departed greatness and genius, without drawing a painful contrast. Except in the most brilliant part of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., there is no period of our history that surpasses in lustre the first half of the present century. The seventeenth century, from Bacon to Locke and from Shakspeare to Dryden, surpassed it in manly vigour of character and in intellectual power, but these great and splendid gifts were not nursed in the lap of peace and freedom, but were spent in a prolonged political contest. The Augustan age of Anne is not to be compared with it in originality, abundance, or true genius, and soon lapsed into the

Stygian dulness, which Pope had predicted, of the Hanoverian Princes. But what does the present, or the immediate future, offer as the inheritance of so illustrious an ancestry? As far as we know, there is not one single name in poetry, in art, in historical literature, at the bar, in science, in criticism, in public life, of any living man under fifty, which can be ranked with those of the last generation which we have just cited. Those even of our present contemporaries who have the fairest claims to distinction, such as Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, belong by their age to the earlier half of the century rather than to the later half; and although the number of the candidates for renown and success in every department of literature and social life has enormously increased, with the keener activity and more extended education of the times, yet the number of those who have attained or are likely to retain a permanent niche in the temple of fame is incomparably smaller than it was fifty years ago. Haydon was not conscious of his own privileges. But we look back with extreme interest to these records of his life which place us in immediate intercourse with a nobler generation than our own.

In justice to ourselves it must be added that the same decline in the highest gifts of the mind is observable in other countries. What has followed that amazing burst of intellectual power which gave a literature to Germany, raised her philosophers to the highest rank of original thinkers, inspired her musicians with a supreme command over all the mysteries of their art, and left the works of immortal poets behind it? The garden is stripped; the forest is bare. Germany has not a writer in imaginative literature whose name is known in Europe. Her philosophy has descended to a grovelling materialism or hideous pessimism, cursing the very springs of life; and in place of that grand array of intellect which was once her glory, she has a stupendous army and a Bismarck. Nor are the signs of the times more encouraging in France. There, too, a great generation has passed away, leaving no successors. Poets, historians, philosophers, statesmen, dramatists, critics, whose names crowd upon the memory, filled the first half of the present century with their fame: we seek for them in vain in the second. The same reflection has been expressed with great feeling and elegance by Professor Max Müller in the Introduction to a correspondence, recently discovered and published, between Schiller and the Duke Friedrich Christian of Holstein: 'We cannot 'but feel,' he exclaims, 'that the men of a hundred years ago 'were made of quite different stuff from ourselves. Spirits 'like Schiller and Goethe could scarcely breathe in our atmo-

'sphere. Things which in their time were possible are now hardly conceivable. The world is become as hard as iron, then it was radiant and tender. Humanity had wings—faith in the ideal—on which it soared above the rough pathways of life, and fixed its gaze on the Supernatural and the Eternal. Not only the old, say rather, even more than the old the young have grown old with the century.'

It would divert us too much from our present purpose to follow this train of thought, or to attempt to explain this unwelcome phenomenon. Doubtless the time will come when fresh springs of inspiration will break forth on the world; but for the present we must content ourselves with retrospective admiration.

Poor Keats, who was destined to earn a far larger share of posthumous fame than of contemporary success, for he lived and died unconscious that he had left a lasting mark on the poetry of England, was not insensible to the noble spirit of the time he lived in. The very first letters we read in the second of these volumes are as follows:—

'20th November, 1816.

'My dear Sir,—Last evening wrought me up, and I cannot forbear sending you the following.

'Yours imperfectly,

'JOHN KEATS.

'Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit wide awake
Catches his freshness from archangel's wing;
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for freedom's sake:
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering;
And other spirits are there standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come:
These, these will give the world another heart
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.'

'Thursday afternoon, 20th November, 1816.

'My dear Sir,—Your letter has filled me with a proud pleasure, and shall be kept by me as a stimulus to exertion. I begin to fix my eye upon one horizon. My feelings entirely fall in with yours in regard to the ellipsis, and I glory in it. The idea of your sending it to Wordsworth put me out of breath. You know with what reverence I would send my well-wishes to him.

'Yours sincerely,

'JOHN KEATS.'

Haydon, however wanting in counsel for himself, could give excellent advice to his friends. He had conceived for Keats the liveliest sympathy. He *felt* his genius; and he saw that he was sinking under the pernicious influence of Leigh Hunt; for beneath 'the rose, the violet, and the spring,' there lay an asp. Hence the following touching reply to Keats' letters:—

'Do not give way to any forebodings. They are nothing more than the over-eager anxieties of a great spirit stretched beyond its strength, and then relapsing for a time to languid inefficiency. Every man of great views is, at times, thus tormented, but begin again where you left off without hesitation or fear. *Trust in God* with all your might, my dear Keats. This dependence, with your own energy, will give you strength, and hope, and comfort.

'I am always in trouble, and wants, and distresses; here *I found a refuge*. From my soul I declare to you I never applied for help, or for consolation, or for strength, but I found it. I always rose up from my knees with a refreshed fury, an iron-clenched firmness, a crystal piety of feeling that sent me streaming on with a repulsive power against the troubles of life.

'Never despair while there is this path open to you. By habitual exercise you will have habitual intercourse and constant companionship; and at every want turn to the Great Star of your hopes with a delightful confidence that you will never be disappointed.

'I love you like my own brother. Beware, for God's sake, of the delusions and sophistications that are ripping up the talents and morality of our friend! He will go out of the world the victim of his own weakness and the dupe of his own self-delusions, with the contempt of his enemies and the sorrow of his friends, and the cause he undertook to support injured by his own neglect of character.'

The following letter from Keats is strange and incoherent; but his vestiges are so faint and few that every line from him is interesting, though this note appears to have been transcribed or printed so carelessly that some parts of it are scarcely intelligible:—

'I purpose within a month to put my knapsack at my back, and make a pedestrian tour through the North of England and part of Scotland, to make a sort of prologue to the life I intend to pursue, that is to write, and to study, and to see all Europe at the lowest expense. I will clamber through the clouds and mist; I will get such an accumulation of stupendous recollections that as I walk through the suburbs of London I may not see them. I will stand upon Mont Blanc, and remember this coming summer, when I intend to straddle Ben Lomond. With my soul, galligaskins are out of the question. I am nearer myself to hear your "Christ" is being tinted into immortality. Believe me, Haydon, your picture is part of myself. I have ever been too sensible of the labyrinthian path to eminence in Art (judging from poetry) to think I understood the emphasis of painting. The innumerable compositions and decompositions which take place between the intellect

and its thousand materials before it arrives at that trembling, delicate, and snail-horn perception of beauty! I know not your many havens of intenseness—nor ever can know them—but for this I hope (what) you achieve is not lost upon me, for when a schoolboy the abstract idea I had of a heroic painting was what I cannot describe. I saw it somewhat sideways, large, prominent, round, and coloured with magnificence—somewhat like the feel I have of Antony and Cleopatra, or of Alcibiades leaning on his crimson couch in his galley, his broad shoulders imperceptibly heaving with the sea. What passage in Shakespeare is finer than this—

“ See how the surly Warwick mauns the wall.”

‘ I am afraid Wordsworth went rather huffed out of town. I am sorry for it. He cannot expect his fireside divan to be infallible. He cannot expect but that every man of worth is as proud as himself. Oh! that he hath not “fit with a warrener”—that is, dined at Kingston’s. I shall be in town in about a fortnight, and then we will have a day or so now and then before I set out on my northern expedition. We will have no more abominable rows, for they leave one in a fearful silence. Having settled the Methodists, let us be rational—not upon compulsion, no—if it will out, let it, but I will not play the bassoon any more, deliberately. Remember me to Hazlitt.’

And again :—

‘ I hope I shall never be so silly as to injure my health and industry for the future by speaking, writing, or fretting about my non-estate. I have no quarrel, I assure you, of so weighty a nature with the world on my own account as I have on yours. I have done nothing—except for the amusement of a few people who refine upon their feelings till anything in the un-understandable way will go down with them—people predisposed for sentiment. I have no cause to complain, because I am certain anything really fine in these days will be felt. I have no doubt that if I had written “Othello” I should have been cheered by as good a mob as Hunt; so would you be now if the operation of Painting were as universal as that of Writing.

‘ On sitting down to write a few lines to you, these are the uppermost in my mind, and, however I may be beating about the Arctic, while your spirit has passed the Line, you may “lay to” a minute and consider I am earnest as I can see. Though at this present I have great dispositions to write, I feel every day more and more content to read. Books are becoming more interesting and valuable to me. I may say I could not live without them. If, in the course of a fortnight, you can procure me a ticket to the British Museum, I will make a better use of it than I did in the first instance. I shall go on with patience, in the confidence that if I ever do anything worth remembering, the reviewers will no more be able to stumble-block me than the Royal Academy could you. They have the same quarrel with you that the Scotch nobles had with Wallace. The fame they have lost through you is no joke to them. Had it not been for you, Fuseli would have been, not as he is, major, but maximus domo. What re-

viewers can put a hindrance to must be—a nothing, or a mediocrity, which is worse.'

Yet the truth about John Keats must be told. He was far more the victim of his own want of self-control than of malignant and undiscerning reviewers. Soon after his death, Haydon wrote to Miss Mitford the following notice of him—painful yet not unkindly :—

'Keats was a victim to personal abuse and want of nerve to bear it. Ought he to have sunk in that way because a few quizzers told him that he was an apothecary's apprentice? A genius more purely poetical never existed! In conversation he was nothing, or if anything, weak and inconsistent; he had an exquisite sense of humour, but it was in the fields Keats was in his glory. . . . His ruin was owing to his want of decision of character and power of will, without which genius is a curse. He could not bring his mind to bear on one object, and was at the mercy of every pretty theory Leigh Hunt's ingenuity would suggest. . . . He had a tending to religion when first I knew him, but Leigh Hunt soon forced it from his mind. Never shall I forget Keats once rising from his chair and approaching my last picture ("Entry into Jerusalem"), he went before the portrait of Voltaire, placed his hand on his heart and bowing low

" . . . In reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant scintial sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods,"

as Milton says of Eve after she had eaten the apple. "That's the being "to whom I bend," said he, alluding to the bending of the other figures in the picture, and contrasting Voltaire with our Saviour, and his own adoration to that of the crowd. Leigh Hunt was the great unhinger of his best dispositions. Latterly, Keats saw Leigh Hunt's weakness. I distrusted his leader, but Keats would not cease to visit him because he thought Hunt illused. This showed Keats's goodness of heart.

'He began life full of hope, and his brother told me that he recounted with pride and delight the opinion we had expressed of his powers the first morning he had breakfasted with me. Fiery, impetuous, ungovernable, and undecided, he expected the world to bow at once to his talents as his friends had done, and he had not patience to bear the natural irritation of envy at the undoubted proof he gave of strength. Goaded by ridicule he distrusted himself, and flew to dissipation. For six weeks he was hardly ever sober, and to show you what a man of genius does when his passions are roused, he told me that he once covered his tongue and throat, as far as he could reach, with cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy the "delicious coolness of claret in all its "glory." This was his own expression.

'The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me from that hour he began to droop. He wrote his exquisite "Ode "to the Nightingale" at this time, and as we were one evening walking

in the Kilburn meadows he repeated it to me, before he put it to paper, in a low, tremulous under-tone which affected me extremely. He had great enthusiasm for me and so had I for him, but he grew angry latterly because I shook my head at his proceedings. I told him, I begged of him to bend his genius to some definite object. I remonstrated on his absurd dissipation, but to no purpose. The last time I saw him was at Hampstead, lying on his back in a white bed, helpless, irritable, and hectic. He had a book, and enraged at his own feebleness, seemed as if he was going out of the world with a contempt for this, and no hopes of a better. He muttered as I stood by him that if he did not recover he would "cut his throat." I tried to calm him, but to no purpose. I left him in great depression of spirit to see him in such a state. Poor dear Keats!

No greater contrast can be imagined between the personal characters and lives of two men than that which existed between the poet Wordsworth and the Painter Haydon. The frugal, simple-hearted, self-contained existence of the one, amongst his dales and streams, was the antipodes of the fierce contest which the others waged, against the world, against envy, against a wayward fortune, against want and disappointment. Yet there was a true sympathy and friendship between them. Both lived in an ideal world; both were wrapt in those pleasures of the imagination and the intellect which raise men above themselves and above all surrounding circumstances; and both believed that a lofty conception of Art was the noblest gift of man. One of the happiest moments of Haydon's life was that in which he received the Sonnet addressed to him by his illustrious friend, and to say the truth, Haydon will be remembered by those lines when every other vestige of his struggles and his sorrows has passed away. That spirit-call—

‘ to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert;’

will be heard by other Haydons yet unborn, and they may learn

‘ Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness:
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!’

We turn therefore with peculiar pleasure to the Wordsworth portion of this correspondence, or rather to the glimpses of Wordsworth himself which we obtain in several passages in it. Here for instance is a sketch of Wordsworth and Lamb from the pen of Haydon, which exhibits the perplexed bard in a new character :—

London, 16th October, 1842.

“ . . . In the words of our dear departed friend, Charles Lamb, “ You “ good-for-nothing old Lake Poet,” what has become of you? Do you remember his saying that at my table in 1819, with “ Jerusalem ” towering behind us in the painting-room, and Keats and your friend Monkhouse of the party? Do you remember Lamb voting me absent, and then making a speech descanting on my excellent port, and proposing a vote of thanks? Do you remember his then voting me present?— I had never left my chair—and informing me of what had been done during my retirement, and hoping I was duly sensible of the honour? Do you remember the Commissioner (of Stamps and Taxes) who, asked you if you did not think Milton a great genius, and Lamb getting up and asking leave with a candle to examine his phrenological development? Do you remember poor dear Lamb, whenever the Commissioner was equally profound, saying: “ My son John went to bed with “ his breeches on,” to the dismay of the learned man? Do you remember you and I and Monkhouse getting Lamb out of the room by force, and putting on his great coat, he reiterating his earnest desire to examine the Commissioner’s skull? And don’t you remember Keats proposing “ Confusion to the memory of Newton,” and upon your insisting on an explanation before you drank it, his saying: “ Because he “ destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism.” Ah! my dear old friend, you and I shall never see such days again! The peaches are not so big now as they were in our days. Many were the immortal dinners which took place in that painting-room, where the food was simple, the wine good, and the poetry first-rate. Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, David Wilkie, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Keats, &c., &c., attended my summons, and honoured my table.

“ My best regards to Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth, in which my wife and daughter join.

“ Ever yours,

“ B. R. HAYDON.”

Mr. Grosart has recently collected and published, with a zeal that does him honour, the Prose Works of Wordsworth, as far as he was able to collect them; * but we cannot share the enthusiasm which leads him to regard Wordsworth as a great prose writer. With one or two exceptions, such as the Pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, and his retort on our own predecessors in this Journal, his language in prose was laboured and cold. At a low point of heat he took fire and burst into poetry, as the more natural medium of his thoughts. Letters he wrote with difficulty and unwillingness. They are the work of a man who has set himself a task. He does it from motives of kindness or duty; but he does it without ease

* The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, for the first time collected, with additions from unpublished manuscripts. Edited by the Reverend Alexander Grosart. 3 vols. 8vo. 1876.

or impulsiveness. He says himself that to write a letter was a great labour to him.

Mr. Grosart's collection consists of papers of which a considerable portion had already seen the light, in the Memoirs of the poet. Many more letters exist in private hands, but we question whether it would be wise to publish them. Wordsworth himself strongly condemned the practice of tracking a man into the recesses of private life. His life was uneventful. His poems are the man. Yet here and there we find in his letters passages which, though more didactic and critical than epistolary, are interesting because they indicate a very just and delicate perception of beauty in painting—the 'silent art' as he called it—and a very noble and patriotic spirit in politics, in spite of the marvellous change which converted the enthusiastic apologist of the French Revolution in 1793 into the bigoted Tory of 1829 and 1832.* Take for instance the following passage suggested by Haydon's picture of 'Christ's 'Entry into Jerusalem.' Haydon had remarked that Raphael's women have all the graces of angelic creatures, but are not distinguished by variety of feature and of feeling. To this Wordsworth replies:—

'I coincide with you in your opinion as to Raphael's characters, but, depend upon it, he has erred upon the safer side. Dramatic diversities aid discrimination, (and) should never be produced upon sublime subjects by the sacrifice of sublime effect. And it is better that expression should give way to beauty than beauty be banished by expression. Happy is he who can hit the exact point where grandeur is not lowered, but heightened by detail; and beauty not impaired, but rendered more touching and exquisite by passion! This has been done by the great artists of antiquity, but not very frequently in modern times; yet much as I admire those productions, I would on no account discourage your efforts to introduce more of the diversities of actual humanity into the management of sublime and pathetic subjects. Much of what Garrick is reported to have done for the stage may by your genius be effected for the picture gallery. But in aiming at this object, proceed with reflection, and if you are in doubt, decide in favour of the course Raphael pursued.'

Wordsworth was not seen to advantage in London society.

* Mr. Grosart has established the fact, under Mr. Browning's own hand, that the 'Lost Leader,' whom he denounced in some well-known and spirited verses, beginning 'Just for a handful of silver he left us,' &c., was no other than *William Wordsworth*! A most curious trait in literary history! But the blow recoils upon the author of it; for to ascribe base or mercenary motives to Wordsworth's change of opinions would be, as Mr. Browning now admits, a calumnious absurdity.

It was impossible not to admire and revere a man at once so great and so simple, but he was utterly unconscious that anyone could be surprised at his own extreme sense of his genius and importance. He recited his verses—especially that noble *Laodamia*—like an inspired parish-clerk, till it gave one the painful feeling sometimes suggested by the mountain cry of a Tyrolese minstrel in a London drawing-room. But nothing can be more charming, or characteristic of this noble and venerable being than the following description by Haydon, in a letter to Miss Mitford, of a visit to the gardens in the Regent's Park with Wordsworth and Lockhart. We see them all before us:—

‘On Tuesday, Wordsworth breakfasted with us alone and went to church, and afterwards to Lockhart, who took us to the Zoological—as a part of the wild beasts. Wordsworth's silver-haired simplicity contrasted with Lockhart's arch mischief and was exquisite. Wordsworth sat down to rest and told us a delightful story, so beautifully, as if an Apostle was unbending. I looked up and saw Lockhart relishing the whole thing, as if for a moment bewitched out of his melancholy mocking. What an expression I caught then for one of my Cartoons! So when you see it, remember. The story was this:—A friend of Gainsborough's had a sweet child who was going away to school. As her father was on a sick-bed he was touched at parting with her. This came to Gainsborough's ears. So Gainsborough looked out for her, and said to her, “My little love, can you keep a secret?” “I don't know,” said she, “but I'll try.” “Well!” said he, “you come to me to-morrow.” She came, and he painted her portrait, in order that when she was gone it might be placed at the foot of papa's bed, to delight him. The child went to school enjoying her secret, and the next morning, when her father opened his eyes, there was the image of his darling looking at him from the bottom of his bed!

‘You never heard any human being tell such a simple story so touchingly. It would have softened the hearts of the lions and tigers could they have heard it.

‘As Wordsworth was telling this in a shady nook, I sitting by him, Lockhart before us standing, and looking complacently down, the sun shone on Wordsworth's silvery hairs, while his dull eyes, with that look of internal vision I never saw in any other face, told of thought unknown to any but his Maker—out came of the window the long neck and calm, large-eyed head of the camelopard as if above all human anxiety, and with an air of quiescent contempt for all three of us, that was exquisite.’

As the fumes of the incense, mutually offered and accepted, rolled away, the friendship of Haydon to Wordsworth cooled. The poet disliked disreputable men of genius. He had said of Keats, truly enough, ‘he is a youth of promise too great for the sorry company he keeps.’ And the life of Haydon

had been even 'sorrier' in some respects than the company of Keats. On the other hand (in 1824), Haydon thought Wordsworth 'starched, dowdy, and anti-human, wanting the constructive power, the *lucidus ordo* of the greatest minds, and utterly 'insensible to the frailties—the beautiful frailties, of passion.' But at that moment Haydon was in a fit of Byronic enthusiasm.

To complete this group of celebrities we cannot resist quoting a *vignette* of Coleridge and Turner at Soane's Museum, which is irresistibly comical; and indeed the greatest curiosities to be seen there were the spectators.

'28th March, 1825.

'I was at Soane's last night to see this sarcophagus by lamp-light. The first person I met, after seventeen years, was Coleridge, silver-haired! He looked at my bald front, and I at his hair, with mutual looks of sympathy and mutual head-shaking. It affected me very much, and so it seemed to affect him. I did not know what to say, nor did he; and then in his chanting way, half-poetical, half-inspired, half-idiotic, he began to console me by trying to prove that the only way for a man of genius to be happy was just to put forth no more power than was sufficient for the purposes of the age in which he lived, as if genius was a power one could fold up like a parasol! At this moment overcame Spurzheim, with his German simplicity, and shaking my hand: "How doe you doe? Vy, your organs are more parfaite den eäver. "How luckee you lose your hair. Veel you pearmeet me to eintrow- "dooze you to Mrs. Spurzheim?" I was pushed against Turner, the landscape painter, with his red face and white waistcoat, and before I could see Mrs. Spurzheim, was carried off my legs, and irretrievably hustled to where the sarcophagus lay.'

Amongst all these literary characters, who, when drawn by each other are seldom exhibited in a very pleasing light, Sir Walter Scott stands supreme, by his entire absence of vanity and ostentation, by the absence of all petty ungenerous motives, by the candour and honesty of his nature, by his kindly and generous dealings with all mankind. He appears frequently in these volumes, and always with the same cheerful, humorous, natural face, which made even his genius more prized and more dear. We wish we had space to quote the letter in which Sir Walter supplies Haydon with a Scotch subject for a picture, related in his inimitable manner (vol. i. p. 347); but we must content ourselves with citing the following passage, though it may be a little at the expense of our own craft.

'My dear Miss Mitford, Edinburgh is the finest city for situation in Europe. The two towns, old and new, are built on two ridges, which are joined by land bridges, like the towns of antiquity. Some streets run over the others, and afford beautiful combinations quite surprising.

Towers, arches, houses, streets, bridges, rocks, castles, and craggy hills are tumbled together in a wildness and profusion of contrast and daring beauty, that render the whole town like a wild dream of some genius. I never saw such a beautiful city, and if the inhabitants proceed with taste, they will make it the most beautiful place in modern times.

‘I dined with Walter Scott, and was delighted with the unaffected simplicity of his family. Jeffrey has a singular expression, poignant, bitter, piercing—as if his countenance never lighted up but at the perception of some weakness in human nature. Whatever you praise to Jeffrey, he directly chuckles out some error that you did not perceive. Whatever you praise to Scott, he joins heartily with yourself, and directs your attention to some additional beauty. Scott throws a light on life by the beaming geniality of his soul, and so dazzles you that you have no time or perception for anything but its beauties: while Jeffrey seems to revel in holding up his hand before the light in order that he may spy out its deformities. The face of Scott is the expression of a man whose great pleasure has been to shake Nature by the hand, while to point at her with his finger has certainly, from the expression of his face, been the chief enjoyment of Jeffrey.’

As accident has thus thrown in our way the contrasted figures of Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott, we propose to take this opportunity of publishing two very characteristic and remarkable letters of these great men, which have never before seen the light of day, and we need hardly say are *not* included in Haydon's correspondence. The originals are in our own possession, and we transcribe them. The occasion on which these letters were written was as follows. A young gentleman, the son of a much respected London solicitor, was intended by his father to take a part in his own well-established and lucrative business. He had been educated at Harrow; he had shown ability at Cambridge; and his passionate love of poetry, art, and philosophy seemed to mark him out as one of the future poets and thinkers of England. He showed, indeed, some indications of genius of no mean order, though, as it afterwards turned out, of genius abortive and incomplete. To his father, a man of the coolest practical sense, this discovery was by no means welcome. He had rather have hatched a barn-door fowl than an eagle, or even a nightingale. It was the old story of—

‘The Clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross;’

and in short it was agreed, in order to settle the dispute, that a specimen of the young man's poetical powers should be referred to Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott, both of whom were friends of the family, in order that these illustrious

persons might return a verdict of 'true poet,' or the reverse, on the verse-maker. The thing was done, and we have in our possession the answers they were good enough to make to this appeal. Both are admirably characteristic, and we publish them the more willingly as they are perfectly applicable, now, and at all future time, to a multitude of aspiring young poets in the same situation, who have no Wordsworth or Scott to refer to.

Wordsworth's answer was in these terms, flattering, but not without a delicate irony:—

'Rydal Mount, Kendal: October 4, 1830.

'Dear Sir,—I lose no time in replying to your communication, and will proceed to the point without ceremony or apology. I protest on your behalf against the competence of the tribunal whose judgment you are content to abide by. A question of this moment can be decided only by and within the mind that proposes it. Allow me to say that you have reversed the order of judicial proceedings by appealing from the higher (higher assuredly "*quoad hoc*") to the lower power. What more then shall I say? That your interesting letter evinces extraordinary power would be obvious to the dullest and most insensible. Indeed, I may declare with sincerity that great things may be expected from one capable of feeling in such a strain, and expressing himself with so much vigour and originality. With your verses upon Rivaux Abbey I am in sympathy when I look on the dark side of the subject, and they are well expressed except one phrase (if I read aright) which is not to my taste. And now for the short piece which contains "the thoughts of your whole life." Having prepared you for the conclusion that neither my own opinion nor that of any one else is worth much as to deciding the point for which this document is given as evidence, I have no scruple in telling you honestly that I do not comprehend those lines; but coming from one able to write the letter I have just received, I do not think the worse of them on that account. Were anyone to show an acorn to a native of the Orcades who had never seen a shrub higher than his knee, and by way of giving him a notion or image of the oak, should tell him that its latitude of boughs lies close folded in that auburn nut, the Orcadian would stare, and feel that his imagination was somewhat unreasonably taxed. So it is with me in respect to this germ. I do not deny that the forest's monarch with his army shade may be lurking there in embryo, but neither can I undertake to affirm it; therefore let your mind, which is surely of a high order, be its own oracle.

'It would be unpardonable were I to conclude without thanking you for not having abstained from expressing your sense of the value of my imperfect and comparatively unworthy writings. The true standard of poetry is high as the soul of man has gone or can go—how far my own falls below that, no one can have such pathetic conviction of as my poor self. With high respect, I remain, Dear Sir,

'Sincerely yours,

'WM. WORDSWORTH.'

Sir Walter was less courteous, but possibly more sincere. He begins with evident crossness at what might well be regarded as an impertinent interruption. But as he proceeds the kindness of his nature regains the upper hand, and at last, instead of speculating like Wordsworth on the effect an 'auburn nut' might produce on an Orcadian peasant, he gives his young correspondent the full benefit of his own experience of literature, of life, and of the world.

'Sir,—I am honoured with your long letter, and I am sorry I have no time to enter into the discussions which it might give rise to at any length. To use your own simile, a cautious knight used sometimes to bind himself by a vow in order to preserve the privilege of declining a boon which he might find impossible to grant. The number of applications to me to look over compositions and assist at introducing their authors to the world is so great that the expense of time bestowed in reading and answering them is an intolerable tax on the leisure of an old man, who may complain of these interruptions with greater justice, since he has spent an active life of many years. I do not wonder at your feeling the heavy infirmity which fortune has attached to you unalienably; but as you appear to possess ambition and lively talent, I must necessarily suppose you possess the means of pursuing knowledge, and in this respect are, if you can prevail upon yourself to think so, far superior to the gay or the robust. It is true indeed that a life of study, far from dispensing with labour, calls with an imperative voice for the toil by day and the lamp by night. But such is the lot of mankind. If he does not gain his bread by the literal sweat of his brow, he must purchase knowledge with the toil of his understanding. This is indispensable if you would be independent in fortune and respectable in condition. Your infirm condition of body is in this particular rather fortunate to you than otherwise, since it removes many temptations with which others are beset at your age. As I have written so much I must not conceal from you that your letter indicates a degree of irritable feeling for your own situation, which, when indulged, becomes an acute source of self-torment, since it prompts us to be continually estimating our talents and merits by our own standard, and encouraging a species of misanthropy against those among whom we live because their estimate of us is less favourable. If there is anything in these hints which can be of use to you, the trouble of writing them is well bestowed. If otherwise, I shall have expressed all the opinion I am willing to do upon the subject of your letter, to which I may reply in general that you seem to me to possess talents which may serve their owner considerably; but they are at present mingled with an irritation of feeling which may lead them far off from the course.

I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'WALTER SCOTT.

'Abbotsford: October 4, 1830.

'P.S.—From what I have stated, you will forgive my adding that I have it not in my power to pursue this correspondence. You cannot

expect a lawyer of forty years' standing to sympathise very much with a youth who regards it as his great hardship to be educated for the law. By applying your parts to that profession, you may render the greatest benefits to individuals, and to your country, which is or ought to be the principal object of your studies.'

The name of this youthful aspirant for literary fame was Edwin Hill Handley. But in spite of the not altogether unfavourable prognostics of these high priests of the Muses, and of the originality and energy of his own character—known to a very small circle of intimate friends—ill health and adverse circumstances terminated at an early period a life which seemed at one moment likely to lead to distinction. He died young, leaving a considerable portion of his fortune to the Royal Society for the encouragement of philosophy and science. Perhaps this munificent donation, which has, we believe, been recently paid over to the Society, and our own slight accidental tribute to his memory, may rescue his name from total oblivion. But of those who enter upon life, spurning the ordinary duties of a professional career, and devoting themselves with what seems to be a noble scorn of gain to the highest efforts of the imagination and the intellect, how many fail and falter by the way like this 'inheritor of unfulfilled renown,' or attain renown like Haydon only to perish bruised and maimed at the feet of their idol!

We regret that our limits forbid us to follow in greater detail Haydon's very interesting letters, which bring before us many persons of note from the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne down to Lamb and Wilkie. But there is one class of Haydon's friends whom we cannot pass over in silence—we mean his pupils, who became his brother-artists, and achieved success in art far beyond his own. Nothing enlisted Haydon's sympathy more surely than an indication of early talent. He discovered the precocious genius of Edwin Landseer—gave him his own anatomical drawings of a dissected lioness to study—produced his drawings at Sir George Beaumont's—and helped him to sell his first picture. When little Lance came to ask Haydon on what terms he would give him lessons, the artist replied, 'Let me see what you can do; I don't ask the length of my pupils' purses; if you can draw I will teach you for nothing.' Lance became a favourite pupil, and in point of colouring an excellent painter of still life. Wilkie was Haydon's contemporary, and they remained sincerely attached to each other through life; though nothing could be more opposite than the perfect skill with which Wilkie realised and reproduced the familiar scenes before him, and the imperfect

skill with which Haydon aimed at the sublime, the imaginative, and the unreal. Haydon's eyesight was so impaired that he was utterly incapable of painting a small picture, composed of true and delicate harmonies of colour and expression. Large composition was a necessity to him, and we question whether his eye really saw his work as others see it. Of all Haydon's pupils none did him greater honour, and none expressed with greater feeling his obligations to his master, than Charles Eastlake. He, of all the English artists of our time, carried to the farthest point the study of the history and the mystery of his art. Other painters may have surpassed him in vigour and manual skill, but in the knowledge and appreciation of that marvellous power which animates the marbles of Greece with undying life—which breathes in exquisite refinement through the earlier school of Italy—and which is the true cradle of art, Eastlake was confessedly supreme. Haydon had set him on the right track; and Eastlake used to admirable advantage the more favourable conditions in which he was placed—his own modest and sedate temperament—his long residence in Italy—his visit to Greece—his vast acquaintance with the literature of art. To Haydon himself none of these things were vouchsafed by fortune. Eastlake's sympathy and gratitude never deserted his early friend: and we know not which of the two suffered most when Eastlake had to announce to his heroic old instructor that the cartoon which Haydon had sent in to the competition at Westminster Hall was *not* placed for a prize.

Sir George Beaumont, annoyed by the irritation produced by Haydon's writings, once urged him to throw aside the pen and stick to the brush, by which he might paint himself into fame. But, though the advice was well meant, we are not sure that it was judicious. There were fatal and insurmountable deficiencies in Haydon's painting, and an artist who aspires to the highest walk in art must either succeed grandly or not succeed at all. There is no middle path. The real merit of Haydon's large compositions was rather overrated than underrated by his friends and companions. They knew he had noble intentions, and they gave him credit for them. Literature is a less jealous mistress: she admits of a thousand degrees in her service. Haydon would certainly not have written a Shakspearian tragedy or a book of 'Paradise Lost,' but as a critic, speaking of subjects which he knew, we think he might have been a fair rival to Hazlitt. His letters prove that he wrote with uncommon spirit and perspicuity. Some of his published compositions, especially the letter in which he

demolished the pedantry of Payne Knight and vindicated beyond all controversy the unrivalled majesty of the Elgin Marbles, were mordant and successful in the highest degree. No pamphlet of Swift was more effective or more popular than that letter. In these volumes we find a powerful and well-argued vindication of Christianity against the scepticism of John Scott; and a narrative of a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, which can hardly be surpassed for feeling, descriptive grace, and humour. We regret that it is too long to be quoted. His Table-Talk, too, abounds in wit, shrewd observation, and amusing anecdote. Our conclusion therefore is that Haydon mistook his course from enthusiasm for an art in which it was not given to him to attain the highest excellence; and that if he had done less with his brush and more with his pen, he might perhaps have anticipated the services which critics like Mr. Ruskin have since rendered to the arts. It may only happen once or twice in centuries that a man is gifted with the extraordinary power of creating visible forms which touch the most sublime feelings of our nature, and excite love, sympathy, grief, adoration. But the humbler task of maintaining and enforcing sound principles in art, and of leading men to know and feel whatever is best and most beautiful, is no unworthy duty. It requires knowledge of the art itself, a correct judgment, an enthusiastic nature, and the power of language. These Haydon possessed, and this duty he might have performed with profit to himself and with advantage to society.

ART. III.—*A History of England principally in the Seventeenth Century*. By LEOPOLD VON RANKE. 6 vols. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press: 1875.

THE Germans are ever welcome contributors to our literature, historical and political, whether they come in their more ambitious mood by correcting our provincial crudities through some purely intellectual process analytic or synthetic, or submit to the humbler but more valuable science of microscopic examination in some sequestered corner. A book is doubly welcome when it combines in due proportion the national powers of minute analysis and broad induction. Germany has in recent times been prolific in contributions to the history of the British Empire. When authors in the same path follow quick upon each other's heels, it is a natural fatality in the conduct of periodical literature that the latest arrival may receive

the immediate notice that can be given but to a few. But here comes one whose transcendent merits demand priority of courtesy and attention. In order to take the measure of these merits it may be well to recall, if only in a transient glance, the shape and colour that the progress of our Constitution has taken heretofore in the literature of our continental neighbours. Our stormy history of perils and disasters used to be told as a warning, that those who lived in the serene repose afforded to them by the paternal government of a Louis le Grand or a Friedrich der Grosse might be conscious of their blessings and remain unperplexed by fear of change. From the 'Histoire des Révolutions d'Angleterre' of Father Orleans, downwards, the English people were ever held up as examples of turbulence, fickleness, and hostility to their own constitution and laws. The calamities consequent on these political iniquities were favourite warnings, especially addressed to the French, until the day when their own revolutionary tempest obliterated such puny recollections. We esteem ourselves as a people loving order and rendering a willing obedience to the laws; but the typical Englishman of historical literature, French or German, was ever a turbulent, restless being breaking through all rules and restraints; and when the being thus created was made reconcilable with the existence of so much rule and order as were necessary for keeping a State from falling to pieces, the author seemed to have no other remedy at hand save the creating out of his own imagination an apparatus of correction still more harsh and cruel than the machinery of the despotism under which he lived. A few thinking men like Montesquieu and Delolme tried to do us justice, but theirs was the still small voice of philosophy lifted against inveterate prejudice.

As yet, and for all that the terrible sufferings of the other European nations have taught them, the progress of our Constitution, and especially the portion of its history that is counted as revolutionary, is so little known that it is difficult to exaggerate the greatness of the service done to the world by a book like the present, revealing in distinct sequence the history and causes of our political peace and power. The service is in so far valuable that it does us justice before the world; but it will be infinitely more valuable to that outer world itself, in showing that it is not by thirst of change, not by encouraging and following conceited schemers who profess a capacity to take society to pieces and restore it renewed and strengthened, that we owe our happy quietness when surrounded by revolutions; but it is to the fact that all our great popular battles have been fought for the preservation in efficient working order of

old revered constitutional precedents. It will be an inestimable blessing to Europe when her revolutionary spirits shall no longer have to plead the strength and blessed repose of our political condition as the fruit of the school of political opinions to which they belong.

The service of rendering justice to the history of our Constitution is not the less meritorious that it has been strangely neglected or mismanaged among ourselves, especially in the portion of historical literature that deals with the great struggle of the seventeenth century. Clarendon left behind him his story told with a grand and touching eloquence; it was the story of a suffering martyr—a man of amiable character and blameless life, told by the affectionate servant who lamented his misfortunes, and had thrown his own lot into the unfortunate fate of his patron's descendants. Without much distortion or any stain of malignity, he made his hero appear the victim of restless fanatics and intriguers, ever as they gained concession after concession pressing on for more and more. Partial as it was when its author dropped the pen, it was re-touched thirty years afterwards with an eye to its influence on the politics of the day of publication, yet with an assurance on the part of those who published it, that it went forth unaltered. But this does not exhaust the incidents that co-operated in spreading abroad the delusion. Hume's history of the period is just Clarendon's lightened of some words of antiquated and turgid eloquence. Thus were all the great chancellor's efforts in his master's vindication revived and sent forth afresh into the world. They were the soul and substance of the history that was read everywhere, from the library to the schoolroom, and re-echoed in every European tongue. For those who choose to be set right we have the valuable criticisms of Brodie, Hallam, Forster, and many others; but a natural touch of indolence in mankind leaves a plausible story well told long in the supremacy it has once gained. Carlyle, to be sure, lifted up a testimony louder and stronger, but it is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. His school of sceptical fanaticism and hero-worship stands apart like some exclusive sect of hyper-Brownists or old-light anti-burgers, anathematising not only Antichrist, but all who had gone before them in the same denunciatory process with a less certain sound.

No doubt the great civil war, however truly and impartially told, cannot but make a sad and humiliating history, darkened by many catastrophes not wholly undeserved by those whom they overtook. There was the strange brood of uncouth

fanaticisms arising one after another when Puritanism in England shook hands with Huguenotism in Scotland. There was the long calamitous war, not to be closed until all other men came under the iron rule of the man who could bring the best-drilled fighters and the largest trains of artillery into the field. There were the illustrious victims whose deaths are not to be vindicated on any principle of justice or policy, while yet fate had made the existence of their lives antagonistic to the safety of those who wielded the power of the day. And not least among these calamities was the reactionary Restoration, with its ribaldries and cruelties, bringing the crew of Momus in one hand and the Jesuits in the other.

But when we have all these things told with ever so much denunciatory eloquence, we have still the great question—who began? While the quarrel was yet merely in words or in acts of peaceful policy, which party was right and which wrong according to the constitutional law of the day? Clarendon, or his editors for him, decided this question in a title-page, ‘The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars.’ When the affairs of 1715 and 1745 intervened, it became the habit to speak of the earlier Civil War as the ‘Great Rebellion.’ But the close scientific inquiries of recent times have put it beyond all doubt that the Remonstrance party was standing by old constitutional rights, and the Court party was invading them. The term ‘Conservative’ applies with much fitter truth to the leaders of the Long Parliament than to those who in our own day adopted it as preferable in sound and in association to the old epithet ‘Tory.’ The period was fruitful in a peculiar class of great scholars—men who abandoned the idle disputations about autocracy, oligarchy, and democracy in the classic ages, and set themselves resolutely to the study of the laws and customs which they had inherited from their forefathers. The result was the growth of the most illustrious school of political archæologists that has ever arisen. Chief among them were Selden, Cotton, Prynne, Pym, Eliot, Hampden, Whitelocke, and Glanvil. In the coming contest the men who had stored their memories with constitutional precedents were, like the commanders of fortified places, important alike as a stay and defence to their own party, and a serviceable acquisition to the enemy if they could be tempted to desert. Sir Edward Coke, in his day the strongest of all who could wield the weapons of precedent, was deemed to be tainted by subserviency to the Court and unwilling to bear true testimony to the rights of Englishmen; but he passed away full of years and honours ere the contest thickened. Of another man, William Noy, who

gave the first hints of the latent prerogative of ship money, Hallam says:—

‘Shaking off the dust of ages from parchments in the Tower, this man of venal diligence and prostituted learning discovered that the seaports and even maritime counties had in early times been sometimes called upon to furnish ships for the public service; nay, there were instances of a similar demand upon some inland places. Noy himself died almost immediately afterwards. Notwithstanding his apostasy from the public cause, it is just to remark that we have no right to impute to him the more extensive and more unprecedented scheme of ship money as a general tax, which was afterwards carried into execution.’*

Such are the instances of casual defection from the impulse prompting the great masters of precedent and common law with loyal unanimity to employ their powers in protecting the common weal through coming dangers.

This feature is all the more distinctly English, that in Scotland the men endowed with such learning as the scanty precedents of the country afforded, were so subservient to the State as to have been justly accused of servility to the Crown, shown even in the flagrant act of tampering with the records of Parliament. But the offence was of a far lighter character than it would have been in England. It might have been pleaded, indeed, that it was in favour of presenting the Crown with a small, and but a small, portion of that Prerogative so necessary in the use of monarchical powers, that even the parliamentary party in England acknowledged its existence when desiring detrimentally to limit its range. In Scotland both the dangers to be feared and the means of resisting them differed from anything known in England. Before the union of the crowns the governing strength of the country lay in the three Estates, and the sovereign co-operated, cordially in general and ever without absolute objection, in the resolutions of the Estates. There were no great quarrels between the monarchy and the representative power, and they had not drawn themselves apart under the war-cries of Prerogative on the one side and Privilege on the other.

These counter-cries in England were indeed a relic of the contest between Norman king and Saxon people. The community, ever liable to invasion, had to strengthen themselves behind distinct and separate barriers, under such casual names as ‘privilege,’ ‘precedent,’ ‘franchise,’ and ‘liberty.’ On the other side the sovereign armed himself with prerogatives gained

* Constitutional History, 1872, ii. 16.

from time to time in hard contest, and when so gained obstinately maintained. The prerogatives were certain items of purely despotic power, and it is among the indications of a healthy influence pervading all public action in England that they gradually became available as facilities not only for the effective working of the machinery of government, but for furthering the interests of the people at large and protecting individual liberty. A fair instance of such a prerogative may be cited in the 'writ of extent' long used for securing payment of crown debts out of the funds or estate of the crown debtor, and sweeping away by the prerogative action of the royal exchequer all that is necessary to pay the royal debt, though nothing should be left for the private creditors of the defaulter. It began, no doubt, in rapacity, and its rapid machinery was often employed to sweep away the property of the subject before the question whether he was the king's debtor could be justly tried. But it came in the end to be a just and equitably worked protection to the revenue—which is the common property of the community at large—from possible loss through powerful combinations to thwart the operation of the law. When the Union of 1707 was completed, and the united government began to act, it was discovered by English statesmen, to their amazement and terror, that nothing of the nature of this prerogative existed in Scotland. The sovereign had to go into the courts of law, like any private citizen, to recover the debt due to him; and to save the confusions and vexations of such a system the revenue was farmed. It was intolerable that Scotland should be not only a nest of financial jobbery for itself, but that it should be a refuge for Englishmen in difficulties with the revenue authorities. Hurriedly and clumsily the English exchequer system was extended to Scotland. This roused in the Scots an apprehension of further invasions, but in the end all worked on for the common benefit of the government and of the individual subject.

The vital question in the great contests was not the existence of the prerogatives but their limits. They were acknowledged as the gains made by the Crown in a long contest, but the parliamentary party stuck to the principle that nothing was to be counted a prerogative that had not been fully reserved to the Crown and established in permanency by precedent. On the other hand, the king and his advisers acted in the spirit of holding that Prerogative was a general power or authority in the Crown, the precedents only showing how it acted in particular cases, but not limiting its action to such cases. With the keen instinct of a true practical historian Von

Ranke finds this distinction emphatically ruling the dispute from its commencement. He has brought us to the Petition of Right, and the question whether the power of arrest, without the intervention of the courts of law, claimed by the Crown but only to be used on occasions of urgent necessity, should be conceded. 'The right of arresting persons dangerous and troublesome to the government was just then exercised in France to the widest extent; Cardinal Richelieu could not have maintained himself but for his quick and energetic use of it. In all other states, as well republican as monarchical, it was a weapon with which the government thought that it could not dispense. Was it to be dropped in England alone?' Such were the arguments 'to the effect that the sovereign power with which the king was intrusted should remain in his hands undiminished for the protection of his people. The Lower House, however, would not accept any such condition; for the provisions of the petition would thus be rendered useless. They foresaw that what those provisions forbade would pass as lawful in virtue of the plenitude of the sovereign power. Yet the expression "sovereign power" was unknown in the English Parliament; that body was familiar only with the prerogative of the king, which at the same time was embodied in the laws' (i. 372).

In justice to our author, however, it is now time that we should let him speak for himself more fully. The opening of the great contest is thus announced:—

'Among the politicians of the time there was a school of learned men, who had studied the old constitution of the country, and wished for nothing more than its restoration. They were seriously bent on establishing an equilibrium between the royal prerogative and the rights of Parliament. Among them were found Edward Coke, John Selden, and John Glanvil; but Robert Cotton may be regarded as the most distinguished of them all, a man who had studied most deeply, and who combined with his studies an insight into the present that was unclouded by passion. To Cotton we owe a report presented by him to the Privy Council, in which he explains that the government should proceed on the old royal road of collecting taxes by grant of Parliament, and indeed should adopt no other method; while at the same time he expresses the conviction that Parliament would be satisfied, if its most pressing anxieties were dissipated.

'On March 22, five days after the beginning of the session, the deliberations of the Lower House were opened by the remark from the Speaker, that they must indeed grant subsidies to the King; but at the same time they must maintain the undoubted rights of the country. Francis Seymour, who had now again been returned to Parliament, at once expressed himself to the same effect. While he acknowledged that

everyone must make sacrifices for king and country, he showed at the same time that it was a sacred duty to cling to their ancestral laws. He proceeded to say that these laws had been transgressed, their liberties infringed, their own selves personally illtreated, and their property, with which they might have supported the King, exhausted. He proposed therefore to secure the rights, laws, and liberties transmitted from their ancestors by means of a petition to the King.

‘Whatever be the tone of opposition which this language betrays, it fell far short of that adopted in the former Parliament. Men had come to an opinion that certainly no money should be granted unless securities could be obtained for their ancient liberties; but at the same time that the King should not be induced to grasp directly at absolute power, for that this would lead at once to a rebellion of uncertain issue. Men were resolved to avoid questions which could rouse old passions. This time it was not insisted that the penal laws against the Catholics should be made more severe: Parliament waived its claim to alter the constitution of the Admiralty, and to appoint treasurers to manage the money granted to the King: it showed deference for the King, and said nothing of the Duke. But a commission was appointed to take into consideration the rights which subjects ought to have over their persons and property. Already on April 3 resolutions were proposed to the House, by which it was intended that some of the most obnoxious grievances which had lately arisen should be made for ever impossible, such as the collection of taxes that had not been granted, and restraints imposed on personal liberty in consequence of refusal to pay.

‘The principal grievance arose from the conduct of the King, who in his embarrassments had imposed a forced loan at the rate fixed on the occasion of the last subsidies, and had sent commissioners into the counties in order to exact payment, just as if he had been armed with the authority of Parliament for this object. Many had submitted: but not a few others high and low had refused to pay, not from want of means but on principle. The King had thought this behaviour a proof of personal disaffection, and had had no hesitation in arresting those who refused: he had even taken steps to assert his right to do so as a matter of principle. Much notice was attracted at that time by a sermon preached by one Sibthorp, in which plenary legislative authority was ascribed to the King, and unconditional obedience was demanded for all his orders if they did not contradict the divine commands. Archbishop Abbot had steadfastly refused to allow the printing of this sermon, which he regarded as an attack upon the constitution: eighteen times in succession an intimate friend of the King went to him to urge him to give leave. As the Archbishop refused to comply, he received orders to leave London, and was struck out of the High Commission: the sermon had been printed with the permission of another bishop. So earnestly bent was the King at that time on pressing his claim to override the necessity of a parliamentary grant in moments of emergency.

‘He had now however retreated from this position. Abbot had obtained permission to resume his seat in the Upper House, and so had

Lord Bristol. When, in consequence of the above-mentioned declaration in Parliament, a project was now decided on for securing the legal position of the subject, especially the rights of property and personal freedom, which had been infringed by the previous proceedings, the King expressed his agreement loudly, explicitly, and repeatedly; in general terms he gave up his claim ever to proceed again to a forced loan. No one was ever to be arrested again because he would not lend money; and in all other cases where arrest was necessary the customary forms were to be observed.

'At this point however another question arose touching the very essence of the supreme power. The Lower House was not yet content that an abuse like that which had occurred should be merely removed: it wished to destroy it at the root. It was not satisfied with the promise of the King that he would never in any case punish by arrest, unless he was convinced in his conscience of its necessity. They wished to put an end to this discretionary power itself, of which his ministers could avail themselves at pleasure. Parliament demanded that henceforth no one should be arrested without assignment of the reason and observance of the forms of law.'

It would not be easy to find the conditions of the situation rendered with fuller fairness and technical knowledge by any English author, and yet there is a tone in the commencing words at variance with the English historical spirit. A sort of philosophical policy is attributed to the masters of constitutional precedent; they were 'seriously bent on establishing an equilibrium.' With us it would be simply said that they were standing on their rights, and we would no more attribute to them any speculative philosophy of the balance of powers, than we would hold that the creditor who pursues for recovery of his debt is actuated by abstract principles connected with the ultimate adjustment of human rights and duties. The difference between us and the German historical school is but slightly foreshadowed in this passage, but we shall find that it penetrates deeply into certain peculiarities of German thought assisted by the atmosphere of a political world thoroughly distinct from ours.

In the first place, the German likes to account for everything—he must find the causes of all events—he has a reluctance to accept the conclusion that 'lost is lost.' Our own historians of our grandfathers' age were given to the practice of accounting in a general way for everything on certain first principles, and hence of accompanying their narrative with a current of reflections drawn out of what was called the philosophy of History. The practice was gradually abandoned, and among the reasons for the abandonment two may be found in the contemplation of the performances of our neighbours. In the first

place, the subtlety and profundity of German causation made our own seem so shallow and puerile that we became ashamed of it. In the second place, when the grandeur and depth of the German achievements in accounting for the obviously fabulous and supernatural stimulated inquiry into the foundation of their practice, it was found to be fallacious. All Niebuhr's vast learning and subtle genius could not save the wondrous fabric substituted by him for the early fabulous Roman history from discredit. It seemed to accomplish that rhetorical formula which carries the possible but improbable into the impossible and absurd.

It is coming to a more simple and reasonable employment of the propensity for following causes into their effects, if we look in the meantime to the German practice of tracing historical developments through the policy of a succession of able monarchs or statesmen, while in this country we seek them in the operations of political forces which statecraft may in some measure guide, but which it can neither create nor subdue. To one who in the midst of the daily life of the German institutions has also made himself familiar with all the inner intricacies of the political career of every continental state, there is a natural attraction in tracing a perfect and consistent political growth—as when a Margravate or petty Dukedom, blessed with a succession of able chiefs passes on to an Electorate and then to a Kingdom, ever aggrandising its bounds until it becomes one of 'the great Powers' which dispose of the destinies of the world. Such had been the career of the old dukedom of Brandenburg until Herr Von Ranke's prolonged life enabled him to see another step towards bestriding the world when his sovereign became Cæsar, and his distant northern city the centre of the old Roman Empire.

Our political career has been widely different. Acquisition of territory, whether by war or succession, is the most powerful of all agencies in strengthening monarchical rule. We have no experience of such an agency in this country. It is true that when other European Powers have reared colonies we have taken possession of them as the only Power able to hold and govern distant dependencies. But in the shape of enlargement of frontier, after the fashion of the Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns, the latest acquisition of territory made by the English Crown was in the conquest of Wales by Edward the First. For some time after the union of the crowns, Scotland seemed to be drifting towards absorption into England, but such a fate was averted by the two countries entering into a contract on terms acceptable to each, like two merchants

bringing their separate capitals and capacities into partnership; and, by the way, this union of 1707, very well told by Von Ranke, has been separately explained and commented on by another German historian, Herr Reinhold Pauli, as a political phenomenon standing alone and apart among territorial combinations.

But if ours is not in its nature an aggrandising sovereignty, what of our great Eastern Empire? There is no stronger testimony to the truth that our destinies have been cast by political forces beyond the control of our rulers, instead of being the fruit of their policy, than this. True, the rise of the Indian empire was assisted by great organisers and administrators from Clive to Lawrence; but so far was that empire from being a deliberate creation of the British sovereignty, that its founders had to be content with the indifference, when they did not incur the active hostility, of the home government. The Indian empire arose out of the same political forces that peopled Britain with the Saxon race and has sent a surplus of the same active family across the Atlantic. The energetic spirit of commercial enterprise found a field on the shores of Hindustan. The property and trading rights secured to the dealers had to be protected by factories and forts. The dealers were able to do this for themselves if let alone, and it was the original policy to let them do it. But then it was seen that independent armed communities of British subjects were rapidly rising, and would, if not governed from the centre of British power, become bands of robbers by land and sea, dangerous to all who followed commerce in the East; and so the distant empire grew until by the mere force of conditions it became a part of the territory reigned over by Queen Victoria.

The current of English history does not afford satisfactory materials for those who love to develop a policy in every ruler. Success is an element almost necessary for giving life and interest to the picture. Where two monarchs are contending with each other, there is generally one of them successful. But when the policy to be followed up has been vainly struggling against uncontrollable popular forces, the task of following it is discouraging, although the gods were said to admire a brave man struggling with the storms of fate. As the greater part of our author's work belongs to the seventeenth century, he has to deal with one unsuccessful policy after another until he reaches the satisfactory point where he may rest in admiration on the successful policy of William the Third. And yet even here there is a striking conformity with the truth that it is in uncontrollable political forces, and not in the wise policy of rulers,

that our history must be seen. The reign of the King with a successful policy was the creation of one of the most powerful and efficient political forces that ever came into creation. The policy of the man who should have ruled—if the term policy can be fairly applied to the fatalism of the poor fanatic—was broken by an irresistible force. The position and abilities of King William marked him as the person best fitted to command and direct the triumphant political force. It was thus, not that as a legitimate king he bent a nation to his policy, but as a person endowed with the policy desired by the nation he was selected to give effect—and he did give effect—to it.

The career of Cromwell is an uncomfortable phenomenon, breaking in upon the calm routine of policies like the irruptive volcanic rocks through the classified sedimentary strata of the geologists. There are, perhaps, few workers in this period of British history who have not felt that their task would have been easier and pleasanter had the episode of Cromwell's career not belonged to it. A deep and successful policy is the easiest solution. From the beginning the member for Huntingdon had made up his mind to become supreme ruler of the British Empire, and each successive political revolution from the Scots Covenant of 1638 to the establishment of the Protectorate was a subtle and successful tactic for bringing the event to pass. The reader may have an unpleasant presentiment that our author is to follow this easy precedent when he comes to the seizure of the king by Cornet Joyce, and finds it maintained to have been a device of Cromwell's, although there is no evidence that Cromwell knew aught about it. No doubt if Cromwell saw the successive political achievements that had to be accomplished to open for him the way to supreme command, as he would see the tactics necessary for fighting a given army of certain ascertained elements on known ground, he would have seen that the seizure of the king at the juncture when he was seized, was of course a necessary step in the accomplishment of his object; but to argue on the infallibility of such foresight and make it supply the place of palpable evidence, is more like an operation of religious faith than the satisfactory establishment of a historical fact. Let us be content, then, with holding the seizure as a bold eccentricity of Cornet Joyce until we have information to the contrary.

But except in this one instance we find no propensity to make Cromwell the master and creator of the forces in which he acted. The author is content to count him a man endowed with a wonderful sagacity for seizing the opportunities that forces beyond his own or any other individual man's control

threw in his way. The result is to find for his historical position a definition that may be extracted out of certain hazy utterances of his own—that the realm was thrown into confusion—a policeman was wanted to restore order—he thought himself capable of doing great service in that capacity, and his services being accepted he filled the office.

To find the author at home, and in the free exercise of his full strength presenting to us a great politic monarch, let us go back to Queen Elizabeth. Our insular notions of her character and achievements, without any loss—perhaps with an enhancement of—their picturesqueness, have in recent times been stripped of much that went to constitute ideal perfection. She had much natural aptitude for all intellectual acquisitions, and her industry aided by abundant tuition of the highest order stored her mind with nearly all the knowledge and fully all the accomplishments available in her day. She had no doubt great power of character, but it showed itself less in a sage and firm command over her servants than in a violent excess of the propensities that in other women are called the weaknesses of her sex—fickleness, waywardness—the action and counter-action of vehement loves, hates, and jealousies. Her vanity was in the same vast proportion as her other propensities, and she loved to think that men were smitten with a dazzled awe at the splendid beauty and majesty of her aspect, like those who gaze indiscreetly on the sun at noon.

The cause of the great success of her rule is easily visible in one of the great political forces that have from time to time ruled the destinies of the empire. The conditions of her birth, training, and character swung the power of the crown round to the cause of the Reformation. It was already written in the book of fate that this cause was to triumph. England could not have long endured to be governed from the Vatican and Spain in the name of Mary Tudor. That would not have lasted so long as it did but for the prospect of speedy relief. But a triumph achieved by force and bloodshed would have left a very different history from that of the successful and popular queen. That England was governed by a Protestant monarch turned the balance in Scotland, and in turning it drew away to the aid and protection of England that people, kindred in race and alike in character, who had been the allies of the national enemies of England, and the active agents of their enmity for centuries.

As to her absolutely administrative powers, they had the one transcendent merit that she would not push her presumptuous selfwill to the extremities which the able group of experienced

statesmen surrounding her throne besought her to forbear; and if there was anything savouring of feminine timidity in this, it was a source of political strength sadly deficient in the character of her father. It was her humour to fancy herself an absolute sovereign, reigning by divine right and responsible to God alone, so that her concessions to the prayers of her cautious ministers were not to be deemed acts of prudence—for transcendent power like hers required no prudence or worldly calculation in its guidance—but they were acts of gracious concession to the importunities of her counsellors, granted out of her princely nature, prompting her to strew beneficence around her. There was a misgiving withal that it might be possible to do something liable to disperse her dream of absoluteness, and this consideration seems to have been at the root of her aversion to go to the country for money. What if it were refused, or a word said in the way of criticism or caution in giving it? It was more to her taste, too, to ride at the head of her troops at Tilbury than to wrangle with burghers and knights of the shire about monopolies and imposts. Something too, perhaps, of the old chivalrous homage to her sex prompted the able men surrounding her to bear more arrogance and assertion of absolutism from her than they would have endured from a king, and to feel loth to do anything that might dissipate her dream that she was an absolute monarch accountable to God alone. However it came about, so it was that the most absolute of sovereigns left the Constitution untouched by any tampering with the rights and privileges of the people. That and unqualified adherence to the Protestant cause were the two substantial blessings that carried the traditions of her reign like a golden age through the harassments, perplexities, and troubles of later times.

With this attempt to estimate the character of Queen Elizabeth by the hard conventional measure of its practical influence on the Constitution, let us now contrast the glowing picture of the German historian:—

‘The systematic hypocrisy imputed to her may seem an invention of her enemies or of historians not thoroughly informed; she herself declares truthfulness a quality indispensable for a prince; but in her administration, as well as in that of most other rulers, reasonings appear which rather conceal the truth than express it; in each of her words, and in every step she took, we perceive a calculation of what is for her advantage; she displays striking foresight and even a natural subtlety. Elizabeth was very accessible to flattery, and as easily attracted by an agreeable exterior as repelled by slight accidental defects; she could break out at a word that reminded her of the transitory nature of human affairs or of her own frailty: vanity accompanied her from youth to

those advancing years, which she did not wish to remark or to think were remarked. She liked to ascribe successes to herself, disasters to her ministers: they had to take on themselves the hatred felt against disagreeable or doubtful regulations, and if they did not do this quite in unison with her mood, they had to fear her blame and displeasure. She was not free from the fickleness of her family: but on the other hand she displayed also the amiable attention of a female ruler: as when once during a speech she was making in a learned language to the learned men of Oxford, on seeing the Lord Treasurer standing there with his lame foot, she suddenly broke off, ordered a chair to be brought him, and then continued; indeed it was said she at the same time wished to let it be remarked that no accident could discompose her. As Harrington, who knew her from personal acquaintance, expresses himself: her mind might be sometimes compared to a summer morning sky, beneficent and refreshing: then she won the hearts of all by her sweet and modest speech. But she was repellent in the same degree in her excited state, when she paced to and fro in her chamber, anger in every look, rejection in every word: men hastened out of her way. Among other correspondence we learn to know her from that with King James of Scotland,—one side of her political relations, to which we shall return:—how does every sentence express a mental and moral superiority as well as a political one! not a superfluous word is there: all is pith and substance. From care for him and intelligent advice she passes to harsh blame and most earnest warning: she is kind and sharp, friendly and rough, but almost ever more repellent and unsparing than mild. Never had any sovereign a higher idea of his dignity, of the independence belonging to him by the laws of God and man, of the duty of obedience binding on all subjects. She prides herself on no external consideration influencing her resolutions, threats or fear least of all; when once she longs for peace, she insists on its not being from apprehension of the enemy, but only from abhorrence of bloodshed. The action of life does not develop merely the intellectual powers: between success and failure, in conflict and effort and victory, the character moulds itself and acquires its ruling tone. Her immense good fortune fills her with unceasing self-confidence, which is at the same time sustained by trust in the unfailing protection of Providence. That she, excommunicated by the Pope, maintains herself against the attacks of half the world, gives her whole action and nature a redoubled impress of personal energy. She does not like to mention her father or her mother: of a successor she will not hear a word. The feeling of absolute possession is predominant in her appearance. It is noticeable how on festivals she moves in procession through her palace: in front are nobles and knights in the costume of their order, with bared heads; next the bearers of the insignia of royalty, the sceptre, the sword, and the great seal: then the Queen herself in a dress covered with pearls and precious stones; behind her ladies, brilliant in their beauty and rich attire: to one or two, who are presented to her, she reaches out her hand to kiss as she goes by in token of favour, till she arrives at her chapel, where the assembled crowd hails her with a "God save the Queen," she returning them thanks with gracious words. Elizabeth

received the whole reverence, once more unbounded, which men paid to the supreme power. The meats of which she was to eat were set on the table with bended knee, even when she was not present. It was on their knees that men were presented to her.

'Between a sovereign like this and her Parliament points of contention could not be wanting. The Commons claimed the privilege of absolute freedom of speech, and repeatedly attacked the abuses which still remained in the episcopal Church, and the injurious monopolies which profited certain favoured persons. The Queen had members of the Lower House imprisoned for speeches disagreeable to her: she warned them not to interfere in the affairs of the Church, and even not in those of the State, and declared it to be her prerogative to summon and dissolve Parliament at her pleasure, to accept or reject its measures. But with all this she still did not on the other hand conceal that, in reference to the most important affairs of State, she had to pay regard to the tone of the two Houses: however much she might be loved, yet men's minds are easily moved and not thoroughly trustworthy. In its forms Parliament studied to express the devotion which the Queen claimed as Queen and Lady, while she tried to make amends for acts by which the assembly had been previously offended: for statements of grievances, as in the instance of the monopolies, she even thanked them, as for a salutary reminder. A French ambassador remarks in 1596 that the Parliament in ages gone by had great authority, but now it did all the Queen wished. Another who arrived in 1597 is not merely astonished at its imposing exterior, but also at the extent of its rights. Here, says he, the great affairs are treated of, war and peace, laws, the needs of the community and the mode of satisfying them. The one statement is perhaps as true as the other. The solution of the contradiction depends on this, that Queen and Parliament were united as to the general relations of the country and the world. The Queen, as is self-evident, could not have ruled without the Parliament: from the beginning of her government she supported herself by it in the weightiest affairs: but a simple consideration teaches us how much on the other hand Parliament owed precisely to that introduction into these great questions, which the Queen thought advisable. They avoided, and were still able to avoid, any inquiry into their respective rights and the boundaries of those rights. And besides Elizabeth guarded herself from troubling her Parliament too much by demands for money. She has been often blamed for her economy, which sometimes became inconvenient in public affairs: as in most cases, nature and policy here also coincided. That she was sparing of money, and once was actually in a condition to decline a grant offered her, gave the administration an independence of any momentary moods of Parliament, which suited her whole nature, and without this might have been easily lost.

'As the Queen's own interest is also that of all, those who belong to her family or have won her favour and done her essential service, are the chiefs of the State and the leaders in war. The royal patronage extended this influence over the Church and the universities. But we find it no less in all other branches. Sir Thomas Gresham, the Queen's

agent in money-matters, was the founder of the Exchange of London, to which she at his request gave the name of the Royal Exchange.

'In literature also we see the traces of her taste and her influence. Owing to the tone of good society the classics were studied by every one. The higher education was directed to them, as indeed the Queen herself found in them refreshment and food for the mind: many classical authors were translated, and the forms of the old poets revived or imitated. The Italians and Spaniards, who had led the way in similar attempts, further awoke the emulation of the English. In Edmund Spenser, in whom the spirit of the age shows itself most vividly, we constantly meet with imitations of the Latin or Italian poets, which here and there aspire to be paraphrastic translations, and may be inferior to his originals, even to the modern ones, in delicacy of drawing, since he purposely selected their most successful passages: yet how thoroughly different a spirit do his works breathe in their total effect! What in the Italians is a play of fancy is in him a deep moral earnestness. The English nation has an inestimable possession in these works of a moral and religious grandeur, and a simple view of nature, which happily expressed in single stanzas stamp themselves on every man's memory. Spenser has assigned to allegory, as a style, a larger sphere than perhaps belongs to it, and one allegory is always interweaving itself with another; the heroes whom he takes from the old romances become to him representatives of the different virtues, but he possesses such an original power of vivid representation that even in this form he gains the reader's interest. But, if we ask what is the main thing which he celebrates, we find that it is precisely the course of the great war in which his nation is engaged against the Papacy and the Spaniards. The Faery Queen is his sovereign, whose figure under the manifold symbols of the qualities which she possessed, or which were ascribed to her, is always coming forward afresh in his verse. With wonderful power Elizabeth united around her all the aspiring minds and energies of the nation.

'Not a few of the productions of the time have so strong an infusion of reverence for the Queen that we cannot help smiling: but it is true nevertheless that at her court the language formed itself, and all great aspirations found their central point. Elizabeth's statesmen, who had to deal with a Parliament that could not be led by mere authority, studied the rules of eloquence in the models of antiquity, and made their doctrines their own. On their table Quintilian lay by the side of the Statutes.

'The Queen, who loved the theatre and declared it a national institution by a proclamation, made it possible for Shakspeare to develop himself; his roots lie deep in this epoch, he represents its manners and mode of life: but he spreads far out beyond it.'

According to an old tradition it was an instruction by the Queen to artists who ventured to paint her likeness, that they were free to throw as much light on it as they pleased, but there must be no shading. In his written picture the eloquent German has scarcely transgressed this restriction, though he has ma-

naged—as any great painter would—so to adjust the shades that they shall have no other effect than the enhancement of the lights. He begins with the announcement, that ‘we may not look for an ideal female ruler in Queen Elizabeth;’ but has he not given us an ideal male ruler, such as might pass into popular memory as the beneficent autocrat of some continental despotism? The states of the Continent do not afford us many examples of female rulers—the German States afford none. The principle of what is commonly termed the Salique law excluded female heirs to sovereignties. Had the Princess Sophia and her husband both lived beyond the year 1715, the wife would have reigned over one of the greatest of European kingdoms, while her husband remained master only of his petty principality. The policy of rendering succession to sovereignties available to male representatives only was, no doubt, dictated by the aggrandising spirit of each state seeking rulers who could make acquisitions in the general contest, or at least hold their own. In fact to be a ruler a man required also to be a soldier, and high command in the German armies was almost exclusively the privilege of royalty. It is a strange antithesis to this that the mightiest strides in the united advance of civilisation and material greatness were achieved in the reigns of our three female sovereigns—the third of whom happily continues to reign over us, and promises to leave to posterity memories still more illustrious than those of either of the other two.

And how is this? Because our constitutional institutions and our laws are so firmly and enduringly established that they have but to be safely regulated in their application to daily practice, and are not at the disposal of any restless ambitious monarch who may, like King James, dream of active kingcraft, or, like his son, put the dream into disastrous practice. Apt as he is to find a policy where the insular spirit of our constitutional thinkers can find none, Von Ranke is true to the great leading features of the conservative spirit in our historical development. His services on this point are not limited to the justice that he does to our national spirit. They confer a far greater boon on the author's countrymen, and indeed on all the continental states. He shows to them emphatically that what we have gained in the blessing of uniting perfect liberty with great constitutional strength, has not been acquired by revolution, and that those who seek such acquisitions in revolution are not following the example of the people who have acquired them in greatest abundance and excellence. In the history of the Protectorate the author is true to this

spirit. He is especially lucid when the contest is over, and he tells how it settles down into a steady, strong working government. Perhaps the historian who had dealt with many strong autocracies and forcible repressions brought more of a catholic spirit and a free artistic hand to the task, than our own annalists trained in the calm walks of precedent and constitutionalism. He sees throughout, however, the power of the old constitutional life when it is throttled but not extinguished. There is ever a pressure, however silent, for the restoration of old constitutional usages, especially for something like free representation and parliamentary action. The country may be at peace, outrage and injustice may be suppressed, and equality under the laws enjoyed by the citizen, but still there is an uneasy sense that all the blessings of security come from a false source—the power of the sword, which may at any time be turned from the protective to the destructive function.

In dealing with the proffer of the crown to Cromwell the author does not follow the vulgar herd of narrators in exposing a scene of base and fawning adulation, dashed with a selfish hope of aggrandisement by helping forward the fortunes of 'the man of destiny.' He finds, on the other hand, that the restoration of the kingship was sought among the other elements of the old constitution. A King had powers correlative with those of Parliament—prerogative on the one side and privilege on the other. It was better to have any man wielding the old-established prerogative of the King than to have a clever man wielding unknown powers as Protector or Dictator. 'The sagest of usurpers' knew what this meant. When he took time to 'seek the Lord,' it was to weigh the matter in his own sagacious mind, assisted by such elements as he could reveal by searching into the secret thoughts and projects of those who must share in his lot. When the royal throne was set up again, what race was to fill it? Would it not of a surety be the odious House of Stewart? If such were his guess, the irresistible impetuosity of the reaction at the Restoration teaches us that he was right. The founding of a royal dynasty was a wild dream. On the question of the lasting for his own time, the Protectorate as it stood afforded the better chance.

In other political difficulties—such as the quarrels between William of Orange and his Parliament—our author finds a solution alike ready and effective in the tenacious adherence to political precedent. There has been much sympathy with King William in the usage he got about the Dutch guards. The constitutional predominant party owed everything to him. He

was the only man whose position enabled him to save them and their constitution without a civil war. He gained nothing by his perils and sacrifices except the satisfaction of a noble ambition to serve a righteous cause and do good to mankind. He was not taking an illustrious throne to live a life of luxurious splendour. He had no prospect of founding a dynasty through which a hundred kings would look back on him as their common ancestor. Why not let him retain this honest trusted body of his fellow-countrymen, to whose ways he was accustomed, in whose fidelity he could implicitly rely—who had enabled him to secure the peace and freedom of England by their services against the wild Irish? The ingratitude and suspicion shown in their disbanding were hard—hard. He who had never betrayed emotion, save when his eye was lighted up by the fire of battle, became pathetic and tenderly beseechful on the occasion: he would ‘take it kindly’ if the obdurate Commons would yield him this. But it was impossible: a king with a mercenary army of followers at his disposal! as well ask for all the autocrat prerogatives of the Russian Czar at once. It was an act that the responsible guardians of the Constitution were bound to resist, on the principle that makes theft a crime, whether it be of five shillings or of five thousand pounds. It is the great merit of Ranke that he sees and appreciates this necessity. It may not, in his view, be a liberal or a sound policy, but, like the enforcement of a hard bargain, it is justice.

If it be true that we must be reared under their influence to discuss with a full and easy knowledge the intricacies of the working of British political institutions, and that there is generally a certain feebleness and vagueness visible in every such work when it comes from the stranger, however deeply it may be overladen by the philosophy of history,—yet it may also be true that our full familiarity with our home affairs breeds a certain insular narrowness of observation, looking entirely inwards, unconscious of the relation of our separate affairs to those of the whole world at large. It may bring this general conclusion to a practical point to say that every home-student of our history must feel deeply indebted to Von Ranke for his successful application of his knowledge of the history of Europe at large to the external powers arising from the relations of the other European Powers that have from time to time influenced our internal affairs. His earlier distinguished services to historical literature had suitably placed him in what his countrymen would call a stand-point for such a service. In his history of the Popes he had to penetrate the secret recesses

of every court of Europe—of every one of the great courts now existing except his own and the Czar's. Christianity was some thirteen centuries old ere it crossed the Hircinian forest into the abodes of the distant Prussian carrying the highest civilisation of the age with it. More centuries had to pass ere the community in the midst of which our author has passed his studious life existed. There was an uninhabited sandy waste on the banks of the Spree where stands the great city that, as the court of the Holy Roman Empire, might claim pre-eminence over all other European cities. It was, perhaps, in some measure conducive to the author's clearness of vision in following the career of the Popedom that he thus stood in a centre, apart, uninterrupted by any close disturbing elements.

We are brought into the thick of the foreign relations of England in the reign of Henry VII. with the successive marriages of the two brothers to Catherine of Aragon. All incidents connected with these marriages have a signally dramatic interest, since they were sacrifices for the promotion of the cause of the Popedom, by counteracting the independent religious aspirations of France, and became a mighty influence in the furtherance of the Reformation. The foreign influences are at work through the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and then with the Civil War come others of a different kind.

The beginning of the war, indeed, took its tone and character from the Thirty Years' War, and the conclusion of that war in the Peace of Westphalia. A large body of Scotsmen acted as hired soldiers and leaders in the war. A few of them were in Wallenstein's and the other armies on the Imperial side of the contest; but as the war was deemed a contest between Popery and Protestantism, and Scotland was a Protestant country, the great preponderance of the Scots were in the service of Gustavus Adolphus. Their moral and religious training there, naturally carried their sympathies into the Covenanting camp—in fact they were the trained and disciplined centre whence the drilling of the rest of the troops extended. When the army thus formed seemed to carry everything before them—when they marched into England and dictated to the rising parliamentary party, their teachers and leaders—especially the clergy—gave a reason for the success of their cause, in which we may safely say at this time that they were mistaken. They held the triumphal march of their troops as a sign that the time had come when the Almighty was to send forth the obligation of the Covenant, first over the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and thence over all the world. In the hour of adversity they adhered to this

mighty delusion with a picturesque pertinacity. When Cromwell had shattered their army at Dunbar it was only a punishment to them for having permitted persons of doubtful covenantism to serve in their ranks, and a hint to drive these unlucky coadjutors forth from among them. Then in their crazy excitement they got possession of Prince Charles and metamorphosed him into a covenanted king. No doubt there were ugly stories about orgies with Villiers and Wilmot, but all that went for nought now that he was a covenanted king. It was like the charges of profligacy against popes and prelates—the corrupt nature of the flesh whereto it was attached only showed the potency of the Apostolic succession that passed onwards in its original purity.

The 'young man' performed abjuration penance for his father's sins against the Covenant and his mother's idolatry. He and his dissolute crew submitted to 'discipline' and to the ceaseless outpourings of the spirit—not so much of grace as vituperation, with a patience and resignation almost sublime. Call it hoax or farce, it was the most egregious and flagitious act of the kind on record. But it satisfied men uplifted to the highest regions of fanatical fatalism. They took the covenanted prince with them as a sort of talisman that would carry them and their Covenant victorious over the land, and caught the chastisement of their folly at Worcester.

So the great army that had its origin in the return of the Scotch veterans from the great European war came to the end of its brilliant career. But one army is apt to make another. The Parliamentary party were not to see the fate of England put at issue between the Scots and the Cavaliers. The paltry force, gathered among tapsters, lackies, and the general scum of the city, was, under Cromwell's organisation, converted into the mighty host of Ironsides, and for these there must be work. In a hand-to-hand contest between England and Scotland, each doing its utmost to man an army, it was absolute fate that the country some six or eight times the size of the other must be victorious. It did not follow that victories in the stricken field made absolute subjugation. Had an attempt been made to subjugate and enslave Scotland, the spirit of the old war of independence against the Plantagenets might have revived and found work for the Ironsides. But Scotland was incorporated with England on terms of equality—the Scotsman enjoying every right enjoyed by the Englishman. This, instead of a misfortune, was a mighty boon. The sagacious, industrious Scots had the whole vast field of English trade and colonisation opened to their enterprise. Wealth

flowed into their country—they found this when it departed, for the navigation law which included them under the Protectorate, excluded them from the English shipping and trade when it was renewed under Charles II. Hence it was that they demanded a colonisation and navigation system of their own, and as this was not to be tolerated by England, the Union had to be conceded in such terms as to restore to the Scots the privileges they had enjoyed under the Protectorate.

As the army had now nothing to do at home, it was natural that its commander should look abroad. He had a power in his hands that could frighten any State in Europe—the veterans of the old Scotch army were incorporated in it, and a Scotch general performed for him the exploit of taking Dunkirk from Spain, and holding it against France. Here we are again taught to estimate the value of the historian who can blend our domestic events into the general history of Europe. The continental contests gave life to the army that performed the first achievements in the Civil War, and here at the end of it is an army ready to make England formidable wherever she may find ground of quarrel. The aid of that army and the countenance of the powerful commonwealth of England were so eagerly sought by the European Powers, that, as people act in smaller affairs, they did not look too narrowly to the legitimacy of the Power that had both to give. What could be accomplished by that Power was signally shown in the saving of the poor Voudois, by the refusal to sign the treaty with France until Mazarin should give an undertaking to stop the persecuting career of the Duke of Savoy. It may be a question, looking at the affair through modern political views, whether the occasion was one for intervention in the affairs of the Continent; but it was such a deed as, compared with the actions of powerful States towards weak communities in that day, stood forth in glorious contrast.

In the great rivalry on the Continent, the instincts of the Commonwealth attached themselves to France as against Spain. There was still a remnant of toleration in the State that had been governed by Henry IV., and the edict of Nantes was yet unrevoked. There are few traces in the diplomacy of the day of any reluctance to clasp in friendly grasp the hands that in the phraseology of the next generation, were red with the blood of the royal martyr. It would be interesting to know how far there may have been repugnance, and how far it was sacrificed to the material interests at stake. At a later day, Louis XIV., when to no immediate available political end, but in the haughty spirit of defiantly proclaiming divine-right prin-

ciples, he acknowledged the 'Pretender' as king of the British empire on his father's death, passed a more effectual condemnation on the policy of Mazarin than on the Revolution of 1688. But there are many other symptoms that in the latter half of the seventeenth century the principles of divine hereditary succession had been enlarged and strengthened in the continental courts, and especially in the court of France. The expansion of the French power towards the establishment of the old empire, with the House of Bourbon at its head, seems to have appealed to the lawyers and the churchmen of the time to preserve that vast dominion which the opening of successions and prosperous warfare were steadily enlarging. Lest the existence of so magnificent a regal fabric should be endangered, let them prove that all such acts as the opposition to Charles the First, and the dismissal of his son by the revolution, were acts not only criminal as offences against man, but blasphemous as attempts to defeat the laws of God. Thus doctrines far subtler than the precepts of passive obedience preached by the Filmer school, were elaborated by their successors. Genealogy was found to be an exact science: given the relationship to the head of a house of any relation, collateral or descended, that relation's place in the order of succession was as surely fixed by an eternal law as any of the astronomical facts in the almanac calendars. It was long, however, ere the intellect reached this subtle analysis, and in fact the bloodiest wars of the middle ages—that of York and Lancaster among them—arose out of the unsettled question whether the succession fell to the nearest living relation, such as a second son, or to the offspring of the eldest. There was something assuring and complete in the establishment of unerring law, and it seemed as if the Deity had made that law unerring that no man might question or oppose it without guilt. The influence of the law came out emphatically in the treaties about the Spanish succession, when the divine-right lawyers proclaimed that, however it might be settled by treaty that the descendant of Louis XIV. who was sovereign of Spain should not also be sovereign of France, yet, whatever other dominions he might possess, he whom the unfailing law of hereditary succession pointed to as King of France was King by the eternal decree of God—and this is what the Count of Chambord and his Jesuit advisers now say, for all that has come to pass since the doctrine was promulgated in the days of the great Louis.

It would have been a great gain to historical literature had the clear light thrown by the author on the period of the Protectorate been extended down to the war of the Spanish suc-

foreign archives, professing to give the secrets hidden under the ostensible politics of England and Scotland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When from such sources a story is divulged by a foreign resident, which we know to have been unknown to the keenest and best-informed home politicians of the time, the most appropriate reception we can give to it is in the ancient slang expression of 'a mare's nest.' What shall we say if it should be revealed some time hence, by rummagers in the archives of Timbuctoo or Zanzibar, that Cardinal Manning is employed by the Materialists and Comtists to bring Christianity into contempt, and that Mr. Newdegate is a Jesuit father who has done splendid services in the promotion of the inscrutable policy of his order?

These remarks point to a source of deception to be watched and detected by the historical critic. It is not to be inferred that this is a taint common to the news sent home by strangers who have sojourned among us. On the contrary, the acute stranger—if free from the bias of the diplomatist who has an end to work out, or of the spy who has to enhance the importance and value of his revelations—is likely to see the significance of events and tendencies that are unnoticed by ourselves from the conformity of their external symptoms to the every-day life of the Constitution. When revelations from such a source cross Von Ranke's path, he apprehends at a glance their value, and puts them to good service. He was especially fortunate in discovering close at home—in the State archives of Berlin—one of the most valuable treasures of this kind that has been brought to light in recent times. It consists in a succession of letters sent by two brothers, Friedrich and Louis Bonnet, to the Court of Brandenburg from London. These letters cover a period of thirty years, and it is evident from the references made to them that they contain full information on some political events, neglected, or but imperfectly told, in our home sources of history. It is understood that the Trustees of the British Museum have entered on communications for obtaining a full copy of this valuable collection of papers; and we must hope that it will soon be available in London for purposes of historical research.

ART. IV.—*Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique*. Par M. le Comte de PARIS, ancien Aide-de-Camp du Général MACCLELLAN. Tomes I. et II. Paris: 1874. Tomes III. et IV. 1875.

THESE volumes in more than one respect should satisfy any reader. In the first place they meet the want hitherto felt of such a skilful narrative of one of the greatest, and certainly the most complicated of modern wars, as should give a juster measure than yet has been attained of the weight of individual events, and trace more clearly their influence on the general course of the struggle. Advances, retreats, victories, defeats, succeeded each other confusedly during the contest on the different theatres of the war, each of which for the day seemed of chief interest. Preceding narratives had either diminished unduly the importance of some of these, by dwelling on those that were better known; or, describing them in detail, had failed to show their bearing on the struggle as a whole. Writers might have attempted this however with success, who would have altogether failed where the Comte de Paris has most perfectly succeeded. Hitherto no one on either side of the Atlantic has been found to view the character of this war in its larger historical aspect, as one impressed on it not merely by the incidents of the day, but by the slowly strengthened force of precedent. Much has been said of the divergence of the American soldiery from European rules, their want of discipline, their personal disregard when not under fire for those who led them, their general impatience of restraint. The peculiar features of the actions fought have been dwelt upon as though these could have been reproduced in any rough and wooded terrain by any militia that found themselves engaged there. Too often European critics have treated the subject, when deeming it worth examination, as a mere question of locality, or hasty training, or a superabundance of the raw material of war. The Comte de Paris approaches it in its military aspect with the true spirit of philosophic inquiry. He goes back, being the first to take this simple and necessary step, to the early history of the United States when they were struggling and separated colonies. At the risk of wounding French sentiment, he enters deeply into that long struggle for a continent between his nation and our own, a struggle which, far more than the petty wars that raged along the Spanish Main between fierce viceroys and savage buccaneers, decided the destinies of a new world. He shows how the endurance

cession. For no period—at least for none equally eventful—have we more need of an expositor who has made himself familiar with the diplomatic relations and the political creeds of the great Continental States.

Here, finding ourselves virtually passing the boundaries of Von Ranke's great services to our history, and at the same time approaching the limits appropriate to the consideration of one book, however meritorious, it perhaps becomes us to pass from the tenor of the book, and briefly note its scope and limits. It is on the period from the Reformation to the settling down of the Revolution Government and the opening of the war of the Spanish succession, that the author has shown the historical strength that claims for his book a great place in literature. To give completeness to the task there is a summary sketch at the beginning, and another at the end, bringing the whole down to the accession of George III. For this latter part it has the merit of being a lucid sketch over a period so well known in the writings of others that the author might have done well to let it alone, unless he was prepared to reopen the accepted historical literature of the period, and systematically recast the results, as he has done for other portions of history. The initiative sketch is still less valuable, and tends, placed where it is, to prejudice the reader against the work, and disincline him to follow a path that holds forth so slight a promise of the rich fulness lying beyond. In this introductory sketch, indeed, there is that tone already referred to of completeness in accounting for every historical phenomenon by a policy or development, while we have not the assurance, so amply supplied in the dealings with the seventeenth century, that the author is master of all the details that go to make up the generalities. In fact, we know that on many points he is not master of them, for nobody is master of them; and however hard it may be to the acute and successful conqueror of a hundred difficulties, it is necessary to accept the alternative that they are to abide in the limbo of the unknown and unsolved. In these regions of doubt and difficulty lies the work of the archæologist—work that is hard to make interesting to any but those who pursue it. It is critical and expository, rather than narrative and descriptive; and since it is not fruitful in interesting events, an attempt is sometimes made to give interest to the investigation—to present us with the adventures of the hunter in encountering and solving difficulties, so that our sympathy may in some measure be invested in his fortunes—but any excitement so raised is general of a languid kind. The bringing order out of the chaos

as centuries pass, however, gives the archæologist, if he can pass into the lively historian, the opportunity of giving a certain picturesqueness to his story, as the detailed front of a picture is relieved by the hazy background. No one could have better accomplished such a happy combination than our author; but all men's capacities are limited, and we need hardly expect him now to undertake so great a task.

Indeed, if he did so, it would only be a deepening of the reproach already cast upon our own historical literature by his triumph. Take the present book for all in all, it is the best history of England written by one man. If we should put together the various fragments of our history, composed by eminent authors, yet it is likely that Germany could still excel us—at least we would have difficulty in competing with the united result of Lappenberg, Pauli, Ranke, and Raumer. Lappenberg's '*Anglo-Saxons*' has been long translated and is well known. Pauli carries on the narrative to the point where Ranke begins to show his full strength—the Reformation.* Still further to our shame, this book is still untranslated, and it might be for the consideration of the body of gentlemen who have so successfully made English readers familiar with the work in hand, whether they should go back and give us in full the history of the Plantagenets. In our having no better standard history than the '*Hume and Smollett*' of our grandfathers there is no justification in scantiness of material. On the contrary, the abundance of chronicle and state-paper matter accessible—especially the accumulated flow that has recently been poured forth—seems to have frightened our native historians from any attempt to make a comprehensive use of the whole. The foreigner who has had so much experience in the history of other lands has faced the task more manfully, probably because his experience has taught him how to extract all that is emphatic and suggestive in confused masses of material. It would not increase our respect for his work to find him making astounding discoveries in unexpected quarters, or strewing his pages with recondite authorities. Much has been added to our raw material of history since he completed his work, but nothing to supersede any important portion of it. It is seldom that new discoveries supersede sagaciously written history, since there is an instinct that carries the authors of such works free of flagrant fallacies. Too much has recently been accepted from the documents found in

* *Geschichte von England*, von Reinhold Pauli, mit einem Vorworte, von J. M. Lappenberg. Hamburg, 1853, 3 vols.

1861, and in its little armies of the last century, the model of those that took part in the Civil War.'

The Comte passes on at this point to a discussion as to whether the Northern or Southern levies of 1861 can be more properly compared with the volunteers that won its independence for the Union. Here we do not care to follow him; for in all parts where the military history, which in his opening paragraphs he declares to be the essential purpose of his work, is crossed by politics, we must decline to adopt his views. But there can be no question as to the truth of his sketch of the singular likeness between the men who fought against the soldiers of Howe and Clinton, and those who marched against Richmond.

'We cannot, therefore, be surprised to find in the first soldiers who carried the flag of the Stars and Stripes under fire, those features which always characterised the Federal volunteer. These were revealed from the very beginning of the contest with the mother country. When hardly brought together they faced boldly, behind the most trifling shelter, the shock of the British veterans. They defended themselves with remarkable tenacity at Bunker's Hill, just as the improvised soldiers of Jackson at New Orleans did fifty years later, and on a grander theatre, the army of the Potomac at Gettysburg. They were indefatigable in the use of the axe and pick in the sieges of Boston and Yorktown, just as were those volunteers who in four years covered America with their fortifications and intrenchments. So also they were easily shaken when they felt or fancied themselves taken in flank, as at Brandywine and Germantown; difficult to move forward to the assault of a strong position, and forgetful of the principle that there is less danger in a rush upon the enemy than in standing still to receive his fire. They lost their organisation rapidly, and, what is more rare, they recovered it again no less promptly. From their first engagements with the English down to the hour which armed one part of them against the other, the American volunteers, aided powerfully by the nature of a country covered with woods and cut up by morasses, rarely let a panic degenerate into a rout, and had the remarkable merit of not believing themselves beaten after a defeat.'

On this text, taken primarily from the Revolutionary contest, the whole history of the Civil War, as may be seen in the succeeding chapters, is a running commentary. The Comte de Paris justly deserves the praise due to the critic who has first seized the truth of this continuity of American history, and placed it in clear light. It is the more to be regretted that the strong political bias which he throughout displays to the side on which he served, has led to his disfiguring what may be termed the very cream of his great work by introducing strictures on the Confederate troops which we have purposely omitted. It is enough here to say that he speaks

of the soldiers at whose head Lee and Jackson won imperishable fame, as 'destitute individually of tenacity and 'perseverance;' a description that so utterly belies what history records of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, that it is difficult to believe it to have been penned by the same critic who has surveyed and described its adversaries with such admirable truth.

The military history of the American War is not limited, like those of modern European struggles, to months or weeks, but covers just four years of continuous contest; while in each year the immense resources gradually brought to bear, and the vast extent of the territory in dispute, broke off the conflict into sections, forming campaigns important in themselves, and at first sight little connected with the rest. As before mentioned, the Comte de Paris has done more than any writer who preceded him to preserve a spirit of unity throughout his narrative. He has found it necessary, nevertheless, to pass in separate chapters from east to west, and again from either flank to the connecting operations in the centre. It would be vain to attempt within our limits to follow him over these various fields, and indeed, the four volumes when complete only carry down the story to the battle of Fredericksburg. For our purpose of showing the special value of this work it will be better to examine a few of those parts which illustrate the American system of forming and training and employing an army, as opposed to the European methods, and the distinctive peculiarities displayed by such an army in the field.

And first to speak of its formation. Uniforms, the Comte begins by observing, were plentiful enough on national holidays before the war; but the militia regiments wont to display themselves on such festive occasions were meant only for show. So notorious was this, that one of the New York battalions, composed mainly of French immigrants, had assumed the mock title of the 'Gardes Lafourchette.' And while according to the popular boast the national roll-call embraced over three millions of soldiers, 'the men who felt a real vocation for 'military studies,' says the Comte, 'were obliged, like Sherman, to turn their knowledge to account as professors in the 'special colleges founded in the South;' which portion of the States, as he has elsewhere pointed out, had more occasion to keep up the true martial spirit. But when the rude events of the spring of 1861 opened the eyes of the least far-seeing to the reality of the coming crisis, 'the formation of an army 'charged to defend the Constitution was held to be a national 'business;' and so each person of energy went to work with

the feeling that his duty was to act without waiting for any orders. The apparent want of any general rules of organisation was but conformable, it is well observed, to the administrative system of a country which everywhere leaves so much to local and individual activity, and where the central authority has no army of functionaries vested with an almost sacred character. The levy once ordered, the Federal authority did nothing more for its share in raising it than taking over the regiments sent up by each State as its quota. The States themselves were almost equally deficient in administrative machinery, and confined their action chiefly to guiding individual effort. The Comte adds that popular supervision kept their higher magistrates free from the favouritism which is the vice of functionaries frequently elected; but here we think that opinion in America will hardly confirm him, and certainly the recorded incompetency of its officers, of whom the army was purged afterwards with difficulty and trouble, as the Comte himself shows in the sequel, was in the higher ranks often the direct result of patronage exercised by governors, as in the lower it was due to the elective system of the volunteers.

Thus left to itself, or but slightly aided by authority, the national movement to arms went rapidly on under the stimulus of individual spirit. The recruiting office that was opened in every village became the popular rendezvous. Some, moved by a spirit of adventure, some by genuine love of the Union, and many by the abolitionist sentiments which Longfellow's songs and Mrs. Stowe's tales had nursed, and which were already fairly aroused, entered their names in the volunteer lists as privates. But the more important classes could do more than this, and in doing it win for themselves a new position. So those who united means and popularity sufficient, undertook to raise their own company, or battalion, or even brigade. The governors, who could dispense colonels' commissions freely, used their power to promise one to any person who would undertake to put his regiment together effectively by any means within a certain limit of time; and with no more than a written provisional authority for this purpose many individuals actually accomplished the task within the short space allowed by simply appealing to the public round them. Anyone so engaged in his turn promised the most active of his associates commissions or a canteen contract as a reward for bringing in a certain number of volunteers; and gigantic handbills, with illustrations to show the deeds of heroism the future corps was destined for, covered the walls, and in some cases streamed as banners across the streets. The first recruits, as

soon as dressed in uniforms chosen for show more than use, were sent out into the highways and lanes to bring others in. The Zouave dress, though looking ridiculous in the Comte's critical eyes on the bony Americans who strutted about in it, proved an immense attraction in those days, when the capture of the green hill of Solferino by Zouave skirmishers was still fresh in men's minds. But the invitations sent out by no means always appealed to purely warlike instincts; and one regiment of heavy artillery, specially distinguished two years later at Gettysburg, filled its ranks by advertising itself 'to those who wish to enter the military service,' as sure of the inestimable advantage of being kept constantly in garrison at Washington, and so spared the privations of camp life in the field. On the other hand, a fine example was set in Indiana, whose troops had been accused of panic-flight in the war with Mexico; for this State saw crowds coming in voluntarily to wipe away the stain, and enlisting in regiments which assumed the device, 'Remember Buena Vista,' that being the action of which the men of Indiana were resolved to redeem the memory. The individual action which in the first few days raised a force of 75,000 men, and another large draft a month later, was carried sometimes beyond the limits of State control by those who were not on good terms with their governors. Thus General Sickles, of New York, who had offered the President to raise a brigade directly for the Union, did so by placing his recruiting depot on ground belonging to a fort under Federal keeping, thus carrying it direct to Washington. Nor was it until some time after that Lincoln, forced by representations of the mischief this competition caused the volunteer movement, ordered that these independent corps should be officially enrolled as parts of the contingents of the States from which their members were actually drawn. Before this decision reached the Sickles brigade, it had actually lost half its original numbers by wounds or sickness from service in the field.

Whilst praising the spirit which made so little of the difficulty of the first levy, the Comte de Paris, speaking here from close observation, declares plainly that its mass was of inferior material. The well-to-do and steady citizens were not at first sensible of the duty of personal exposure in the ranks; and as a rule 'these volunteers were collected from the disorderly classes of the towns and villages,' whilst the short limit of their three months' engagement prevented from the first any hope of seriously disciplining them. In a word, 'they were much like the militiamen of the War of Independence that

'gave Washington so much anxiety;' and carried their loose principles out soon afterwards so far as to leave their posts the very night their engagement was up, regardless that a battle might be expected within a few hours. Such contingents, however, formed the larger part of the force collected in June 1861, under MacDowell, and it need hardly therefore be wondered at that the war opened with disaster. The second and third levies, on a larger scale and for three years' duty instead of three months, reached a different social class altogether. Many, it is true, in enlisting were still actuated more by the spirit of adventure than that of patriotism; but the real imminence of the national peril now began to affect all hearts, and the new recruits were animated by a stern resolution that had been wanting in the first. 'They were not good soldiers; they were hardly soldiers at all. But they really wished to become such, and that was the proper condition by which to attain the result.' And this, although among them was a certain proportion of that large mass of the restless and unfortunate which America continually receives from Europe, and which is apt in quiet times to float as a scum over the great trans-Atlantic cities. These, however, were held very much apart from the native Americans, and it was they who thronged particularly into the ranks of regiments like the 'Fire Zouaves' of New York, where a showy uniform had for its complement a very small share of discipline. Making all deductions, there is no doubt that the Comte is in the right when he asserts that on the whole the medley mass of volunteers of the first year of the war represented fairly enough the nation that produced it, and as a whole was thoroughly moved by a national spirit. In the ranks, indeed, were already numbers of men who quitted good positions in civil life, with others advanced in years or bound to their homes by strong family ties. And that such men took up arms voluntarily when there was not only no glut of the labour-market, but a great temporary rise in all wages and profits, is proof sufficient of disinterested patriotism, or true martial ardour, or of both combined. As to the assertion often made by foreign critics that the Americans at this period of the war were hiring immigrants to do their fighting—a remark no doubt arising from mistaking the composition of certain special corps for that of the Federal army—the statistics since collected show that of the whole of the volunteers of the first year, one-tenth barely were non-naturalised, while six-tenths were American born, the rest being of course American citizens originally of European birth.

All the world is aware how the sharp defeat of its first levies

at Bull Run changed the whole aspect of the war, on the Federal side especially. If on the one hand it raised the spirits of the South, seeming to assure it safety for its new capital, and a strategic position that menaced Washington itself, it acted far more against its cause in reality by calling forth the latent strength of its foe. The advocates of peace at any price had been struggling in Congress against the proposition the Lincoln Cabinet had resolved to put forward, of a new levy of 400,000 long-service volunteers to replace the first draft of three months' men already about to be discharged. Their objections had been patiently listened to, and negatived already by the supporters of the administration. But the final discussion was fixed, by a strange chance, for the very day that the bitter news of the defeat arrived; and the solemnity and decision with which the bill was at once approved that augmented the levy to half a million of men, and raised the loan accompanying it from four to five hundred millions of dollars, showed that the representatives of the Union cause were thoroughly in earnest, and felt they had their people's full support. So at every crisis of the war, the Comte observes, the Congress set the nation an example of perseverance, and of the patriotism that is roused by defeat even more than victory; qualities which he attributes not so much to their race as to that free working of Anglo-Saxon institutions which made each citizen feel the common cause to be especially his own.

The great change or development of feeling that the first great battle produced has been often spoken of before less perfectly; but in the Comte's pages is for the first time fully explained the process by which there was framed out of such rude material the great machine, with which the task was again undertaken of threatening the Confederate capital. Long and weary years were to elapse before the army of the Potomac should enter Richmond; and its advance was to be opposed by enthusiastic defenders, led by a chief who has few peers even among the greatest commanders. But the foundation of future success, won, despite repeated and severe discouragement, was laid round Washington in the autumn of 1861, when Mac-Clellan, fresh from successes in Western Virginia, was called to the capital to take the military control of the masses hastily assembled round it. The nation had discovered that a hundred thousand men cannot be moved or fought without some previous attempt at organisation, and on the new commander devolved the powers which in its first blind ignorance of war it had denied his predecessor. The cold, clear style of the historian warms to the nearest approach to enthusiasm to be found in his volumes

as he speaks of the high qualities of his old chief and friend, of the laborious character, the precise and methodical spirit, and the vast military knowledge which fitted MacClellan for his gigantic task. Men were at this time the least of his needs. Of the three-months' volunteers handed over to his charge a large proportion re-enlisted, and, what was more important, the President's second call made in May for forty battalions had been met by the States with over two hundred, so that not far from a quarter of a million of men were already under arms; and it was certain that the other half of the national force now approved by Act of Congress would be raised without difficulty, since the militia regiments, in the larger States especially, had been filled up quite as rapidly as they were thinned by the transfer of their rank and file to the volunteers. Battalions on battalions, 'mustered in' daily, and by this simple act brought on to the pay-sheets, and under the military code of the Union, were arming at Washington, the whole neighbourhood of which at once became one vast camp of instruction under the inspiration of the new Commander-in-Chief. Each regiment on its arrival was put through a drill parade of the simplest order; and on showing that it could march past without much confusion, was brigaded with one or two of rather higher experience, to get the benefit of such joint training as the staff could bestow. The old West Point officers, as the only men really ready for the work, now naturally came into extraordinary prominence. The attempt being abandoned which had first been made, to keep the small body of regulars a force apart, as a kind of special reserve, they were distributed among the divisions gradually formed, their former officers being for the most part also distributed among the volunteers with higher rank. Lincoln himself prudently adopted this mode of utilising the only educated soldiers available. He took counsel with the seniors as to the capabilities of those upon the regimental lists, or returning to the service voluntarily from civil employ; and the first large lists of generals created included not only such names as those of Grant, Sherman, Meade, Thomas, Kearney, Hooker, and Slocum, each a celebrity in his way in the campaigns to come, but a number of others who were at least efficient in their first duty of the instruction of raw troops. The theory so carefully inculcated at West Point had now full scope for being carried out in practice, and it is probable that the value of thorough early professional training was never more signally illustrated. With all their exertions, however, the task of organisation at first seemed beyond the powers of the military

staff, as that of administration exceeded the powers of the civilians hastily brought in to execute the important duties of the commissariat; and for some time the sight was not uncommon of one regiment left to exist on unbaked flour and other raw supplies, whilst its next-door neighbour was abundantly furnished with all camp requisites. Such inequalities, however, as well as those first apparent in the arms carried, which were of various patterns and values, were gradually overcome by energy and lavish expenditure. But it was at first found harder to discipline than to feed this great armed horde—for such it really was for some weeks after MacClellan took the command.

In such a case discipline must commence from above, and the new general had reason enough to be daunted by the condition of his body of officers. How the volunteer regiments were furnished with these has already been described. Numbers of those who had gained commissions so easily were quite unfit to exercise authority, and yet under the Federal military code had precisely the same powers over their men as if they had served in the regulars all their lives. Of course such authority would often be abused; and the difficulties thus arising were enhanced by the fact, that the same code appeared to keep the officers, however inefficient or unworthy, free from any penalty not inflicted by a legally assembled court-martial. In practice it was found quite impossible to carry out this principle. It was evaded, therefore, by the rough expedient of putting the officer charged with an offence under arrest as though for trial, and detaining him in this ignominious position until he resigned his commission, any appeal to the President for intervention being forwarded with the accompanying instruction that it was necessary for him to exercise his supreme authority and dismiss the applicant. A large part of the openly profligate or irregular were thus sternly weeded out. But it was more difficult by far to deal with the numerous cases of incompetency. To purge the army from these certain Examination Committees were after some time appointed which went to their work unflinchingly. The examinations were purposely deferred till the generals had obtained some personal knowledge of the officers to be tested, which was furnished in private notes to the Committee. Upon this information chiefly the examination was based, and made more or less severe at discretion, the object being not so much really to try the capabilities, as to settle the future position of those summoned to it. If the candidate was known to have taken pains already, or to be likely to improve, the questioning was simple, and the certificate easily gained. If ill

reported of, he was invariably made to fail. Ludicrous and painful scenes followed, and we are told of some who literally cast themselves at their judges' feet, imploring them to spare the suppliant the loss not merely of his epaulettes, but of the income it had cost him so much to earn. Injustice, it is added, was no doubt done in some instances, but a less injustice than the retention of these inefficient men in the army would have been to the soldiers below them. The governors of States, it should be observed, still retained the nominal right of filling up the vacancies that daily followed on the application of this test. But when once it was made clear that the nominee would be disqualified for ignorance, nomination became of little use, and promotion fell naturally to the regimental authorities, and usually to the most useful officers. This process of elimination in the upper ranks told speedily on the general discipline. Not that American volunteers ever acquire that outward respect for their military superiors which is the law of European armies. But, at least, orders came to be obeyed. Officers who had the natural gift of command rapidly acquired the trust of their men, intelligence and education making it much easier to enforce regulations than an outward observer of the easy manners on either side would have believed. Once well understood to be salutary, the necessary constraints of military life were submitted to with extraordinary readiness, and, except in the case of a few regiments of foreigners, turbulence and continued disobedience were quite as unknown as in more thoroughly disciplined armies. There was one isolated attempt at mutiny, indeed, very soon after MacClellan assumed command; but it was put down with ease by the prompt use of some regulars who were at hand, and the only punishment inflicted was the deprivation of the regimental standard, the battalion thus disgraced becoming afterwards one of the best behaved corps in the army.

An extraordinary test of the obedience of these volunteers to reasonable orders, proving also a great advantage to their subsequent discipline, was the decision taken very early to exclude absolutely all intoxicating liquors from the camps. The provost marshal diligently searched the canteens from time to time to see this carried out. The only spirits kept by the commissariat were reserved strictly for hospital cases, or issued under special orders to parties put to extraordinarily hard work, or encamped in swamps. Out of Washington itself it soon came to pass that a drunken soldier was a thing unknown, and throughout the subsequent operations it proved easy to enforce the rule, except, indeed, again in the case of the foreign regiments, the Germans, on opportunity, proving more faithful to their

lagerbier than their orders, and other Europeans indulging stealthily in *eau-de-vie*.

The elements of discipline once established, drill and tactics followed in the order of instruction. Here again the absence of trained officers seemed to present almost insuperable difficulties, and these were once more met by the superior intelligence of the men on which the historian dwells so admiringly. The large number of three field officers to each battalion, borrowed by the Americans from our organisation, would have been superfluous in a Frenchman's judgment for a standing army, but is admitted to have been found of the greatest advantage here, in the many cases where either the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, or the major took pains to show himself a willing learner as well as a teacher, and had a natural gift for command. Whichever it happened to be of the three fell naturally into the position of chief instructor to the battalion. The colonels, however, showed particular zeal in vying with each other in these exercises; and it was a common sight, after the day's drills were done, to see the officers assembled in their commander's tent to undergo a private course of instruction in the regulations to prepare for the work of the morrow. Much the same process of hard personal toil and study was carried out with the regimental account-keeping. But here the success was not so general as in the matter of drill; and the Comte tells us that one must have been personally present at an inspection of some of these battalions, a duty that no doubt often fell on MacClellan's staff, to understand the miseries caused to some of the thousands of officers who were required as part of their duty to keep up regularly the books and returns prescribed by the regulations.

Gradually MacClellan's exertions bore fruit, and his ideas of making his command really mobile took practical substance. Order and discipline were fairly maintained; his staff was as efficient as its still modest numbers allowed; and regiments, brigades, and even divisions became units disposable for action at the need. One terrible flaw there remained that his powers could not mend, and as it lasted throughout the greater part of the war, and has never before been thoroughly exposed, it deserves special notice. Admirably as the American volunteer system served the special purpose of raising suddenly great bodies of men, it created no reserve whatever to supply vacancies. Once formed and sent away from its State, the regiment left no depot, for as all the posts considered worth filling were with the head-quarters, there was no one who could carry on at its home the business of recruiting, much less of training.

An action or two, a week in the sun, a swampy bivouac, might leave it the mere skeleton of its former self; and although the same State or municipality might send a fresh battalion to relieve it, there was no connexion between the two, nor any advantage to the new comers from the experience of the reduced but comparatively veteran body. To have attempted to remedy this by altering the volunteer system at its root, would in all probability have been fatal to its working. Nor was it until the stern pressure of events made the dreaded word Conscription familiar among the hitherto free citizens of the North, that the President obtained a power of keeping up the number of his most valuable corps. With conscription, or following soon upon it, a new commander-in-chief came into power, of a degree hitherto unknown; and General Grant, freely using the means denied to MacClellan, and consolidating two or three of the reduced corps of veterans into one, gained a vigour and steadiness for the army of the Potomac, unknown during its previous three years of service.

Each branch of the army formed with such pains by MacClellan had its peculiarities, which were reproduced in more or less degree whenever Federal troops were organised, and were, in fact, national characteristics. The Comte is a friendly critic, but he is also keen and searching; and he tells us of the Infantry, that the men were strong of limb, but careless of husbanding their powers for a long march, unskilled in the fitting of their equipments, and of a bad carriage. As to the care of their arms, it was a thing unknown to them; a fact that might be amply testified to by the independent witness of British officers, who saw the soldiers of Burnside and Hooker bivouacking on the Rappahannock under rude tents supported by their rusting muskets. Moreover the greater part of them were very indifferent shots in action, a fault due largely to the first issues of arms being of so wretched a character as to discourage target practice as part of the ordinary exercises.

The Artillery was a very favourite arm with these volunteers, suiting, as our author justly observes it does, the American turn for mechanics. And the troops of this branch had the advantage of much better instruction relatively than the infantry, inasmuch as a large proportion of the old regular force were artillerists, a fact which enabled MacClellan to assign a battery of regulars to each of his divisions as a model for those of the volunteers. The latter were organised entirely by single companies or batteries, each commanded by a captain; thus the volunteer artillery was not burdened, as was the infantry, with a staff of untrained field officers; and the regular

artillery officers, as far as available, fell naturally into the vacant higher posts.

The greatest difficulty by far lay with the Cavalry. Their regiments arrived strong in the numbers and zeal of their men, but wholly lacking all else that was needful for efficiency. Their equipments and chargers had to be supplied them by the Federal Government, and when these were found the men had to be taught the art of riding, a new one to nearly all; for, as the Comte observes, the Northern American has lost in this respect the traditional skill of the Anglo-Saxon race. It took several campaigns, therefore, to teach them the first elements of their business; and it may be added from other sources that in this they invariably aimed too high or too low for practical utility, whilst the necessary care of their horses was so neglected that a few days of service often left large detachments dismounted. In fact the want of steady exertions in this everyday duty for a long time paralysed the cavalry of the Federal service; yet where good chiefs were forthcoming for certain regiments, the growth in aptitude for field duties was more marked and rapid than in the infantry, and gave special opportunities for distinction to the commanders.

As to the Engineer branch, the difficulties at the commencement of the organisation might have seemed in the abstract as great as with the Horse, for the few trained officers belonging to this arm were scarcely enough to carry out the necessary works, far less to instruct the men enrolled. But a powerful aid was here at hand in the large class of civil engineers who were serving in the volunteers, men not highly taught in theory, but accustomed to deal with all the rude exigencies of a new country; and very soon some special regiments were trained effectively for the service, whilst the rougher works so abundantly used throughout the war were left to the infantry, who had always a share of skilled labourers among their ranks, and supplied the rest of what was needed from their general intelligence. In fact this constructive faculty of the volunteers was at first often greatly abused, as will be shown when we speak of the opening of MacClellan's operations; and round Washington it prevailed largely to the neglect of the necessary parade training. But on the other hand, the skill thus acquired proved of vast service afterwards, when movements became extended; and miles of solid intrenchments, thoroughly united by the favourite 'corduroy' roads, made each great position after a short time impregnable; whilst huge bridges of simple but solid construction spanned great streams with a celerity that European armies could not, even with the same abundant ma-

terial, have imitated. To such perfection was this branch of the art of war carried, that in Sherman's Atlantic campaign a solid trestlework bridge, half a mile long, was constructed in five days across the Chattahoochie, carrying the Federal line of operations forward firmly into the heart of Georgia, and ensuring the final success of the invasion.

Of the staff of these Federal armies, the Comte tells us little except as to its insufficiency, which no doubt in the army of the Potomac he personally felt keenly. MacClellan, at the head of 150,000 men, had but four officers for his topographical duties, and eight for all his personal services. But it should be added that as the war grew more and more absorbing to the national mind, the old democratic jealousy of this necessary adjunct to military command faded away, and the two aides-de-camp assigned to MacDowell before Bull Run were represented in the best independent army corps formed in the war, that raised for the invasion of Alabama, by some thirty officers attached to General Wilson, the demands being probably then limited chiefly to the number of men qualified for the duties.

It is time that we should follow the Federal troops into the field, and see how the inherent peculiarities indicated were developed or modified by its trials. We take by natural preference of the many campaigns described in these volumes with a precision and yet richness of detail that deserve all praise, the great operation on the Richmond peninsula, which was conducted by MacClellan himself as soon as he believed his army of the Potomac to be in working order, and which was witnessed, and actively shared in, by the Comte de Paris. This first illustrated the slow but giant power of the North. This first displayed the admirable military skill of her greatest adversary. This too, closing in defeat and adversity for the Federals, gave their general and soldiers in the very crisis of that disaster the opportunity of showing how formidable was the leader's skill, how great the tenacity of the army he had framed with such care out of the roughest materials civilised warfare ever threw together; a tenacity long since acknowledged as remarkable, and now shown to be due to the hereditary qualities of the American volunteer. But in acknowledging these, the Comte's introduction recalls to us the praise due to MacClellan for the care which developed them; and the skill and pains he bestowed on his primary task of organisation deserve all the more recognition, since they drew on him to some extent the sarcasm of his less patient fellow-countrymen, or at least seriously diminished his early popularity.

It was perhaps a consciousness of this change in public

feeling that gave so much force to Lincoln's obstinacy in contesting MacClellan's proposed strategy. The army of the Potomac once declared ready for field service in the early spring of 1862, its general was set on using the best means of water transport at his disposal for throwing it at once on to the southern part of Virginia near Richmond. The President was as earnest in insisting that it should advance against that city overland, so as to keep constantly between Washington, from which it started, and the Confederate army. It would be going beyond the limits we have assigned ourselves to discuss this question in detail. All subsequent experience proved the justice of MacClellan's views, and most of all the bloody and ineffectual trials made by Grant more than two years later of the line of operations favoured by the President, which line the general, after boasting that he would keep to it throughout the summer was finally obliged to abandon as hopeless, falling back upon that which MacClellan selected from the first. For our purpose it is here enough to say that there was a sort of compromise forced upon the latter against his will; and when the transshipment of his army to the James peninsula was far advanced, a curt despatch told him the supreme authority of the President had detained before Washington the best of his four army corps, numbering nearly 40,000 men, under MacDowell, on which too he had specially reckoned for turning the defence east of Richmond by a flanking movement to be made to the north of his own line of advance. The Comte's personal feelings in favour of his old chief are as strong as his championship of the Union cause, which he identifies from the first with the Abolition that it adopted later. With him, therefore, the deduction of this contingent assumes an importance which made it vitally injurious to the success of the campaign. But this assumption is by no means easy of proof, and indeed there is reason to dispute it from his own narrative. Those who read the subsequent chapters to which he refers will perhaps agree with us that the inherent difficulties of leading so great and yet so raw an army as MacClellan had against a chief such as Lee, who was soon to oppose him, and in such a country as that he entered on, would not have been lessened by a large numerical addition. The failure that followed was probably inherent in the conditions of the enterprise, including an element of over-caution in the commander, the action of which is hinted at not obscurely at various parts of the narrative. It is certainly impossible to lay the failure wholly on President Lincoln's shoulders; though no just critic can approve his

interference with plans for the success of which he still held the general personally responsible.

Deprived of MacDowell's corps, the army of the Potomac was still a very formidable mass. The transshipment of 109,000 men, with 44 batteries of artillery and 15,000 mules and horses, might have seemed a difficult undertaking. In reality, however, it cost MacClellan less personal trouble than any other step of his campaign. Four hundred transports, with abundance of steam power to move them, were at his disposal, and the operation was conducted with speed and success. On March 17th the first man stepped on board at Washington; on April 6th the last of the host landed at Fortress Munroe, near the extremity of the Jamestown peninsula, with no greater casualties reported than the loss of a few mules; two days earlier the advance-guard of the army had begun to move on Richmond, distant less than eighty miles in a direct line. The first twenty brought the head of its columns in face of an enemy.

We must pause here for a moment to illustrate from this point of the campaign how much more thoroughly the Comte de Paris has done his work than any of his predecessors. Former historians were content to say that the Confederates had taken up their first defensive position at Yorktown, some of them even omitting to remark that this spot, so important then, was still more famous eighty years before when the surrender of Cornwallis there closed the Revolutionary War. We need not follow the writer in the glowing sentiments with which he naturally depicts the scene where French and American soldiers had side by side thrown up and held those investing lines that ruined the empire of Great Britain over the New World. We may borrow from him, however, the topographical secret as to the site which twice within a century gave its importance to an otherwise utterly obscure hamlet; and in doing this may complete what he tells by information from an even higher source. It must be remembered that the narrow peninsula that leads from the Atlantic to Richmond is bounded on the south side by the James, on the north by the York River, the former bringing its foreign trade to the city, the other being navigable for a long distance. The James was sealed to the Federal ships by the presence of the iron-clad 'Virginia,' but their fleet might have accompanied the right of the army far up the peninsula as it moved onwards, but for the fact that the York River contracts, at a point about twenty miles from its extremity, to such a degree as to be fully commanded from both shores. Here Yorktown lies on its southern side; and

the Confederates, with heavy batteries there, and guns opposite at Gloucester Point, barred the stream effectually, and were as little likely to yield it without serious resistance as the British troops that lay on the same ground in the older war. Washington, however, had approached it from the Richmond side and invested it with ease, whilst the Federals found their task by no means so simple. It might have been supposed that if any tract of ground in the United States would be well known in a military sense, this historic spot would have thus been familiar. Such was far from being the case, however, and in stating this we come at once to the striking point of variation between the military art as practised in Europe and in America. Neither the engineers of the United States army, nor its general staff, had been maintained with any view to preparing for war on their own shores. The examination of important sites for defence, the preparation of good maps of even the coast line, were duties invariably deferred for want of hands to execute them, until Congress some day actually decided that such a post should be fortified. Outside the limits of Fortress Munroe the James peninsula was therefore an unknown country to the Federal staff. Of the few officers at MacClellan's side not one had ever been near Yorktown; and the wretched maps at hand served only to mislead. It was known that not far from Yorktown a large stream, called Warwick Creek, emptied itself into the James; but no one present was aware that its sluggish and swampy course cuts the whole peninsula across to nearly within the range of heavy guns from the old British lines. These had now been repaired, and formidably armed, and with the line of the creek, barred all further advance. But the want of any proper reconnoitring to precede the march, had left the Federals in such perfect ignorance of this, that, as we have heard from General MacClellan's lips, no difficulty was anticipated in marching by and investing Yorktown should it prove not to be abandoned, until the 60,000 men who were marching on Richmond came suddenly, on April 5th, before the obstacle which actually checked them for a whole month. General Magruder, who commanded the Confederates, had with him at this time but 11,000 men; for MacClellan's change of base by water from Washington to Fortress Munroe had deceived his adversaries, and the main force was still far to the north of Richmond. When the formidable truth became known there, advices were sent to Magruder to retire, before what was reported to be an overwhelming force. But he was obstinate by nature, and had no doubt the dislike natural to an old artillerist to abandon the

guns that had been brought to Yorktown with so much pains. With happy audacity, therefore, he resolved to hold his ground, and, keeping 6,000 men in or about the works of Yorktown, dispersed the rest along the Warwick Creek at the few openings where paths approached it, so as to make as much display of their numbers as possible. The wooded nature of the ground, especially near the swamps through which the stream took its course, favoured this design, and for the time it completely imposed on his opponent. A vigorous attack on one of the slightly defended passages, with feints here and there to cover it, must have infallibly pierced his line, the Comte tells us, and made him pay dearly for his temerity. Had this been done promptly, Yorktown would have been turned and invested at once, and the whole peninsula fallen into MacClellan's hands before the Confederates arrived to hold it in force. But the Comte forgets that in stating all this he is ignoring his own conclusions. Quick-sighted reconnoitring followed by speedy decision, and a sharp advance on the decisive point as soon as the enemy's defensive position is fairly made out—these are attributes of an invading army quite other than that which now stood still before Warwick Creek. Such combinations need more than docility, endurance, and the sense of numbers. For success of this sort there is demanded the steadiness, energy, and dash which only come with experience of war, or with the fullest peace training for that great ordeal, such as Prussia underwent before 1866. So the Federal host first halted, and presently sat down to make what might have been a formal siege attack of the weak line that imposed on them. Reinforcements were of course hurried up to Magruder, whilst MacClellan was preparing heavy batteries to sweep the passages; and though the Federals soon had their 100,000 men together, much precious time was lost before all was pronounced ready. On the 16th of April the attack was essayed, and at first with seeming success; for a Vermont regiment, covered by a crushing fire of artillery, got across the creek into the enemy's works. But the officers on the spot were so unskilled as to be paralysed by their own advantage. None knew that this particular assault was to be turned into a decisive one if it succeeded; and so reserves were held back, and orders waited for, till the opportunity had passed by, the Vermonts being finally driven back with the loss of two hundred of their ranks.

Eleven days had already been lost before an insignificant obstacle, and the Federal soldiers were becoming discouraged at the evident want of enterprise in their commanders. Yet MacClellan was apparently afraid to risk another unsuccessful

assault, and determined to attack Yorktown itself, the key of the hostile position, by regular siege works pushed on, the front of its lines covering the ground between Warwick Creek and the York River. And when orders were once given the new undertaking was carried on with a vigour and thoroughness that might have astonished the best engineers of Europe. All the pains before spent in preparing approaches to the passages of the creek were now concentrated on the mile and a half of open ground at its head. Wide buttresses for guns, spacious parallels, strong 'corduroy' roads to bear the heaviest cannon, rude quays on which to land the siege trains that MacClellan resolved to use for this purpose, grew like works of magic under thousands of strong hands. The first parallel was traced on April 17th, the day after the repulse, along the edge of what, to the distant spectator, might have seemed a trackless forest, the wood so dense that MacClellan's headquarter camp, though within the range of the enemy's guns, was found quite secure from them. On May 4th, the Confederates, now under Johnstone, discovering that they must be crushed in a few hours by the superior fire about to open, withdrew at nightfall from Yorktown, making good their retreat up the peninsula, but at the cost of sacrificing more than seventy heavy guns, abandoned in their haste. The York River was of course now opened to MacClellan's squadron, as the road to his troops, and both pushed on westward, their long hesitation and apparent imbecility hardly redeemed by the final success of this their first great operation.

We hurry purposely past the affair of Williamsburg which followed, to say a few words of the battle of Fair Oaks, the first great general action of the campaign, fought May 30 and 31. The Confederates here first showed that fierceness in the offensive which became the characteristic of their Virginian army, and crushed, though they did not destroy, as had been hoped at Richmond, the left wing of their enemy, on which the chief assault was directed. But they were sorely discouraged by the loss of their general, who was badly wounded at the very crisis of the day; and his temporary successor was quite unequal to the task of pushing promptly the advantages gained. On the Federal side, as the Comte tells us plainly, there was much depression at the feeling that the defensive attitude, in which their general had thought victory certain, as suiting the character of American troops, had hardly saved them from disaster; and they were not aware how the depressing effect of Johnstone's withdrawal on the hitherto high spirits of the Confederates was greatly increased

on its being discovered that MacClellan's care and skill had completely united the two wings of his army, now on the opposite banks of the Chickahominy, by careful roadmaking and bridging, so that each could promptly support the other at need. This precaution had been steadily carried out ever since MacClellan had decided to put his right across the stream to its north side, and when it became known to the Confederates, they gave up all hope of ruining the wing they had supposed isolated, and fell back towards Richmond, with but barren claim to victory.

Then came a pause in the campaign which lasted from the 1st to the 20th of June. During all this time MacClellan kept his army divided by the Chickahominy for the same reason that had at first led him to occupy both sides of the stream. The key to a strategy that seems so unnecessarily dangerous lay originally in the hope he still had of drawing MacDowell's corps from the front of Washington to his aid by a land march, when he proposed to be ready to meet him, and aid its flanking movement by extending his right. Lincoln not only promised to spare it, but would no doubt have done so but for the genuine alarm created at Washington, at this crisis of the war, by Jackson's famous successes in the Shenandoah Valley campaign against the three divided Federal forces; forces which were to have overwhelmed him and captured his army, but which he beat with rapid successive strokes, such as for brilliant illustration of genius in war may fitly be compared with the wonderful efforts made by Napoleon in 1814, when with a handful of way-worn men, he for a time kept the allies from approaching Paris.

When the hope of MacDowell's aid faded away, and Lincoln and his War Secretary grew alarmed afresh for their capital, MacClellan still found it necessary to hold a portion of his army well to the north to cover the single line of supplies which brought him provisions by the railroad from York River, and which had recently been seriously threatened by Stuart's cavalry. All this time MacClellan's inaction seems to need excuse, since the Confederate force covering Richmond was much weaker than his own; but, on the Comte's showing, the ceaseless and judicious activity displayed by the new Confederate commander, Lee, along various points of the Federal front, completely deceived his opponent on this head, and also completely concealed the weakness of the works of Richmond behind him, which were by no means of the formidable nature that was supposed in the Federal camp. There was a distinct mistrust, we are told, of the powers of the army for

direct attack, as compared with those it could put forth in intrenchments and works of approach—and a feeling of this sort was unfavourable to action. Corinth had just fallen in the West to a long and tedious series of operations conducted by Halleck on the principles of the engineer rather than those of the general; and men asked themselves whether it were not best after all to enter a place abandoned by the enemy than to take a ruined work at a heavy cost. The throwing up of lines of cover, and the burning of powder, many of the Federal generals believed at this time, might be so managed as to make success with superior numbers assured, and so spare the risk there must always be in a supreme struggle for the mastery. MacClellan, we must believe, was under the influence of the sentiments his former aide-de-camp freely ascribes to those around him; for the fourth week since the indecisive battle of Fair Oaks was entered on without further result than the retention of the ground held within a few miles of the Confederate capital, while the hoped-for co-operation from Washington was awaited. But on the 24th of June news brought by a deserter made it certain that Jackson and his corps were far advanced on the march towards Richmond, and it needed no inspiration to foretell that their arrival would put an end to this state of inaction.

The 'strategic change of base' which has been made a sort of mocking byword against the name of MacClellan, became instantly a necessity, as his historian shows, from the moment that it was certain that Jackson had been allowed by his former adversaries to withdraw his corps secretly and swiftly to Lee's aid, although it made part of a deliberate design which circumstances forced on the Federal general. 'Only those,' says the Comte, 'who have known what the burden is of such a heavy responsibility, who have pointed out long beforehand the dangers that the faults of others would cause, and after having thus shown them in vain, have suddenly been compelled to face them, can know what the thoughts were that then filled the soul of the Federal chief.' But, instead of giving way under the trial, he drew inspiration from it, and decided at once on the only movement which promised immediate safety for his army, with perhaps a final counter-attack on Richmond along the James; the transfer of his army from the Chickahominy to the north bank of the former river, with the simultaneous abandonment of the communications leading to the York, on which the coming blow would be directed. Hastily collecting, therefore, a large stock of provisions, including 2,500 cattle, he prepared to make a flank march from

the Chickahominy to the James with no other supplies, through a difficult country, chiefly covered by a swampy forest known as the White Creek. The step was a singularly bold one, and in striking contrast to the caution which had hitherto marked his operations. But this contrast, as his historian observes, suits well the American character, which can at times combine the strangest daring with its ordinary prudence and hesitation.

Unfortunately for MacClellan's reputation his movements were not as prompt as his designs. Perhaps this was inevitable with so large a mass of comparatively raw troops to deal with; but the fact might have been put with more plainness in the narrative before us, which at this one point seems to fail in precision. He expected that the combined Confederate attack would be made on the 28th, but this estimate did not allow sufficiently for the eagerness and speed of his adversaries. On the eve of the 26th they began to fall upon his exposed wing, and on the 27th the apparently decisive battle of Gaines' Hill found Jackson turning the Federal right and driving it back over the Chickahominy, crushed in numbers and spirit, and abandoning a large part of its guns to the victorious foe, whilst Magruder's false attack along the southern bank had kept the main body of the Federals too fully occupied to support it.

It was no wonder that the Confederates asserted their victory, and even hoped for such a crowning triumph as might close the war at a blow. The passages of the stream were in their hands; the country between it and the James was, as before explained, a difficult one, better known to them than their adversary. And he had, to all appearance, lost his proper communications beyond hope of recovery. Destruction or surrender might have seemed the only alternative, judged by the ordinary precedents of war. But it was precisely here that such precedents failed. Although the 'strategic change' of base had now become a flight for safety, to be executed in the very face of a victorious enemy whose vigour and skill had just been so signally displayed, MacClellan lost not his confidence in himself, and, what is far more surprising, his men showed as much trust in his leadership, and as much faith in their own defensive power, as though they were the victors instead of the vanquished in the struggle at the Chickahominy. The history of European warfare may be ransacked in vain to find a parallel to the events of the six days that followed. Through the White Oak Swamp 100,000 men took their retreating way, carrying with them their provisions and stores. On their rear and on either flank pressed the pursuers flushed

with recent victory. From the east Jackson sought to complete his late success by intercepting them wherever there seemed an opening to thrust his troops between them and the road to the James. From the west Magruder, burning to take a more distinguished part than had yet been his lot, pressed the other flank. But the Federals never lost heart, nor yielded any decisive point till it could serve no longer to cover their retreat. From the very difficulties of the swamp and forest, which had seemed to threaten them with destruction or shame, their unflinching nerve and steadiness drew safety and honour. The dangers of the ground to be traversed turned to their advantage when it ceased, and having made good their retreat through the White Oak to the open ground on the James, where their gunboats lay waiting to cover their retreat, they rested and turned fiercely to face the pursuers in the first position suited to form line. Desperate at the thought of their coming escape, Magruder threw his eager regiments on the foe before him, prepared at any sacrifice to push it in panic rout back on the James; and the bloody counterstroke of Malvern Hill, which drove his corps back shattered from an untouched position, covered the close of this extraordinary campaign with a halo of success for the Federals which threw for the time into the shade their late defeat and the long hesitancy that had preceded it. At Malvern Hill they first taught the Confederates the truth which the world is slowly realising, that the American soldier is most formidable when apparently defeated, and least subject to panic when retreating before a victorious enemy.*

* These concluding lines will be read with melancholy interest when it is known that they are the last which proceeded from the pen of our valued friend and contributor, Colonel Charles Chesney, of the Royal Engineers. Within a few days of the completion of this paper he fell a victim, in the discharge of his public duties, to the singular inclemency of this untoward spring. As a military critic Colonel Chesney was admitted, both here and abroad, to stand in the first rank of English contemporary writers—accurate, dispassionate, and profoundly imbued with the principles and history of his art. In these pages he has frequently traced the progress and changes which are taking place in the science of warfare, more especially as illustrated by the campaigns of the American and German armies; and the improvements which he had studied in foreign armies he laboured, not unsuccessfully, to introduce into our own. No greater loss could be sustained by the service, and we may add by the literature of the service, than the premature death of this modest and accomplished soldier, whose large acquirements and mature judgment will not easily be replaced. To his friends the loss is still more irreparable.

ART. V.—1. *Le Lettere di Michelangelo Buonarroti, pubblicate coi ricordi ed i contratti artistici per cura di GAETANO MILANESI.* In Firenze: 1875.

2. *Life and Works of Michelangelo Buonarroti.* By CHARLES HEATH WILSON. The Life partly compiled from that of AURELIO GOTTI. London: 1876.

3. *Vita di Michelangelo Buonarroti narrata con l'aiuto di nuovi documenti da AURELIO GOTTI,* direttore delle *rr. Gallerie di Firenze:* 1875.

4. *Michelangiolo Buonarroti.* Ricordo al Popolo Italiano. Firenze: 1875.

5. *Leben Michelangelo's von* HERMANN GRIMM. Hannover: 1873.

6. *Autotypes of the Sistine Ceiling.* By ADOLPH BRAUN.

THE figure of Michael Angelo, as man and artist, is a salient feature in the history not only of Art, but of mankind. How he thought, and what he said and did, no less than what he painted and modelled, are matters of interest to all who feel that 'the noblest study of mankind is man.' Nor is there any fear that the flight of time, now just four centuries since his birth, and the consequent changes in manners and aims, should have obscured the interpretation of his mind. That mind was never so little understood as by his own contemporaries; and the greater the space between him and them the more clearly are his grand moral outlines discerned. No man ever appealed more pathetically, however tacitly, to the justice of posterity. 'All who sin, suffer,' Christopher North has said, 'whether they have genius or no.' But there are sufferings of isolation of heart, and grief of spirit, which are the penalties rather of superiority than of sin. Such penalties were the lot of Michael Angelo. He was called '*terribile*' by his generation, but the sternness and austerity which procured for him this designation were the natural armour of a great soul against the folly and ignorance which beset him on all sides—folly which knew no respect for greatness of any kind, and which scrupled not to interfere where the commonest sciolists would have feared to tread; namely, in the exercise and direction of his very Art. It is true his Art was not 'made tongue-tied by 'authority'—it would have puzzled even Papal Infallibility to do that—but, though the Popes he served were said to be afraid of him, he was none the less the lifelong sport of their vanities and superstitions—their evil tempers and bad faith.

There are no two words more constantly and unequally yoked together, and no two things more widely distinct, than 'Art' and 'Civilisation.' Without pretending to any niceties of definition, one broad distinction between them may be instanced. The condition which gives birth to art is precisely that under which true civilisation has never yet flourished. Art is the heritage of the *natural man*, whatever his creed—whether purely Pagan, or purely, or impurely, Christian. Fortunately for mankind Art and Civilisation are not necessarily antagonistic terms or things—though it would be too deep a question here to inquire how far, in the highest sense of each, they are compatible. All we contend is that the one is no sign or guarantee of the other. On the contrary the conditions which experience shows us to have been conducive to art are exactly those most prohibitive of civilisation. Art, respectively ancient and modern, never attained such perfection as under an elaborately organised Idolatry, and a sumptuously supported Superstition. Not that either the Greek Pantheon, or the Romish ceremonial (as some converts to Rome fondly assume) can be credited with any power of calling her into being—no such doctrine of spontaneous generation is admissible—but when once the sacred spark has been kindled, the lowest worship or the most worldly aims can fan the flame; though they can do no more. Art is like the light of Heaven, which shines equally on the just and the unjust; and like that light also, she proceeds only from One source, over which neither have the slightest control. The history of Italy shows that while her artists—the greatest that modern times have known—were advancing with sure and rapid steps to those heights where Michael Angelo stands pre-eminent, the country to which such men were born was hastening to a condition furthest removed from real civilisation. The very dates of Italy's proudest achievements in the art of painting are identical with those of the foulest iniquities in her high places, and of the deepest misery of her people. The Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci was being executed at the time when the traitor Sforza invited a French army across the Alps, and when a Borgia represented Christ on earth. Michael Angelo's Sistine Ceiling was commenced in the same year with that first transaction of European diplomacy—the League of Cambray; an alliance unmatched in history for rapacity, cruelty, and perfidy, and the signal for a ten years' reign of devastation and carnage. Raphael's most creative years were contemporary with the period when two foreign armies vied with each other in ravaging the Peninsula—the sublime decorations of

the Vatican coincident with the worst passions and blackest deeds that ever laid a great people in the dust.

It is no insignificant comment on the Italy of what we may hope is the Past, that none have penned emptier tirades on that identity of Art and Civilisation which every page of their history contradicts, than the Italians themselves. It is a hopeful sign, therefore, of progress that their later writers, both on art and history, have abandoned so false a position. Signor Gotti, and Cesare Balbo* may be cited. The last especially speaks thus uncompromisingly: 'And if, leaving aside ' the great men and names of the governing class, we turn to ' that history, too often neglected, of the masses of the people ' who are the true objects of government; if, assisted by the ' ample records, we address ourselves to know the private and ' universal condition of the Italians of that time' (15th and 16th centuries), ' we shall find transmitted from the ' governors to the governed, and reacting back from the one to ' the other, such universal depravity and immorality, such ' cowardice and perfidy, such effeminacy and sensuality, such ' sloth and such vices—in short, such vilenesses and corruptions, ' as hardly appear credible in a time of so-called Christian ' institutions.'

It is to this very absence of civilisation that the ruin of so much that was precious in Italian art has been owing. If Civilisation represent anything, it represents respect for life and law, for duty and honour; respect also for things of beauty, and more especially for the glories of the past. But in Italy there has been as little respect for what ennobles a country, as of contempt for what debases it: hence the maltreatment and destruction of irreplaceable works; not in the fury of reforming zeal, but in cold-blooded apathy, against which no Italian voice for centuries was raised.

Our limits will not allow us to give a consecutive sketch of Michael Angelo's life, or a catalogue of his works—both of which appeared some years ago in the pages of a contemporary.† All we can here mainly aim at is an analysis of his art, and also of his mind and character as developed in his letters.

The Letters of Michael Angelo, '*édite e inedite*,' 495 in number, now printed in one large folio volume, are derived, some of them, from the State archives, but by far the greater portion from the ancient Casa Buonarroti, purchased by Michael Angelo in 1508, though in a more modest form than it now

* *Pensieri sulla storia d' Italia*, p. 57.

† *Quarterly Review*, April 1858.

presents.* At the decease of the Commendatore Cosimo Buonarroti—the last occupant of the Casa—in 1858, forty of these letters were sold to the British Museum by his cousin—a very degenerate ‘Michael Angelo Buonarroti’—after whose death, in 1860, the Municipality of Florence became possessed of the house and its contents, now open to the public. The British Museum letters have been partially published by Herr Grimm, and by M. Piot. The earliest letter bears date 1495, when the fiery young man had attained his twenty-first year.

The publication of these Letters has been looked forward to with the keenest interest. Nor does that interest fail to be gratified, though not perhaps in the manner expected. We have to transpose ourselves to the period when they were indited to be convinced that all romantic ideas regarding their contents were simply visionary. They have, however, the incomparable value of truth, and, moreover, of truth as perceived and recorded by the most upright mind of the time. In this sense, however dry and meagre, they assume a deeply pathetic interest; for no sadder pictures of public insecurity and penury, and of the joyless and harassed life of the truly great man, while engaged in endowing posterity with immortal works, can be imagined. Least of all do they satisfy what might be thought the more legitimate expectations as regards the subject of art; whether in the form of notes of his own doings, or remarks on the works of others. But even these expectations, as we shall have occasion to show, were alike visionary.

An idea has prevailed among modern biographers that Michael Angelo's art was best approached through the modes of thought and forms of literature which prevailed in his day. This theory, however plausible and attractive, may be at once condemned as fallacious. No two classes of human intelligence are fed from the same spring, or can be said, in any direct way, to feed each other. As regards especially the art and literature of Michael Angelo's time, there was not even the common condition of each being good of its kind. The literature, with rarest exceptions, was steeped in a rhetorical pedantry devoid alike of nourishment for heart or head—the art, on the other hand, was inspired, as all fine arts must be, by the largest and most philosophical views of Truth as seen in nature.

* The house was enlarged on occasion of his nephew's marriage; and subsequently, in 1617, the gallery, built on the design of Pietro da Cortona, was added by the great artist's grand nephew, called ‘Michael Angelo il Giovane.’

The one represents little more than an empty and artificial fashion; bequeathing writings into which none will now look without weariness; the other is a thing of beauty, which to all cultivated minds remains 'a joy for ever.' Between these two forms of development there was no possible interchange of service. They ran in parallel lines which never met. More allowably may analogy be traced between the great Master and a foregone time: in mind, with the author of the '*Divina Commedia*,' which he is said to have known by heart—in hand, with the ancient and mournful Etrurian artists—dwellers in the same land—whose representation of Mercury, as Winckelmann has said, 'was muscled like a Hercules.' As regards the writers of his own generation, and even his converse with most contemporary artists, 'his mind was like a 'star, and dwelt apart.' No man had less of that self-consciousness and self-love too often mistaken for self-knowledge; but no man more truly and pathetically knew himself to be unknown.

Under these circumstances his character suffered a double injustice; for those who could not rightly measure it in his own day were least able to transmit it justly to posterity. Hence the foolish sayings put into his mouth, and the mean deeds credited to his life by men who thought thereby to do him honour; which, moreover, instead of being honestly investigated since, have not ceased to be repeated even to the present time. We give at once two instances, by way of gauge of the confidence to be reposed in his early biographers, and which serve also to introduce us to his youth.

Michael Angelo was born on March 6, 1475, at Caprese. He was the second son of Ludovico di Leonardo Buonarroti Simoni, and Francesca de' Neri, his first wife. His parents returned to Florence soon after his birth, and the child was put to nurse with the wife of a stonemason at Settignano—a colony to this day of stone and marble workers—where his father owned a small homestead. 'There,' he is reported to have said, 'I sucked in with the milk of my nurse, the chisels and 'mallets with which I work my figures.' The family were poverty-stricken, and Ludovico, whose education, by his own statement, went no further than reading and writing, obtained his living in an humble capacity in the silk and woollen '*bottega*' belonging to a Strozzi. The young Michael Angelo is reported to have been the only one of the family—consisting of four brothers—sent to school, where he soon showed a greater predilection for drawing than for letters. The boy, we may be sure, was father of the man, doing and feeling every-

thing with an intensity incomprehensible to common minds. The control over him could have been no sinecure. It is somewhat contradictory, however, of the supposed respect for art in the breast of a free Florentine citizen, that this control was exercised to the utmost in the endeavour to stifle in the young mind so degrading a passion as the love of art. With all the glories of the *trecento* and *quattrocento*, from Giotto to Ghirlandajo, still uninjured around them, art was evidently looked upon as a trade far inferior to that of silk and wool.

One of the only certain facts known of Michael Angelo's boyhood is his friendship for the painter, Francesco Granacci, a lad six years older than himself. This friendship may be safely attributed to the circumstance of Granacci's apprenticeship in Ghirlandajo's *bottega*, whence he is said to have supplied his young friend with the drawings by the master lent to himself. This would account for the proficiency Michael Angelo was found to have attained, when apprenticed by his father for three years—on the 1st April, 1488, therefore at thirteen years of age—to the same master; a proficiency which reversed the usual conditions of apprenticeship; Ghirlandajo binding himself in this case to pay instead of receiving a premium. Vasari tells marvellous stories of the drawings executed by the young lad at this time, and also of his correcting those by his master. The earliest specimen remaining of his skill is the head of a fawn, stated to have been executed when he was fourteen. This brings up one of those since stereotyped tales, originally given by Vasari, to which we have alluded. It runs thus: The boy had been admitted, with other pupils of Ghirlandajo, to study in the so-called Medici academy—namely the gardens of the Convent of S. Marco—where a few specimens of antique sculpture had been collected. Here he selected to copy the head of an old fawn, evidently a very inferior work, '*che nella bocca rideva.*' It was the first time, Vasari states, that the boy had touched a sculptor's tool. Nevertheless, such was his genius, that, departing from the original, he represented the mouth as open, and showing the teeth;—Vasari having forgotten that a mouth he had just described as laughing must have been already open. Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent, walking round the garden, observed the lad, and joking after his fashion said, 'Thou shouldst know that old people have never all their teeth, but always show a gap somewhere.' He had no sooner passed on than the boy seized a tool, and knocked out one tooth, arranging the gum so neatly that it appeared to have fallen out naturally. This so delighted Lorenzo on his return, that he told the story to all his friends, forthwith

adopted the lad, let him eat at his own table, gave him five ducats a month and a peacock-coloured mantle, and bestowed a place in the Custom-house on the father. It is a pity that the repeaters of this tale, which has been reiterated in every life of Michael Angelo, with the exception of Mr. Wilson's, from that time to this, should not have taken the trouble to walk to the Gallery of the Uffizi to ascertain whether the premisses on which all the sequel hangs were ever true. The fawn's head still remains* to tell its own tale, and anyone may perceive that in the distinction between the human and animal character which ancient Art always observed in the satyr physiognomy, the two front teeth were purposely modelled wide apart, and that no tooth, by any possibility of dental structure, could have stood in the gap. As to the boy's never having touched a tool before, the head—if by him—equally contradicts that. For Mr. Wilson describes a treatment of the hair with an instrument called 'a drill,' of which a novice was not likely to have known the use. We have just said 'if by him,' for, so ordinary and commonplace is this ugly object that one is tempted to doubt whether it can be by the great young hand at all; the more so when comparing it with the bas-relief, called the Battle of the Centaurs,† representing a confused and struggling mass of youthful figures, believed to be of the same early date, and which proclaims its illustrious origin in forms as indubitable as they are marvellous. Other reported early works have vanished as utterly as the colossal figure in snow, executed by order of Piero de' Medici—Lorenzo's degenerate son—in 1494; while, if the angel, bearing the candelabrum on the shrine of St. Domenic at Bologna, be by him, it is but as the 'ugly young duck' to the swan that was to be.

We are thus brought to the period of one of his earliest dated letters, addressed to Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici—2nd July, 1496—on Michael Angelo's arrival for the first time in Rome. This letter is important as serving to refute the other tale alluded to, and which seriously compromises the young sculptor's honour. This concerns the statue of a Sleeping Cupid by him, which, by Lorenzo di Pier Francesco's suggestion and Michael Angelo's consent, is stated to have been purposely buried, so as to give it the look of age, and then taken to Rome and passed off for an antique. As such it was sold by a dealer—Baldassare dal Milanese—

* In the Sala delle Iscrizioni.

† The work itself gives no authority for the name—no Centaur being seen, and only the hind quarters of one horse visible below.

to Cardinal Giorgio Riario, for two hundred ducats; the dealer having paid Michael Angelo thirty ducats for it. Lorenzo di Pier Francesco had given him letters of introduction to Rome, and among others to this very Cardinal, and in this letter to him he thus reports an interview:—

‘Only to advise you that we arrived safely last Saturday, and I went immediately to the Cardinal, and presented your letter to him. He appeared to see me with pleasure, and wished me directly to go and see certain figures, which took my whole day, so that I did not deliver your other letters. Then, on the Sunday, the Cardinal came to the new house’ (a palace he was building), ‘and asked me what I thought of the things I had seen. I told him what I thought, and certainly they appeared to me very fine. Then the Cardinal asked me if I had the heart to do something fine. I replied that I could not do anything very great, but that he should see what I could do. We have bought a piece of marble, the size of a figure, and on Monday I shall begin to work.* Then I gave the letter to Baldassare’ (the dealer), ‘and asked him for the “Bambino” (the Cupid), and said I would give him back his money. He answered me very roughly that he would sooner break it into a hundred pieces; that he had bought it, and that it was his, and that he had letters to prove that he had satisfied him who sent it him, and never dreamt of having to give it up. And he complained much of you’ (Lorenzo di Pier Francesco), ‘saying that you had spoken ill of him. Some of our Florentine friends here have tried to make us agree, but have not succeeded. Now I think I shall make interest with the Cardinal, which I am advised to do. Whatever follows you shall hear.—Michelagnolo in Roma.’

We must add that Vasari continues the story by stating that before Michael Angelo left Florence, the Cardinal had, to his great anger, discovered the deception, and had privately sent a person to Florence who ascertained that the work, thus passed off on him as an antique, was by that young sculptor. If that were true, it is hardly necessary to point out that for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de’ Medici, who had suggested the fraud, to give a letter to the Cardinal, and for Michael Angelo, who had consented to it, to present it, was the one to send, and the other to go straight into the lion’s mouth. Also that the Cardinal was not likely to have kindly received, and wished further to employ, a young man his acquaintance with whom had commenced so inauspiciously. But setting aside these circumstances, it is evident by the questions he asked that the Cardinal had never seen a work by Michael Angelo at all. Strange to say, all writers, from Vasari to Herr Grimm and Signor

* In a subsequent letter to his father—July 1, 1497—it appears that either this commission came to nothing, or that he was never paid for it.

Gotti, express the utmost indignation that the dealer should not have shared the unjust spoils with the sculptor; forgetting that it was the Cardinal, and not Michael Angelo, who was cheated. Further, if true, what Vasari states, that the Cardinal forced the dealer to refund the two hundred ducats, and retake the Cupid, there were no spoils to divide. What Michael Angelo's reasons for wishing to buy back the statue might be, it is impossible now to say—perhaps to offer it to the Cardinal. But it is apparent that if the story were true the Cardinal was the last man he would have asked to assist him to an accommodation with his accomplice. Vasari's mantle seems to have fallen more particularly on Herr Grimm, whose mode of weighing evidence may be illustrated by his remarks on this very letter, published first by himself. 'How lively,' he says, 'are we led by these few lines into the company of people who have thus fallen out in the purchase of a statue. An angered great man—an enraged and deceitful dealer—and all this forgotten by Michael Angelo in comparison with Rome! Michael Angelo rushes through the city, so engrossed by the works of Art that he neglects to give his letters of introduction!' It requires certainly nothing short of Herr Grimm's discernment to discover in this matter-of-fact letter either a '*geärgeter hoher Herr*,' or a sentimental Michael Angelo, or even people who have fallen out in purchase of a statue. The clue to the real story is beyond us now, but it is easy to see that the letter upsets the story Vasari had coined. We have dwelt on these two tales the more in order to warn the reader against all such contemporary accounts of this great man as give, in the same breath, silly sayings, dishonourable imputations, and fulsome adulation. Nor do the Italians, even now, take the commonest trouble to do him justice. They repeat the same discreditable statements, and yet weary us with '*quel divino!*'

We forbear to expatiate on what would now appear the extraordinary hallucination of imagining that a work by Michael Angelo could be mistaken for an antique. No powers of criticism existed at a time when such specimens of ancient art as were unearthed in Rome—and those of an inferior kind*—were prized, not for any merits of their own, but as illustrations of the classic writings then in vogue. Without believing the flippant and disparaging comments on classic sculpture put into Michael Angelo's mouth, there was no one less amenable to its influence than 'the great Barbarian,' as John

* The group of the Laocoon was not excavated till 1505.

Gibson, comparing him with Phidias and Praxiteles, justly calls him.

To return to the Letters. Properly to understand them it must be borne in mind that we have here to do with a man of the simplest and even most penurious habits—with the offspring of an obscure family (for all connexion with the Counts of Canossa is now proved to have been baseless), which, till the fruits of his labour propped them up, were as poor as they were illiterate—with the citizen of a Republic where all were more or less shopkeepers and men of business, and where no man trusted his neighbour—with the member of a State where life, liberty, and property were at the mercy of foreign invasion, intestine treachery, and sweeping pestilence—with a moralist to whom this *cinque cento* period, which his own great works have helped us to view through highly coloured glasses, was a sad and sordid scene, perpetually vexatious to an upright conscience and a great heart—and finally, with one whose letters on the most matter-of-fact topics, addressed principally to his own family, were penned without a thought of style or effect, yet so unmistakably true to himself that his words go straight and strong, like the stroke of his hammer.

To give an epitome of his private character we must quote a few of these family letters in which it comes prominently to light. Affectionate and true, impetuous and abrupt, alternately patient and impatient, and strong alike in all moods, we here trace by turns the dutiful acts of a pious heart, the short angers of an irascible temper, and the deep wounds of a generous spirit. The subjects treated are small matters of business; notices of little sums sent by him to be deposited with a certain '*Spedalingo*' (head of an hospital); or invested in small holdings of land—'*poderi*'—with many a caution to look well, before purchasing, to the goodness of the soil: while through all this appears an unceasing care for the welfare and advance of his family, and a perpetual contention with their follies and ingratitude. They were evidently, father and brothers, people of the most ordinary natures: taking all from him, and believing all against him; he, on the other hand, equally outspoken whether in affection or in wrath. The father got entangled in a lawsuit—the bane of the time—which gives Michael Angelo great anxiety—'*gran passione*'—'for I know that with these notaries one must lose in every way, for they are 'all thieves.' But he begs his father not to spare his (Michael Angelo's) money. 'And if you want more, take all you want, for as much as you require, so much am I ready to give; even if you spend it all. And take care of your health, and

'give up "*la roba*" (the things in dispute), rather than suffer 'anxiety; for you are more dear to me alive and poor, than all 'the gold in the world would be to me, if you were dead.'

We turn over a few pages, and the tone changes. Evidently the father has gone about Florence accusing his noble son of robbing him, and Michael Angelo turns another side to us: 'Call aloud' ('*gridate*'), he writes, 'and say what you please 'of me, but do not write me any more of it, for you prevent 'my working; and I have still to make up that which, for 'the last twenty-five years, you have had of me. I did not 'wish to have said this, but I cannot help saying it.'

With his brothers it is the same; his hand and heart are ever open to them, giving counsel and money, and helping them to employment. From the thick of the work on the Sistine Ceiling, September, 1510, he hears that a brother is ill. 'Dearest Father, your last letter has given me "*grandissima* " "*passione*," hearing that Buonarroto is ill. As soon as you 'get this go to the *Spedalingo*, and make him give you fifty or 'a hundred ducats, and take care that Buonarroto is provided 'with everything he needs.' He excuses himself for not instantly starting for Florence, but the Pope is gone to Bologna, and he cannot quit Rome without leave. 'Nevertheless, if 'Buonarroto be worse, I will take post and be with you in two 'days, for men are worth more than money.'

And again, when the cruel sack of Prato by the Medici had shed terror throughout Tuscany, and Florence itself was threatened by the Spaniards, he urges his family to seek some place of security, and leave everything; 'for life is worth more 'than *roba*, and if you have no money to move with, go to the '*Spedalingo*, and take what you want, and if I were you I 'would take all the money the *Spedalingo* holds of mine, and 'I would go to Siena, and engage a house and remain there 'till things right themselves. . . . And do not trouble yourselves about public matters—either in word or deed—but do 'as you would in the Plague, and be the first to flee. No 'more. Tell me as soon as you can, for I shall be in great 'anxiety.'

In return for years of much thought and care for his family, he discovers that his brother Buonarroto is keeping an account against him for expenses at Settignano, defrayed from the profits of funds with which he had furnished him. Fiercely does he turn and ask him with whose money he had obtained the money so spent; and whether he has equally kept an account of *that*? reminding him that it is as well not to urge the willing horse beyond his speed. And then comes the cry from the

heart, 'but you all have never known me, and never will know me.'

From no common experience of ill-requested kindnesses proceed a few sentences in a letter in later years to a friend, the abstract truth of which the givers and lenders of this world, it is to be feared, will even now confirm.

'The poor Ingrate has this nature, that if you succour him in his need, he says that you only gave him what you did not want. If you put him to some employment for his advantage, he says that you gave it him because you did not know how to do it yourself. And all the benefits he receives he makes out it was your interest to bestow. And if the benefits are too obvious for him to deny them, the Ingrate waits till his benefactor commits some blunder to speak ill of him in a plausible way, as an excuse to free himself from the obligation. So it has always happened to me.'

These letters to his family will strike the reader as bearing almost *ad nauseam* upon the subject of money, and Vasari does not scruple to tell, or to invent, odious stories of Michael Angelo's graspingness. But without needing to notice these, the slightest realisation of the character of the period will account for the prominence of this topic. The age was one in which there was no security for property, and no redress for wrong. Gain and revenge were, therefore, the great hinges on which all thoughts turned. Few were rich enough to be honest; fewer to be generous. While Michael Angelo was never too poor not to be both, he also partook of that caution and even suspicion natural to those who work hard for their hire, and are liable to be defrauded of it. Nothing exasperated him more, as we see in his generous loan to the aged Luca Signorelli, than to be cheated; unless it were the being himself called a cheat, which, in the matter of Pope Julius' monument, dishonest Princes did not scruple to do. But in later years, when he had saved a small independence, we find more general allusion to the manners of the day. Michael Angelo, in search of a wife for his nephew Leonardo, is a very comical chapter. This Leonardo, the only son of his elder brother Buonarroto, was to be his heir, and by the time he was twenty-eight years of age, the grand old uncle was anxious he should marry. For this purpose he sends him a report of all the eligible young ladies he can hear of, sometimes of three at a time. Still, if Leonardo have a '*fantasia*' for one more than another, he invites him to speak out. It is evident that a '*sensale*,' or broker, was applied to on these occasions, and Michael Angelo recommends a certain Messer Giovan Francesco, who, being '*vecchio e pratico*,' can give good counsel.

And he admonishes him to remember that there should be ten years between man and wife, and that the lady should be of a good family, and healthy, and well-brought up, and rather without fortune than with too much, '*per poter vivere in pace*;' but above all he reminds him to ask counsel of God, for it is an important matter. And then he reports three more, of whom he has heard—a '*fanciulla*' de' Ginori; and a '*figliuola*' di Cherubino Fortuni, and another of Alamanno de' Medici; but he thinks the Medici woman is rather oldish ('*attempata*'), and subsequently he discovers that the two last are already married! It is but just to add that money is no object in his eyes; on the contrary, he thinks there must be many noble families in Florence, at that time in '*miseria estrema*,' with one of whom it would be a charity for Leonardo to ally himself; 'and being poor, there will be no pride; for thou wantest a wife who will stand by thee, and whom thou mayest rule, and who will not want to live in pomp, and to go every day to feasts and weddings.' And again: 'Look not for dowry, but try to get a wife who will not be ashamed, if necessary, to wash up the soup-plates ('*rigovernar le scodelle*'), and have an eye to family and to health, and still more to goodness. And as to beauty, as you are not the handsomest youth in Florence, do not care too much about that, provided she be neither lame nor disagreeable. And be not in a hurry till you find something suitable ('*qualche cosa di proposito*'),' Hearing that Leonardo has seen two candidates for the place together, and is not quite certain which of the two it was that he preferred, he cautions him not to make a mistake and take the wrong one, which a friend of his once did. And between times he rates him about his handwriting: 'I never get a letter from thee that it does not put me into a fever before I can read it. Where hast thou learnt to write?' This marriage subject goes on for six years; about every other letter beginning with '*circa tór donna*'—'about taking a wife:' till at last the nephew pitches upon a '*figliuola*' of Donato Ridolfi, which gives infinite joy to Michael Angelo, who proceeds to do the generous thing: and first he asks whether 'Cassandra' would like a pearl necklace, for he wishes her to appear as the wife of his nephew; and finally two rings—a diamond and a ruby—are chosen.

That he should make but scant allusion to his art in these letters to his family was but natural. It is evident that they were quite incapable of any real interest in it, and that he knew them to be so. But there were other reasons why no flights of eloquence, no Ruskinian elaborations on this subject,

were to be expected from his pen. The true artist talks but little on art; he leaves that to those who know nothing about it. Even one in the fullest exercise of creative power has but few and rudimental principles on which he proceeds, and these he cannot define. How a great master accomplishes his finest works is not more a riddle to the uninitiated than a mystery to himself. Had Michael Angelo been President of the Royal Academy, we doubt, whether in the sense of art, his lectures would have been worth much. At all events he seldom gave utterance on the subject, and when driven to do so by the pedantry which occasionally challenged him, he so far accommodated himself to the prevailing tone as to talk what we now feel to be farfetched and unreal.* We have alluded also to reasons why this great master was not likely to say much about the art of his contemporaries. This is only explicable by the peculiar nature of his own æsthetic instincts, of which we must here risk a short analysis.

The art of Michael Angelo is one difficult broadly to define, unless by negatives; not religious, not romantic, not classic, not even strictly Italian. In violence and exaggeration it may be said sometimes to 'touch the brink of all we hate.' Nevertheless, it stands alone as the expression of the grandest and most energetic individuality the world has ever known. Michael Angelo had pre-eminently '*les défauts de ses qualités.*' He scaled heights inaccessible to others, and bare of all but sublimity; but he left the slopes uncultivated. He loved difficulties, but, while almost universal in power, he was the reverse of universal in scale; being only greatest in that which is greatest. The larger with him did not include the lesser. He was not like Nasmyth's steam hammer, which can crush a rock, or crack, without crushing, a filbert. He worked in a rarefied atmosphere where few of those common things which delight us in the works of his contemporaries could grow, or would have been in keeping with their surroundings. His grand creatures are not human enough to have buildings or trees behind them, or daisies or colombine at their feet. There is no sign in his art that he loved the face of his own beautiful land. He gives no record of her opal and translucent skies; of the lakes which sparkle with gold and silver, or of the distant objects that shine like jewels of light. Condivi says that

* See '*Manuscrit de François de Hollande. Dialogue sur la Peinture dans la Ville de Rome*' (between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna), published by Count Raczynski in '*Les Arts en Portugal.*'

Michael Angelo saw beauty in everything; in a beautiful horse, or dog, or hill, or wood, or plain; selecting 'beauty from all things, as the bee does honey from flowers.' But of this universal apprehension of Beauty there is no evidence either in his works or in his letters; and the term must rather be taken in that mystical Platonic sense of Beauty, not necessarily allied to outward forms, which runs through his poetry. Individual portraiture indeed, whether of Nature or man, was foreign to him. His own individuality was so overwhelmingly strong that no other individuality could be transmitted through it. In all he represented he infused *himself*; where he aimed to do more like others, as in his one Holy Family in the Tribune of the Uffizi, he has simply no character. That crown of the human figure in which expression especially resides, takes a secondary place in his art. His heads are generally devoid of cerebral development; small in proportion to the figure, and with an absence of individual identity which lends to them a certain abstract solemnity. In one of his Sonnets he declares that '*La forza d' un bel volto al ciel mi sprona*;' but this same *forza* never led him to portray a beautiful face, as such. And if the Sibilla Delfica may be quoted as beautiful, she is almost a sole exception. The grandeur of the human form would seem in his eyes to have eclipsed in great measure the part played by the head. Those who draw much from the nude will understand this peculiar result. It will be remembered also that Lady Mary Wortley Montague in her visits to the female baths at Adrianople expresses her surprise at the small interest with which the loveliest faces, under those circumstances, inspired her. Michael Angelo lived at a time when the world around him abounded with strongly marked physiognomies, and when the calendar of ecclesiastical art was full of Saints of rigidly defined types. But the men who sit on the Medici monuments have no sympathy with our passions and trials—his Saints are beings to whom no suppliant would address a prayer—while his more abstract creations, though called '*Notte e Giorno*,' are beyond our power rightly to baptise.

We must also here remember another, and what may be called a professional reason, for this confined view of the artist's area—namely, that his habits were formed in the sphere of sculpture—the most limited of all forms of art as regards individual expression, and external nature; within which limits, however otherwise opposed to the principles of the antique, he strictly kept. For, through all the pictorial work forced upon him, and in which, in the opinion of posterity, he stands highest,

he never ceased to maintain that sculpture was his *profession*, and to follow in great measure its rules. What wonder then that these letters should be bare of allusion to the works of contemporary painters. All that ground on which they most expatiated—grace, expression, individuality, drapery, backgrounds, and subtleties of taste and colour—he haughtily overstrode. Though unwilling to believe the rude opinion he is said to have expressed on the works of Perugino and Francia, how was it possible that Michael Angelo should care for the ecstatic, sentimental, and most fascinatingly human creations of such masters, or even for the purity and insipidity of Raphael's earlier Madonnas! If it be true that he declared oil-painting to be only fit for women and people in affluent circumstances—a speech supposed to have been addressed to Sebastian del Piombo, but with good cause doubted now—we may be sure that it was because the subjects to which this vehicle was applied seemed to him far more adapted for playwork than those which issued stern and grand, Minerva-like, from his own brain. At the same time, these letters confirm what he is reported to have said of Raphael. At the end of a long epistle addressed to a Monsignore, as late as 1442—when Raphael had been already twenty-two years in his grave—he accuses him of having, with Bramante, conspired to injure him with Pope Julius II.; adding ironically 'and Raphael had good reason, for what he had of art, he had from me.' It might be difficult to clear the young and graceful painter, so much more socially attractive and less morally great than his gigantic compeer, of this accusation. The boast attached to it, however, is justified by the acknowledged fact that Raphael's Vatican and later works, the only examples of his art Michael Angelo was likely to admire, were inspired by the sight of the Sistine Ceiling. And that Michael Angelo did unfeignedly admire them is proved by the generous verdict he gave when the money value of the fresco of the Fates in the Pace was called in question.

Thus far, and for some years further, Michael Angelo was a Sculptor. He may be said to have first strongly impressed the Michaelangelesque stamp upon the Pietà in St. Peter's, executed 1499–1500. For the Bacchus before it, equally as the David after, each display more of the body than the soul of his art. He also had commissions for fifteen statues for Cardinal Piccolomini, and for twelve for the Cathedral at Florence; the history of which in both cases seems to typify those ardent commencements, vexatious interruptions, and impotent conclusions which pursued him like a fate throughout

his life. In 1505 he astonished the artists of Florence with his so-called Cartoon of Pisa; created only to be destroyed; but which, even in the fragmentary versions of it which survive, asserts its rank as the greatest feat of modern knowledge and power prior to the Sistine Ceiling. With 1505, however, begins his bondage to Pope Julius II., one of those semi-oriental tyrants who looked upon art only as a means for their own glorification, and on the artist as the slave of their every caprice and passion. But Greek here met Greek; with this difference, that Michael Angelo, while withstanding every indignity offered to himself, rose to every demand imposed on his art. The Pope wanted the finest monument mortal man had ever reposed in, and the artist desired no greater happiness than to execute it. If ever a great heart threw itself with zeal and trust into an arduous undertaking, Michael Angelo's did here, and if ever a great heart reaped the return which, too surely, awaits all such in this world, whether from Princes or brethren, it was again Michael Angelo's.

The design for this monument is too significant of the Pontiff and of the time not to be slightly described. It was destined to occupy a space of $34\frac{1}{2}$ English feet, by 23 feet—the size of a large apartment; to consist of two stories, and to be peopled by no less than seventy-eight figures. Some of these were meant to typify victories Julius intended to gain, and Provinces he had yet to conquer. Sixteen liberal arts, under the guise of slaves, bound, hand and foot, were designed to express the idea that with the death of this Pope they returned to the captivity whence he had withdrawn them. The Pontiff was to lie above, supported on one side by the Prophet Moses, and on the other by the Apostle Paul; the two combined being interpreted as forming one Julius. Two angels were further to be in attendance for different functions—the one to bewail the loss to earth, the other to rejoice over the gain to Heaven. This design, the main features of which were dictated, there can be no doubt, by the Pope himself, did not contain one single Christian sentiment. Repentance, humility, and heavenly hopes gave place to pride, blood-thirstiness, and self-laudation. And except as the symbol of a vain and violent man—the fit representative of an utterly worldly church—no one truth would have been expressed by it. The course of its execution harmonised with the character of its intention. Begun by vanity and selfishness, it was stopped by superstition, and eventually sacrificed, both monument and artist, to bad faith. Those who coveted Michael Angelo's share in the pontifical favour, insinuated that a speedy death awaited one who

watched the progress of his own tomb. The temporary bridge which, for this very purpose, had connected the studio with a covered passage leading to the Vatican, was suddenly withdrawn; the sculptor, hitherto free to enter his Holiness' presence, was rudely denied, and Michael Angelo in towering fury quitted Rome.

This fact has been told over and over again by his biographers, but we have here the insulted sculptor's own unvarnished version, in a letter from Florence to Giuliano San Gallo in Rome, of the 2nd May, 1506. Those who know something of the large current expenses required for a work of this magnitude will comprehend the injustice and the indignation.

'Giuliano! I have heard by your letter that the Pope has taken my departure ill, and that His Holiness is now ready to deposit what we had agreed upon, and that he wants me to return, and not to doubt about anything. Regarding my departure, it is true that on Holy Saturday I heard the Pope say, speaking with a jeweller while at table, and with the master of the ceremonies, that he would not spend one *baiocco* more, either on small stones or on great, which took me much by surprise. However, before I left I asked His Holiness for a supply to continue the works. He told me to return on Monday. And I did return on Monday, and on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, and on Thursday, as he was well aware. Finally, on Friday morning, I was turned away, that is, hunted out; and he who told me to go said he knew me, but that such were his orders. Whence, having heard these words on the Saturday before, and seeing their effect, I fell into great desperation. That, however, was not the sole cause for my departure. There was another reason, on which I do not choose to enter. Suffice it that I was led to think that if I remained in Rome my monument would be wanted before that of the Pope; and that was the cause of my sudden flight.'

The Pope despatched successively five couriers after the infuriated artist, but Michael Angelo kept the start he had gained, and arrived safe on Florentine territory, whence he sent haughty answers to all the Papal commands for his return and promises of better treatment. So pressing were these that the Florentine State was drawn into the contest, and Pier Soderini, the Gonfaloniere, is reported to have said to him, 'Thou hast tried an experiment with the Pope, on which no King of France would have ventured. We are not going to war on thy account, therefore prepare to return to Rome.' Meanwhile the Pope had commenced the monumental programme, and assisted by French treachery had taken possession of Perugia and Bologna. To Bologna accordingly Michael Angelo at length proceeded, supplied with a safe conduct, and invested with the character of a legate from the Signory;

made a proud submission, and received the order to execute a statue of Julius, 14 feet high, in bronze. This was a new art for him, and after what became the usual protest, that it was not his profession, he set to work. The statue cost him two years' labour, and two successive castings. The metal was provided from a bell in the Bentivoglio tower, and from a gun belonging to the city; both circumstances calculated to provoke retaliation. The metals assorted together as ill as the Pope and the Bolognese, and the surface of the statue turned out so unfavourably that immense additional labour fell on the sculptor. At length, on February 21, 1508,—astrological observations having pronounced that to be an auspicious day—the statue was hoisted above the great entrance of S. Petronio, amidst the ringing of bells, and sound of pipe and drum. But the usual fate awaited both artist and work. There remained to Michael Angelo, after paying all expenses—as told in his letters—but a surplus of four and a half ducats,—about twenty-five shillings; nor did he ever obtain one farthing more from the mean and ostentatious Pontiff. Three years later, also, on the return of the Bentivogli, the statue was hurled from its place, no longer to the accompaniment of festive sounds, but with every indignity and expression of contempt;* and sent to Ferrara, where Duke Alfonso metamorphosed it into a gun, which he called his 'Julia.'

So distressing were the circumstances under which Michael Angelo lived at Bologna during the execution of this statue—with anxiety as to its completion, with the enemy more than once at its gates, the plague raging, and his family perpetually pressing for help—that it is no wonder he fell into those habits of self-neglect and penury, which never after departed from him. It was from Bologna he wrote that it was impossible for him to receive his brother Gian Simone, 'because I am here 'in a wretched room, and have only bought one bed, on which 'four persons sleep.'

And again: 'I suffer the greatest discomforts and extreme 'fatigue, and do nothing but labour night and day, and have 'endured such toil and hardship that if I had to begin again, 'I do not believe my life would hold out.'

After this episode of all work and no pay—and his last letter from Bologna is dated February 18, 1508—Michael Angelo returned to Florence, the city he loved best; free

* To break the fall of such a mass of metal from a height of 30 feet straw and fascines were spread; but the enormous weight left a mark on the stones below, which may be seen to this day.

from the jealousies and treacheries of Rome, and in a healthier climate. Here commissions to be finished, and the execution of the great mural picture from his Cartoon, in the Council-hall, awaited him. But his evil genius never ceased from troubling. Hardly was he domiciled and happy in more congenial labours, than an order from the Pope summoned him imperatively to Rome. Michael Angelo's mind was like a beautiful engine—no sooner had it begun to work, with all its complicated parts in harmonious action and equal play—showing the marvels it could achieve—than a rude and ignorant hand interposed, to stop or reverse it. What the constant fret must have been on one who, both as man and artist, was bent on accomplishing what he had undertaken, can only now be feebly imagined. Plenty of evidence remains to show that it was the interference with his pledged honour more than with his promised gain, that so sorely tried him. At the same time the material inconvenience and loss had also to be considered. The munitions of the sculptor's art were collected, even in Italy, at great cost; the skilled workmen difficult to procure; some designs were half finished, others just begun; all had to be abandoned and scattered. The same had occurred two years before at Rome. Mountains of marble which he had spent eight months at Carrara to obtain, and which half filled the Piazza of St. Peter's, remained lying about, to be plundered and injured; workshops that had swarmed with workmen; a house he had furnished for them at his own cost, stood deserted, 'and all 'that I had left behind ~~far~~ed ill.' But he had learned the futility of resistance, and the Pope's orders were obeyed. If his submission had been assisted by the secret hope that the works of the monument were to be resumed, he was soon undeceived. The Pope had '*mutato d'oppenione*,' and was now full of another scheme intended to glorify himself in life instead of after death.

We here approach the painting of the Sistine Ceiling—the greatest feat to which modern art has risen. The history of this undertaking is said to have sprung from odious motives. In Mr. Wilson's words, 'There is no baser story in the history of 'art, than that Bramante, hating Michael Angelo, urged the 'Pope to employ him as a painter, so that all men might 'witness his failure.' But, beyond the fact that 'envy, hatred, 'and malice' held their saturnalia unrestrained in those times, we fail to see the motive that was worth so doubtful an end. The usual protest was made by Michael Angelo that it was not his profession, and it is added that he earnestly recommended the commission to be given to the youthful Raphael.

But this is not credible, for Raphael only came to Rome about the middle of 1508, and gave no evidence of his power to grapple with grand mural decorations till 1511.

The world is indebted to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Wilson for the light now thrown, technically as well as historically, upon the frescoes of the Sistine Ceiling. He has been able to adopt the only sure mode of solving questions and refuting assertions, by mounting to a level with the ceiling itself. From 'the tall and tremulous scaffold' which he obtained permission to erect, he therefore gives forth facts and data which admit of no contravention.

According to an entry in Michael Angelo's own writing, it has hitherto been believed that he began to work on the Sistine Ceiling on May 10, 1508. A little reflection, however, shows this to have been impossible. Michael Angelo reached Rome from Florence at the soonest the end of March, or beginning of April, 1508; he was, as we have seen, still at Bologna on the 18th of February. No time, it may be believed, was lost in receiving and submitting to the Pope's orders. The next step would be the general design for the space. This would be more rapidly accomplished by Michael Angelo than by most painters; but, in this case, two designs were prepared, and successively submitted to His Holiness. For Julius' first command was that the decorations should consist only of the figures of the twelve Apostles in the lunettes, the rest of the ceiling to be filled up with ornamentation. The artist states in a letter that he tried this scheme, and was dissatisfied with the poverty of the effect; and we can imagine how utterly alien to his feeling and capacity was any plan involving graceful and florid decoration. Upon which the Pope gave him liberty to please himself, and the design, ultimately adopted, was the result. Then would follow the erection of a scaffold. This task was entrusted to Bramante, who did the work without consulting Michael Angelo, and suspended a platform by ropes passed through holes in the ceiling. The practical artist asked him how these holes were to be filled up when the platform should be removed, and himself undertook to erect a scaffold which was built from the ground. Two structures, accordingly, each supplying a platform or 'deck,' 130 feet long by 45 wide, and nearly 60 feet from the ground—were successfully reared—the one necessarily removed before the other could be put up. All this was required to take place before the commonest preparation of the surface of the ceiling could be commenced. This preparation consisted in two coatings of plaster—the one, coarse and rough; the other, the fine and smooth *intonaco* on

which the painter was destined to work. This last could not be applied till the rough coating was dry, a process which usually required a month. Meanwhile studies had to be prepared, and, when the space could be accurately measured, cartoons got ready, and all the necessary staff of workmen and assistants engaged. It is obviously impossible therefore that Michael Angelo could have commenced the actual fresco work on the 10th May; in other words, in at most six weeks after leaving Florence, and the words must be understood as applying only to the preliminaries of the undertaking. We may therefore dismiss this idea, and with it the endlessly repeated version—repeated even by the Editor of the Letters—of twenty months (and less) from the 10th May, 1508, to All Saints Day, 1st November, 1509, for the entire execution of the stupendous work.

It is evident that in the absence of all dates to many of the Letters, those suggested by the Editor are often strangely incorrect. A slight comparison between the letters at this time to the father, which are undated, and those to the brother Buonarroto, which were endorsed at the time in that brother's handwriting with date of departure from Rome and arrival in Florence—a slight comparison, we repeat, will show how inveterately the old stereotyped ideas have stood in the way of the Editor's clearer sight. Michael Angelo writes from Rome, 24th July, 1512: 'Buonaroto! I have no time to reply to yours, and even had I time I could not answer decidedly till I see the end of my matters (*cose*) here. But I shall be this September in Florence, and will do all I can for you, as I have done hitherto. I fag more than any man who ever lived; out of health, and with the greatest fatigue; and yet I shall have patience to come to the desired end. So you also may well have patience for two months, being ten times better off than I.—Michelagnuolo, Scultore in Roma.'

And again, 21st August, 1512: 'Buonaroto. I have had your letter, to which I reply briefly, not having time. About my coming to Florence I cannot come till I have finished my work, which I hope to finish by the end of September, but it is so great a work that I cannot reckon within a fortnight or so. It is enough that before All Saints I shall be with you, if I do not die in the meanwhile.'

And thirdly, 18th September, 1512 (we give most of this letter as it is characteristic):—

'I heard by your last that *la Terra* [the Florentine territory] was in danger, which gave me *gran passione*! Now it is said that the house of Medici have entered Florence' [they entered actually on the

12th September, 1512], 'and that all is settled; which makes me think that the danger is over—that is from the Spaniards—and I no longer think that you need leave. Nevertheless, remain quiet, and do not make friends or familiars of anyone, except of God. And speak of no one, either well or ill, for who knows the end of these affairs. . . . I tell you that I have not a groat' (*un grosso*), 'and that I am, so to say, shoeless and naked; I cannot get my due till I have finished the work, and I suffer the greatest hardships and fatigue. . . . I will soon be with you, and nothing shall be wanting that I will not do at All Saints, if it please God.'

Now for the dateless, but evidently coincident letters to his father: 'I shall come when I have finished my *pittura*, 'which will be in two or three months.' (Letter 12.)

Again: 'Dearest Father, I understand by your last that 'the *Spedalino* has illused you. Have patience and pretend not to see till I return and settle everything. I reckon 'to have finished within two months, and then I shall come. ' . . . Pray to God that my 'work may have a good end.' (Letter 13.)

Again: '*I have finished the chapel that I was painting* ' [*italics are ours*], and the Pope is well satisfied, but other 'things do not succeed as I reckoned—the fault of the times, 'which are very contrary to our art. [Doubtless the want of 'pay.] I shall not be able to come this All Saints, because I 'have not that which I want, in order to do that which I 'wish.' (Letter 15.)

It is strange that these last three letters to the father, evidently at about the same time, bearing exactly on the same subjects, and pointing to the same particular date—All Saints—as those to his brother, should be coolly assigned by the Editor to September and October, 1509; thus involving the solecism of making Michael Angelo state that he had finished the chapel in October, 1509, when three years later—18th September, 1512—a date confirmed by the entry of the Medici and other historical evidence—he writes to his brother, 'I cannot 'get my due till I have finished the work.' This obstinate adherence to the old dates is simply to make them square with the old stories, in which the utmost confusion is easily perceived.

Both Vasari and Condivi assert that the ceiling was uncovered and exhibited on All Saints' Day, within twenty months after its commencement, but each dwells on the Pope's impatience being so great, that when half ('*la metà*') was completed, he insisted on its being so far exhibited, and was the first to come, before the dust occasioned by the removal of

the scaffolding was laid. In confirmation of this, a letter to the brother, equally without date and endorsement, has this passage: 'I am here the same as usual, and hope to finish my picture in the course of this week, *that is, the part that I have begun*, and as soon as I have uncovered it, I hope I shall get money, and leave to come to you for a month.' (Letter 81.) Thus we see that there was an *intermediate exhibition*. When that took place, no document has yet proved; probably some time in 1510, when Raphael imbibed those impressions which influenced his yet uncommenced work in the Vatican. The early biographers, with their careless inaccuracy, doubtless confounded the exhibition of the half with that of the whole, and seized upon the date of All Saints to give a colour of precision to their tale of twenty months. If further evidence were needed to dismiss this idea, it is furnished by a note in the last edition of Vasari, which proves that the scaffolding was still standing in 1512.

It is now ascertained by Mr. Wilson's researches that the real commencement of Michael Angelo's pictorial labours could not have been earlier than September, 1508; a signed document showing that he was in Florence on the 11th August of that year, when, in all probability, he himself engaged such assistants as he considered competent for the subordinate labours of the ceiling. But we go further still, and doubt the whole story of Michael Angelo's ignorance of the art of fresco—of his consequent engagement of such '*frescantì*' as could teach it him—of their utter failure (though that is the only credible part), and his immediate and rude dismissal of them, even to barring the door of the chapel against them. That he had assistants from Florence in the persons of Bugiardini and Jacopo l'Indaco, there are letters to prove. But so far from being able to teach him the art of fresco, Bugiardini, older than himself, was then only known as an assistant to Mariotto Albertinelli, while of the other individual no painter's dictionary contains any mention. Writing to his father he says, 'Jacopo l'Indaco, the "*dipintore*," whom I had come from Florence, has left me in these days; and because he complained of my affairs here, I suppose he will also bewail himself in Florence. But turn a deaf ear ('*fate orecchi di mercatanti*'), for he was wrong in a thousand ways, and I might complain greatly of him.' (Letter 10.) This letter is dated January 27 (no year); therefore, granting even that it was in 1509, Jacopo had been several months with him. But the real point of inquiry is why Michael Angelo should have needed inferior painters to teach him the art of fresco at all! He had been the apprentice

of Domenico Ghirlandajo, the greatest *frescante* of them all, while that master was engaged on the walls of S. Maria Novella; he had studied the works of Masaccio in the Carmine; he had voluntarily undertaken to execute a gigantic fresco on the wall of the Council Chamber at Florence; his Holy Family in the Tribune—now ascertained by Mr. Wilson to be in oil—shows, at all events, his familiarity with the use of a brush; and lastly and chiefly, the first compartment he is known to have executed on the Ceiling—namely, the Deluge—shows a perfection of execution greater even than that of Ghirlandajo himself.

It is true that Michael Angelo did his utmost to decline the commission, and pleaded, what was true, that painting was not his profession. But when we remember the many unfinished commissions that were pressing on him, and his experience of the Pope's tender mercies as a Patron, there were reasons enough why he should avoid such a task. Nor could the flat, perpendicular wall of the Council Chamber he was prepared to cover, be compared in difficulty with an ill-constructed, coved ceiling of very uneven surface, where he had to lie on his back at the height of 60 ft. from the ground, and could never, while the scaffold stood, take that general view of his work so indispensable to the artist's judgment. True also it is that in a letter to his father he mentions not proceeding to his liking, 'which' is owing to the difficulty of the work, and its not being my 'profession.' (Letter 10.) The old biographers say that he was discouraged by perceiving a mouldy efflorescence which rose on the surface during the winter. This, if true, would account for any amount of depression in the artist's temperament. The task, also, of mapping out the ceiling was immense. The problem of suiting his subjects to such a space, and especially to the angles, where the figures had to be painted on a projecting ridge formed by the meeting of two curves—the marvellously foreshortened figure of Haman on the Cross being so placed—this problem was of a kind no painter had attempted before. In all this there was sufficient to account for his complaint of the difficulty of the work, and its not lying within his profession, without the absurd hypothesis of *teachers* being needed for Michael Angelo! Even had he never touched a brush before, the manipulation of chalk, in which he stood unrivalled, would have prepared him for the kindred process of fresco. So similar, also, in general principles of composition, are the arts of fresco and sculpture, that Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed that Michael Angelo attempted little more in this ceiling than could be attained by a sculptor. There are but

two ways of judging of this great man—by his own letters, and by Braun's grand autotypes of the ceiling. The one contain no allusion to his want of knowledge of fresco painting—the others show that he possessed it.

As to the story that he shut himself up alone with his pride, and undertook single-handed every part of the labour, even to that of grinding his own colours, this is hardly worth refuting. Setting aside the facts that he had more than 10,000 feet of surface to cover, and 343 figures to execute—the Adam on the scale of 10 feet high, and the Sibyls on that of 16—there must have been a plasterer to prepare his daily portion of surface. Nor will it be believed that the architectural decorations, the painted border of shells and della Rovere acorns on the tympanums, and the inscriptions, were all executed by the same illustrious hand. Assistants for the subordinate parts of such a stupendous work he must have had, and that he made use of them is certain. The autotypes raise grave doubts as to his execution of some of the figures in the spandrels, and Mr. Wilson's close inspection has proved that not only some of these, but parts even of more importance, bear evidence of another hand.

Cordially do we echo Mr. Wilson's ejaculation of regret that 'so many anecdotes regarding Michael Angelo's operations should have been disseminated, and so little pains taken to verify them when it was comparatively easy to do so.' In all periods of national degradation, such as the Italians have passed through, marvellous stories, once started, cease not to revolve and to grow. The less pardonable that now, in the improved condition of the country, with patriotic motives stirred by the celebration of the Centenary, and opportunities afforded by the publication of these Letters, such worthless gossip, instead of being swept away, should have received fresh currency. Even allowing above three years and the due assistance, the rapidity of Michael Angelo's work remains a sufficient marvel; for we must remember the time to be deducted for the half-way exhibition; the necessary periods of relaxation; the journeys to Bologna to endeavour to get money from the Pope; and the number of winter days, when, even in Rome, the lime must have frozen in the tanks.

From sketches that yet remain some idea of his system may be gathered. The idea was first jotted down on a scrap of paper in black or red chalk. He then made drawings from the living model about a foot in height, some of them modelled with the utmost finish. From these he or his assistants must have enlarged the cartoons, for, though in the absence of all

surviving traces of such, it has been surmised that he trusted to his eye only in transferring the subject on a larger scale to the wall, yet such a proceeding may be discarded as impossible. On the contrary the finely-understood incised outline—perceptible even in the autotype—shows that—as with all fresco work—a sharp instrument has been passed through the wet plaster along such mark—whether pounced or otherwise—as the cartoon had transferred to the surface. And if any doubt could be entertained as to his having been assisted by cartoons, they are quite set aside by the fact, first pointed out by Mr. Wilson, that the two nude figures of children which support, in pairs, the brackets of architecture on each side of each Prophet and Sibyl, are invariably the same compositions reversed: thus showing that the same cartoon, first traced on one side and then on the other, served for the two opposite groups.

There was not much to cheer the grand and mournfully attuned mind as it proceeded with its unexampled creations. Indeed, in one sense, the conditions under which Michael Angelo executed the Sistine Ceiling present the highest tribute recorded in history to the power of genius to overcome obstacles. Here was a man surrounded by every form of disturbance and discouragement that could affect the nervous artist-temperament; harassed by his family, distressed for his country—the sack of Prato entered like iron into his soul; he writes: ‘if the stones could have spoken, they would have cried aloud’—insulted and defrauded by the man whom he ‘*per forza*’ (his own words) served; wanting money for his commonest needs—till he turns on his brother with the cry, ‘Let no further vexation be given me; I cannot bear one *ounce* more,’—and yet pouring forth reflections from the images in his own mind, unparalleled for grandeur of conception and thoroughness of execution.

And equally in another sense do we perceive in the fate of this great work ‘how noblest things find vilest using.’ For, from the day when the Ceiling was completed—when it hung aloft pure and bright, the triumph of its own age, and the increasing wonder of posterity—only the coarsest usage and the most barbarous neglect have befallen it. Common workmen have gone over it, as Mr. Wilson has ascertained, with great plasterers’ brushes dipped in some deleterious liquid, removing the ‘secco,’ or dry final touches, and corroding some of the most important parts of the solid fresco. Dust and cobweb hang like a veil between the work and the spectator, and a crust of soot adds its grime to every part. For, in addition to the usual smoke of tapers which are the bane of all works

of art committed to the keeping of the Roman Church, periodical bonfires, lighted at the accession of each Pope—therefore some forty times since the Ceiling was painted—have sent up their smoke from the floor of the Chapel. For it will hardly be believed that with all the twenty courts and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two rooms of the Vatican Palace adjoining, no place has been found to burn the papers accumulated during an Election Conclave but a building sacred alike to religion and art. The Autotypes also reveal tremendous cracks in the Ceiling, the result of the peuculation and bad materials which have undermined most of the Roman buildings of that and the preceding period.

We have alluded to dry touches '*a secco*' over the solid and immovable fresco. Vasari enters into a gossiping statement—including of course an imbecile joke on the part of Michael Angelo—to the purport that no later dry operations, either in colour or gold, were, for want of the scaffold, executed by the great artist. As in other instances, however, the work remains to contradict him. Mr. Wilson bears witness that the frescoes are extensively glazed with size-colours, especially in the shadows, evidently by the hand of the Master, which come off on being touched with a wet finger. Also that gold is seen on part of the thrones of the Prophets and Sibyls, and in the medallions.

We have applied the words '*insulted and defrauded*' to the conduct Michael Angelo received from Julius II. during these labours. For, knowing the moral standard by which his contemporaries judged the Painter, we may be less surprised at their reckless exposure of the Head of Christendom himself, whose way of spurring on the willing horse to greater expedition was by threatening to have him thrown from the scaffold, and on one occasion by actually striking him with a stick. This roused the ever ready lion within, and Michael Angelo immediately prepared to leave Rome, but was pacified by entreaties, and the present, or rather instalment, of fifty ducats. For the Pontiff who is represented as thus using the most gifted man of the age, was not one who, in modern phrase, '*muddled away his money in paying his debts.*'

The Sistine Ceiling was completed, as we have explained, on the 1st November 1512, and Pope Julius died February 1513. As there was '*no more dying then,*' the interdict on the works of the monument ceased, and the executors of the Pope urged its continuance, though on a greatly diminished scale. Accordingly on May 6, 1513, a fresh contract was entered into with the sculptor, by which the structure was only to be seen

on three sides, the fourth side being attached to the wall; and the seventy-eight figures curtailed to twenty-eight; the Victories being considerably reduced, and the conquered Provinces very justly dispensed with. Time was given for the artist to gather his staff and materials again about him, and to throw himself afresh into the undertaking; but—only to be again arrested in it. The fate of the monument followed that of the Medici family in the sense of a see-saw. When they were up, that was down, and *vice versâ*. Leo X. and Clement VII. cared nothing for any posthumous tribute to old Julius, and as little for the peace of mind of the conscientious and excitable artist. Between their two reigns—Leo dying December 1521, and Clement succeeding November 1523—the chair was occupied by a man—Adrian IV.—who drove the Roman Hierarchy to despair by promoting religion and virtue. This change, however, was acceptable to Michael Angelo, who continued the works of the monument in peace. We will finish at once the ‘*Tragedia del Sepolcro*,’ which enters periodically into the drama of Michael Angelo’s life, like the Chorus in a Greek play, each time announcing greater woe. It is almost sufficient to state that it dragged its slow length along for no less a period than forty years! The first contract for seventy-eight figures and four façades was signed in 1505; the second for twenty-eight figures in 1513; the third for six figures in 1532; the fourth for the three figures, of which, ultimately, it alone consisted, in 1545. The first original design, with its four façades and two stories, adorned with bronze bas-reliefs in addition to the wealth of marble figures, had been the signal for the destruction of the ancient Church of St. Peter’s, and the scattering of its precious contents. For the Pope who aspired to ‘the finest monument in Christendom’ could only be satisfied with the largest Temple to contain it. Hence the founding of the modern St. Peter’s on the site of the grand old Basilica of Constantine of that name. By a poetic justice, however, the monument, such as it finally became, never found shelter there. Reduced to one façade, one story, and three figures, and of those only one, but that the Moses, by the hand of the Master, it hides its diminished head under the roof of an humbler St. Peter’s, the small Church of S. Pietro in Vinculi. All these changes and contractions were like so many tightening screws on the heart of Michael Angelo. He was, as it were, crushed by slow degrees between two sets of tyrants; the Della Roveres, represented by the executors and nephews of Julius II., who perpetually urged on the fulfilment of the work, and the heartless Medici ecclesiastics who as regularly

interfered to stop it. For while taking it on themselves to discharge him from his duty to their neighbour in order to engross his labours for themselves—while absolving him despotically from obligations in which they had as little right to bind and loose as in graver matters—these Popes never troubled themselves to screen him from the consequences of such arbitrary acts, or to compensate him for the losses incurred. The munitions of sculpture, as we have said, are costly matters. Michael Angelo worked in season and out of season, whenever time could be snatched from his selfish taskmasters, to expedite the fulfilment of his pledges to the Della Roveres. He took on additional workmen, he laid in a stock of metal for the bronze work, in order, as he says in a letter, to make a push to complete the monument, and having expended all the money advanced to him by the executors, he drew all he had of his own. But it was only sending good money after bad. The greater the speed in his preparations, the greater the ruin by their stoppage. Funds were swallowed up in labours useless unless completed. His exertions benefited neither his employers nor himself; and meanwhile a formidable reckoning was accumulating against him, ending in what filled his cup to the brim, the threat of a lawsuit.

To follow minutely the history of the frauds perpetrated on Michael Angelo would be beyond our scope. For his cartoon of Pisa, and for the statues commenced for the Florence Cathedral, and for Cardinal Piccolomini, and interrupted by Pope Julius, he received, by his own direct statement, *nothing*. We have seen what profit he derived from the bronze statue at Bologna. For the Sistine Ceiling he received less than the sum agreed upon for the first meagre design of the twelve Apostles, and that he obtained with the greatest difficulty, and, as it were, by favour. How he managed to scrape together a small independence can only have been the result of self-denial of the most stringent kind. It is true that towards the end of Pope Clement's reign such precarious contracts for payment were exchanged for a yearly stipend—half of which was secured to him upon the dues of a certain ferry on the Po, above Piacenza—but these dues, it soon appeared, had been already given to others, and a defrauded and high-spirited Trivulzi lady defended her rights by starting an opposition ferry! It is sickening to think of the generations who have dwelt on the munificent patronage extended to artists under the Popes of this period. How different the truth as expressed in those simple words: 'The times are very contrary to our 'art!' And Michael Angelo, as we have pointed out, had

pre-eminently the artist-temperament,—ever nervously craving to be freed from anxiety. For this end he even professed himself ready to own himself in the wrong rather than be entangled in the toils of the law, then-a-days only favourable to those who bribed highest. In a letter to a friend, 1524, he expresses himself willing ‘to suppose myself to have pleaded, to have lost, and to be ready to make restitution, so as only to be relieved from this distress.’ Those who would interpret such a proposition as evidence of guilt, know little of that sensitive nature which made the harassed man exclaim ‘I die with vexation.’

Nor does the history of art supply any consolation in the new commission which first superseded the old ones. Leo X. had conceived the desire to complete the façade of S. Lorenzo, where his father was buried. The first artists, including Raphael, were invited (1516) to compete in designs, and Michael Angelo ordered to join the number. Again, it was ‘not my profession,’ and nothing could be truer. He had given no proof of architectural skill, and if the design preserved in the Uffizi be by his hand, it shows either that his fellow-competitors knew less of architecture than himself, or the Judges least of all, for his design was preferred. He had now to master the details of an entirely new art, and this again consigned him to the wilds of Carrara. For with architecture, as with sculpture, it was the usage of the times that the artist should himself be stationed at the quarry to superintend excavations and direct first blockings out. Michael Angelo was well known at Carrara, where some of the blocks for Julius’ monument were still in course of preparation, and was on friendly terms with the proprietor, the Marchese Massa. But his evil genius was ever at hand. In the perpetual jealousy between the Italian States it was decided by Leo X. that the opening of new quarries on Tuscan territory would ensure the double advantage of benefiting Florence and impoverishing Massa. Accordingly, after the excavation and shaping of the materials of the façade had effectually commenced, he suddenly received orders to abandon Carrara, and break new ground on the bare mountain sides of Serravezza, above Pietrasanta, to which there was not even a road. Sorely against his will, and with many a growl, he betook himself to the ungrateful task; though, as the façade was to be completed in a given time, he wisely retained his hold on the Carrara quarries, till those of Serravezza could replace them. The consequence was that he found himself between two fires. The Carrarese resented his opening quarries at Serravezza, and the Pope re-

sented his continuing his contracts at Carrara. Rude letters on the part of the Pope, accusing him of never choosing to work (!) and urging him to proceed faster at Serravezza, and intrigues on the part of the Carrarese to prevent his so doing;—the new road, which the great Master himself had to make, almost impassable;—workmen cheating and going wrong in one place while he was in another;—journeys to Pisa and to Genoa to engage boats, the masters of which were bribed to defraud him—all this almost drove him out of his senses. He writes from Serravezza that he is ‘racked’ by his position. ‘I have undertaken to bring the dead to life—to tame mountains—to introduce art into this country. The boats which I hired at Pisa have never come. I believe that there also I have been cheated; and so it is always. Oh! a thousand times cursed be the day and hour that I left Carrara. But I’ll return there yet. Now-a-days it is a sin to do right.’

The end of all this ‘ignominy,’ as he rightly terms it, was worthy of the means. After four years spent in these labours he was suddenly superseded by a number of workmen from the ‘Opera’ of the Cathedral at Florence, then in course of erection, who were sent with orders to take possession of the marbles blocked out for the façade; and these, without one word of explanation, were diverted from their purpose, and appropriated for the pavement of the Cathedral. Thus the work which had interrupted other work was in its turn arbitrarily arrested, and the only evidence left of his four years’ toil is a huge marble column, which to this day lies half buried in soil before the still rough and rubble façade of S. Lorenzo.

We have wearied our readers and ourselves with these wretched details, but they are necessary justly to comprehend the times and the man. Thus thrown out of this ill-befitting occupation, he returned of course to those suspended commissions which weighed upon his spirits—finding time, also, to execute a long-bespoken statue of Christ. This cannot be said to add to his fame. Michael Angelo’s peculiar mind could not even approach the conception of that which has been more or less the crucial test of every master—viz. the Divine mind in the human form of our Lord. So entirely did he depart from the commonest rules of tradition, or decorum, as to represent the figure entirely undraped; while we learn from these letters that parts of the nude suffered great disfigurement from the clumsy work of Urbino, his foreman.

We pass on, however, to a second interruption, in the shape of the Medici monuments, which, at all events, has left a greater compensation to the world. The plan of erecting

monuments to his brother Giuliano de Medici, and his nephew Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, originated with Leo X., but the commission was given to the Master by the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, cousin to Leo X., and afterwards Clement VII. This Pope, who was in so far superior to Papal usages as to object to the sale of Cardinals' hats, had also a juster appreciation of Michael Angelo than Leo's false and effeminate mind had permitted him to form. Nevertheless, he was too true to his race not to be bent on engrossing his services at any cost to him, or to others. Among the expedients resorted to for this purpose, were two of an original kind—the one, a threat of excommunication in case he should work for anyone else—the other, a proposal that he should bind himself never to marry, but to take vows of obedience in a religious order. The artist, however, required no such extreme measures to induce him to undertake this, the second great achievement of his life—commenced in 1520.

Michael Angelo here returned to what he considered his proper calling, and it becomes the more interesting to view him in these strange and stupendous works. He was now between forty-five and fifty years of age—the time when the character has attained its fullest strength. That, therefore, which is impressed on these Medici tombs gives a just measure of his art as a sculptor. But we are here reminded that no outside standard exists by which to judge it. Far from comparing him with the antique, often most falsely attempted, it is the very difference between them which constitutes the character of his works. Having no sympathy for the qualities predominant in Greek art, excepting its fine anatomy, he took, whether consciously or no, the alternative open to an original mind, by departing as far as possible from it. Beauty, Repose, Symmetry, Grace—all, as such—he aimed not at. As little did he affect those particulars belonging to the picturesque which were reflected in the schools of painting around him. He can, therefore, as a sculptor, be measured only by himself; and in that sense the Medici monuments stand highest among his plastic works—higher even than his Moses, which, however grand, suffers by being brought into comparison with the definite individuality it assumes to portray. But there was as little in the lives of the men here immortalised to require any individuality of delineation, as to inspire one single idea worthy of monumental art. The one, Giuliano, represents the weak side of the Medici race; the other, Lorenzo, the wicked. In one of Michael Angelo's letters, dated April 1526, he simply designates the two seated figures in armour as

'*i due Capitani.*' As simply also he mentions 'the four figures 'on the Sarcophagi,' and 'the four figures on the ground 'which are Rivers.' One of the Captains—Lorenzo—is in the attitude of profound thought, and the world has fitted him with the term '*Il Pensiero*'—the other Captain says so little that he is only known by his own name, '*Il Giuliano.*' But as regards the intention of the four nude figures, two and two, male and female, stretched back to back on the sides and wings of each sarcophagus, we have no clue to fill up the blank. The names of Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn, were doubtless bestowed contemporarily, and his well-known sad and beautiful lines in reply to a verse upon the '*Notte*' shows that the Master endorsed the idea. But beyond the closed eyes and accessory owl of the female figure, no connexion whatever can be traced between these statues and their appellations. Day and Twilight—so oppositely suggestive—are equally huge, muscular and inactive; Night and Dawn—so poetically diverse—alike massive, supine and mournful. Had they suggested any definite idea, posterity would have baptised them with the equivalent title, for a name will always follow where an idea goes before. As it is, innumerable eyes, including those of Charles V. in 1536, have dwelt upon them; countless minds have speculated on them; but still they defy analysis, and have lain there for centuries without furnishing a hint of their creator's intention. In no respect are they truer to him than in this. For we return to the conviction that there was in Michael Angelo's intensely subjective mind an absence of all individualising power—as M. Rio expresses it, '*de toute signification nette.*' No one could identify his David without the sling, nor the Christ without the Cross, nor even his Moses without the disfiguring legendary horns. He worked, as before-said, in a rarefied atmosphere, where we cannot follow. When upon those august heights he so far partakes of the Divine as to compel homage, due to that which transcends our mental level. Short of that, he presents a void which no secondary qualities exist to cover. It is easy to perceive that the Medici statues are full of faults and incongruities. They lie, for instance, in positions that no human being could maintain for a moment. The male figures are unwieldy gladiators—the female, half male. Still, when all criticism is exhausted, we only the more reach the estimate of that astounding power which takes our admiration by storm—uninspired by which, these statues would have been simply hideous, or ridiculous.

As to any reference to the deeds of the Medici, or to the bondage and misery of Florence, which some have supposed them to

symbolise;—the wicked Lorenzo by the absorption of a guilty conscience; the worthless Giuliano by the feebleness with which he holds the bâton, and by the corruption implied by the coin in the other hand; the female figures by a certain expression of weariness and suffering—such ideas may possibly lie at the root of these embodiments, but they are too vague to follow. The four figures, it may be added, spoken of by him as *Rivers*, and which certainly would not have contributed to the solution of the riddle, were never executed.

In mode of execution these monuments are peculiarly instructive; presenting as they do various grades of completion. The Captains are finished to the utmost; the *Notte* the same. The other figures are more or less incomplete, and show the stroke of the vigorous tool. In these last it would be vain to look for the marks of those points apparent on every unfinished modern work in marble. The ‘pointing instrument,’ as it is called, which now, by a mere mechanical process ensures the faithful transfer from the model, or rather from the cast of the model, to the marble, was first invented by our Chantrey. The Renaissance sculptors relied on a more delicate and elaborate process, by means of a framework placed before the cast, whence were suspended plumb lines, from which measurements were taken by compasses. Nor was this plan always resorted to. It is evident, by contracts between Michael Angelo and Carrarese workmen,* that the block was often rudely fashioned or ‘*abbozzato*’ at the quarry itself from a mere drawing or small model, after which the sculptor himself exercised that *tour de force* which consists in actually chiseling away the hard material, guided only by feeling and practice, and carrying, as Michael Angelo was wont to say, ‘his compasses in his eye.’ No one ever carried these more daringly. An eye-witness † has described the fury of that ‘chisel’—now only a conventional term as applied to the sculptor—as the great Master attacked the marble.

‘I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his 60th year, and though he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors could have effected in as many hours. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces. With a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick;

* See ‘*Ragionamento Storico sulle diverse gite che fece a Carrara Michelagnolo Buonarroti, da Carlo Frediani, 1875.*’

† Blaise de Vigenère, a diplomatic agent in Rome, who frequently visited Michael Angelo at his studio at the foot of the Monte Cavallo.

and so close to his mark, that, had he gone beyond it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been the danger of ruining the whole.'

This confidence may be partly attributed to Michael Angelo's long enforced residence at Carrara, where the workmen to this day partake of the same fearlessness of stroke. Thorwaldsen used to say that the Carrarese men employed in his studio handled their tools with marvellous facility, 'knocking away ' the marble like so much cheese.' There is no doubt, however, that in the case of our artist this facility was sometimes exercised at the cost of his art, in which malproportions of figures, and miscalculations as to size of block, can often be pointed out.

Besides the few words in his Letters, which we have given, no record appears of the progress of the Medici monuments. In the disturbed state of the Italian world—the sack of Rome—the siege of Florence, and the annihilation of her liberties,—the great hand either ceased to write, or his letters have been lost. Events followed each other almost as rapidly as they would now. Rome was taken on May 6, 1527, and by the 18th Florence had risen, and the Medici had been driven out. They left discord and dissensions behind them—a state of poverty which culminated in famine and plague, soon to be succeeded by the third of the fell sisters—War. For the siege of Florence by the Papal and Spanish troops for the restoration of the Medici began in the spring of 1529. And here a fresh direction was given to those versatile powers we have been following. The respect of his fellow-citizens was shown by Michael Angelo's appointment to the entire direction and command of the fortifications—a task for which, as proved by the testimony of later times, his clear practical mind was singularly fitted. But not even the common danger could guard against disunion and treachery. Coincident with the great Master's appointment was also that to an important post of the notorious Malatesta Baglioni, who ultimately betrayed the city. And this brings us to a mysterious episode in the life of Michael Angelo, for which at present no satisfactory solution has been found. His own account is that Malatesta frustrated him in his plans for the defence of the city; withdrawing guards where most necessary, and leaving bastions undefended which had been assigned to his care. It was in vain that, from his place in the Council, he denounced the traitor, and pointed out the peril. There were those more interested in deeming him suspicious than Malatesta false, and his remonstrances remained unheeded. Suddenly then, by one

of those impetuous impulses which characterised him, Michael Angelo took horse, and, accompanied by one other, passed out of the city by the gate least strictly guarded, called '*alla Giustizia*,' and took his way to Ferrara. A letter of his to a friend, Sept. 25th, 1529, gives the following curious version:—

'I departed without saying a word to any of my friends, and in much confusion; having desired, as you know, by all means to go to France, and having on various occasions asked leave without obtaining it. It was not, however, that I was not determined, without fear of any kind, to see first the end of the war; but that on Tuesday morning, the 21st September, there came one out by the gate of S. Niccolò, where I was at the bastions, and privately told me that if I wished to save my life I ought not to stay. And he came with me to my house, and there dined, and then brought me horses, and did not leave me till he had me out of Florence, showing me that it was for my good. Whether God or Devil, which ever he may have been, I know not.' (Letter 406.)

Here we must leave this strange event. It was the act of one flying for his life—not from the fear of the enemy, as his biographers aver—nor so much from the fear of danger as from the conviction of it. The city could not afford to lose such a man, and though he shared in the public proscription of all who had quitted the walls, yet overtures made to him smoothed the way to his return. In two months he had resumed his post at the defences, and is known to have accomplished the task of fortifying the hill of S. Miniato—in which he had been previously thwarted and opposed. The tales, however, of his having harassed the enemy by guns mounted on the belfry of the church of S. Miniato, and of his having invented a mode of resistance to their return-fire by placing packs of wool round the tower—these tales share the fate of others we have instanced. Mr. Wilson, who in this also has resorted to that personal inspection which no Italian has attempted, reports that the belfry, being only eight feet wide, could have held no gun worthy the name; while the use of wool as a protection had long been known in warfare. As little need we enter into the story of the Master's having lain concealed in the tower of the church—up to which many a traveller's eyes have been turned with the greater interest on that supposed account. On the first entry of the Medici into the city all conditions of the surrender were violated, and Michael Angelo, towards whom they were peculiarly rancorous, remained concealed in a friend's house. But Clement VII. soon overlooked the patriot in the artist, who returned peaceably to his studio, and resumed his work.

The chief outlines of his remaining art-career can now be only briefly given. Overlooking minor works which are supposed to have occupied him at intervals, we find him starting for Rome, December 1533, having, at the desire of the Pope, undertaken another part of the original plan for the Sistine Chapel—namely the great fresco of the Last Judgment. This occupied him nearly eight years, and was uncovered for public view at Christmas 1541. No greater proof can be given of the decay of taste in Italy than the fact that this work was, and is still, extolled above the Ceiling. It is true the hand—now nearly thirty years older—had retained much of its cunning, for the execution in parts is very fine, but the mind had gone still further away from the standards of taste and fitness. He had become the caricature of himself. The void of grace, individuality, and true expression was now filled up by their contraries. It must be a very ardent admirer of the great man who can discover either piety or propriety in the monstrous figure of the Saviour, whose very action of mercy is turned, by the violence of the gesture, into one of menace;* or in the huge masses of muscle and bone which form the Celestial Hierarchy. The figures in the lower part, either being upborne by angels, or dragged down by fiends, display all his power, but its materials are supplied from memory rather than from the study of nature. The fresco, now darkened by soot and largely overpainted by coarse hands, presents a very unattractive object. As Italians have not hesitated to liken Correggio's Assumption of the Virgin at Parma to 'a hash of frogs,' an Englishman—Walter Savage Landor—may be pardoned for comparing Michael Angelo's Last Judgment to 'a huge giblet pie.' Would that it had never received worse usage than the hard words that break no bones! But in proportion to the greater facility of access, as compared with the Ceiling, has been the maltreatment it has received. On all occasions of church decorating it has been found a convenient resting place for ladders, nor has a better scheme for hanging tapestry over the altar been devised than that of barbarously driving iron stanchions into the fresco itself.

Michael Angelo as an architect appears again in a distinct vocation. What he might have done for the façade of S. Lorenzo cannot now be known—but two other buildings, the

* The uplifted right hand, exhibiting the wound, was the traditional sign of grace to the Redeemed. In this Last Judgment it assumes, on the contrary, the character of reprobation.

Sacristy of that church (the Medici Chapel) and the Laurentian Library, remain as examples of his art in Florence. The verdict of posterity has been less unfavourable to the Chapel than to the Library, the interior of which looks, as Mr. Wilson terms it, 'like a temple turned outside in.' In each of these buildings his plans were interfered with, and his work altered; but no plea of interference can save Michael Angelo from the charge of a total mistaken creed of architectonic taste. While his arrangement of general masses was fine, and his principles of structure sound, he shows an entire misapprehension of the science of ornament as growing out of utility. In the dangerous attempt to be novel he has only introduced poverty of forms, incongruity, and confusion. It is even apparent that here, as in his sculpture, he relied on no standard of scale or proportion, but designed his ornaments by his eye. To the Laurentian Library is traced the foundation of the style the Italians rightly call '*barocco*'—a word which, according to a technological dictionary, is 'a musical term applied to a composition where the harmony is false and overcharged.'

The death of San Gallo in 1546, who had, among others, succeeded Bramante as architect of St. Peter's, left the office vacant, and Paul III. summoned Michael Angelo to undertake it. In no way does our Master stand more distinct from his age, and from those who had preceded, and were to succeed him in this particular appointment, than in the conditions on which alone he accepted it. He was now seventy-one years of age, and believed that he had not long to live. All ambition, except that of attaining the kingdom of Heaven, had passed away. He wanted little, and he coveted nothing. He wished to work, and especially in the service of God; and, to do so more freely in the midst of a perverse and corrupt generation, he only consented to give his services on condition of their being gratuitous. There was equal piety and wisdom in this; for thus alone could he disarm the envy of his enemies; control the speculation which was the order of the day; prevent interference with his judgment and authority; or resign when he pleased.

The history of this building—'*la maggior machina che abbia sostenuta la terra*'—though for '*la terra*' we must read '*l'Europa*'—presents a curious succession of varying designs, and what we may call conflicting architectural politics. In the ignorance which prevailed in high places, the fact that the science of architecture was a separate and profound study was either unknown or ignored. Accordingly among those who successively occupied the post of supreme architect of the

works of St. Peter's will be found names, illustrious in themselves, but totally unconnected with any previous practice of the art. The work was commenced by Bramante, under Julius II., in 1506, on the site of the ancient Basilica of S. Pietro. The Pope was as impatient with architects as with painters and sculptors. He expected great structures 'not to be built, but to be born.' To this may be attributed the haste—so censured by Michael Angelo—with which the old building, with its columns of antique precious marbles, and its walls partly faced inside with tiles of Corinthian brass, was demolished rather than taken down. Bramante's model enclosed the whole ancient site, and included a grand dome; but the piers on which this was to be supported were run up too hastily for safety, and by the time both Pope and architect died—the one in 1513, the other in 1514—the work already needed repair. Next succeeded, under Leo X., the painter Raphael, with Giuliano San Gallo and Fra Giocondo da Verona, as his colleagues. San Gallo retired from ill health in 1517, and Raphael and Fra Giocondo both died in 1520. Their six years' reign had been chiefly devoted to making good the defects Bramante had left. Giulio Romano was chosen to succeed his master, but died before the appointment was completed. Baldassare Peruzzi, another painter, now appears on the scene. His model coincided with that of Bramante as regards the dome; but he judiciously abandoned the form of the Latin Cross and substituted that of the equilateral so-called Greek Cross. He was a man of great ability, and his plan gives evidence of fine taste and beautiful proportions. He died of poison in 1536. Antonio San Gallo, nephew of Giuliano, followed Peruzzi under Paul III. His model occupied him three years and cost 4,000 scudi. This retained the form of the Greek Cross, with an atrium extraneous to the building, and involved details of florid elaboration, rather of a Gothic than a Renaissance character. Thus six men filled the post before Michael Angelo entered upon it. His model, which was executed in fourteen days, and cost 25 scudi, immediately revealed the man. The atrium was at once abolished—a Greek Cross designed of far larger dimensions than that by Peruzzi, and a dome of far finer proportions, which with four minor cupolas, and a Peristyle and attic supported on fourteen columns, presented a pyramidal mass of the grandest effect. No two masters hitherto employed were so opposite in taste and tendency as San Gallo and Michael Angelo. The one trusted to the effect of a multiplicity of parts and details, the other to colossal size of both. San Gallo's design

was calculated to impress the eye with the sense of a magnitude greater than it actually possessed—Michael Angelo's, with all its grandeur, has the contrary effect. In this verdict the dome must be excepted, which owes its pre-eminence less to its size than to its fine outline and boldly uplifted position. Each preceding designer had planned a dome on the model of that of the Pantheon, which, placed at more than double its present height, would have presented but a shallow effect. It will be wondered how all these varying counsels were compatible with the stationary conditions of stone. But in truth, each designer accommodated himself to the great central piers Bramante had left; and these may be said to have been ultimately buried by Michael Angelo within the gigantic masses which now support the roof and dome.

The great Master held the appointment till his death in 1564. Unlike as with his painting and sculpture, no decline of power was observable. On the contrary it is evident that his knowledge of true architectonic science became, even in the minutest particulars of construction, equal to his task: the old man being to the last in every respect the soul of the works. That he was also the conscience of them hardly needs assertion; but a few emphatic lines from one of his letters may be given. The defective structure of the chief buildings of modern Rome has been alluded to, and the cause is not far to find. Speaking of the corruptions by which surveyors and overseers were bribed into passing inferior materials for the building, 'by which they make friends of those who are my enemies,' he adds, writing to one we should call the clerk of the works: 'Promises, tees, and presents corrupt justice. I, therefore, with the authority of the Pope, beg that from this time forth, you receive not a single thing that is not up to the mark; not even if it came down from Heaven.'

For the last seven years of his administration Pietro Ligorio had been associated with him. At Michael Angelo's death Vignola assumed the higher position, both architects adhering to his plans. Nor is there reason to accuse Giacomo della Porta, or Fontana, who successively conducted the fabric till 1590, when the dome was completed by relays of workmen night and day, of any departure from the noble scheme. But here the inauspicious figure of Carlo Maderno, called *Il Lombardo*, steps in, to whom the frustration of the mighty plan was owing. At the same time the Church must take its share of the blame. It appears that Paul V. objected that the edifice—embracing, as it does, a space of nearly six acres—would not contain a sufficient number of worshippers; that

Michael Angelo had omitted to provide a balcony whence the Pope could bless the Faithful; and that, though comprehending a far larger area, he had failed to enclose all the consecrated ground which the old Basilica had covered. Maderno was accordingly desired to provide more space, and did it in the only possible way by adding the long limb which restored the form of the Latin Cross. Further, uncontrolled by any traditions of respect, and as ignorant as his superiors of what constituted the special beauty of the structure, he erected in place of Michael Angelo's graceful Peristyle a high, flat, commonplace, club-house front, which effectually screens from sight the grandest feature of the grandest Christian Temple in the world. Nothing can mask the dignity of the Dome when seen from a height, but it virtually disappears from a spectator level with the building. So utterly was the effect destroyed that the sculptor Bernini's purposeless colonnade of crowded columns, which, like the outstretched wings of a bird, divert all attention from the body, became a necessary addition, or rather evil. It was Bernini also who, by Papal order, so far weakened the piers by hollowing out a space in each large enough to admit a staircase, as seriously to threaten the safety of the Dome. Thus the ill fate which attended the works of Michael Angelo in all three arts remains here in a petrified form no one can dispute. Bernini's share in the work of deformation did not end till 1690, when the building, which had been carried on by thirteen architects, during the reigns of twenty-five Pontiffs, and over a period of 184 years, finally assumed its present form.

One more phase of this man's genius remains to be briefly mentioned. We do not say that he wrote Sonnets, for that means little at a time when every Italian of note did the same, but that he was really a great poet. The mind that found nourishment in the works of Dante, and the heart that embraced the teaching of Savonarola, left their reflection in verse to which poets of all nations have accorded a high place. Here and there we are struck with a coincidence of feeling and expression between him and Shakspeare. Such a passage as this, translated by Southey, will recall the Sonnet entitled 'The World's Way':—

' Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world. Ill hath he chosen his part.
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is in his heart.
And ever his own bitter thoughts concealing,
Must he in stupid grandeur's praise be loud;

And to the error of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.'

But the comparison soon fails. For Shakspeare is the child of Nature, Michael Angelo the disciple of mysticism. Shakspeare teems with happy familiar images, for which we seek as vainly in Michael Angelo's poetry as in his art. The one plays with the whole scale of Love's fascinating vocabulary—the other dwells no less perpetually on the yearnings and aspirations of what then went by that name, though, compounded as it was of the transcendental philosophy of Dante, the recondite Platonism of the Academies, and the pedantry of Bembo, it is as different from Shakspeare's genuine passion as black is from white. Very strangely have these expressions been interpreted, especially by modern French analysts, as embodying his love for an earthly object, and that love, owing to female coldness and prudery, unrequited. Vittoria Colonna, the Marchesa di Pescara, a sonneteer herself, is credited with having alone possessed the power to kindle the tender passion in the great Master's breast, and yet the barbarity not to gratify it; and a sensational romance has been conjured up as little flattering to the parties as it is false and ridiculous in itself. The facts are that a most respectful friendship and correspondence existed between an accomplished and high-born lady, past fifty years of age, and the venerable artist, twenty years her senior. Their talk about art was, as we have hinted before, not very instructive; but otherwise their intercourse, as befitted persons of their age, turned chiefly on those sacred topics which, among the purer minds of the time, were suggested by the echoes of the Reformation transmitted across the Alps—topics always more or less occupying Michael Angelo's thoughts. For the chord that strikes the truest sound in his poetry is that of mingled piety and melancholy. It was no misanthropy as some have averred, or moroseness of temper, which overclouded his great soul. He had seen the triumph of evil too often not to wonder that any could be gay; he was, morally, before his time; he was weary of life; and he lived to be eighty-nine! His portraits present us with one of the saddest faces that sorrow and work ever furrowed, or art preserved; fit illustrations of that plaintive plea so often urged in his later letters, when taxed and worried beyond his strength, '*son vecchio!*'

We shall be thankful to have in some measure succeeded in imparting to others the impression that these Letters have left on ourselves. Impetuous, impatient, and indignant he could be, but all in right time and place; but as to the wilfulness

and uncontrollability with which he has been charged, his life displays, on the contrary, one course of meek submission of his opinions, wishes, and interests to authority which, by any artist worthy the name, would now be defied with equal contempt and safety. Far, therefore, from endorsing the character which his biographers have given of him, these Letters rather leave the impression of a figure like his own Jeremiah; bowed down with the contemplation of human wickedness and woe—grand, mournful, patient, and weary.

ART. VI.—*Erechtheus. A Tragedy.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: 1876.

IF the world has lost by the destruction of many tragedies of Euripides, Mr. Swinburne at least has little reason to regret them. Had they been spared to us, a subject so inspiring as the tragic story of the House of Erechtheus would have been monopolised to all time by one of the great Greek lyrical dramatists, for no modern poet would have dared to bend the bow of Ulysses or present himself as the rival of the master. It would be hard indeed to find another theme that could be brought into more perfect harmony with the Greek tragic genius. Let us accept the canon of Aristotle, that the chief ends of tragic composition are to move us to pity and strike us with terror, and here we are unceasingly under the mastership of the one emotion or the other. In its origin the drama of the Greeks was among the solemn rites of their religion. The loftiest lessons in piety, morality, or patriotism were inculcated by the stage representation of some grand episode of mythology or history, relieved and illustrated by lyrical effusions in glorious bursts of choral song. And the story of the fated daughter of Erechtheus flows out naturally in plaintive melody, and is fruitful in the profound religious impressions that ennoble and soften its unpleasing details. So it is that Mr. Swinburne seems to have risen far above a simple imitation, like Mr. Browning's 'Balaustion,' and to have achieved the difficult feat of casting a genuine Greek tragedy in the more cumbrous moulds of modern English diction. For the ancient Greek in its graceful strength was the most flexible of languages, while our own tongue, whatever may be its masculine merits, lends itself far less easily to the exigencies of metre and the delicate niceties of poetical expression. Mr. Swinburne has an instinct for rhythm rather

than a command over it, for the easy sweep of his flowing verse suggests anything rather than the idea of effort. Nor have we ever seen him stronger than in this poem of 'Erechtheus,' while no one can say, as they are borne along with his melodious numbers, that he has been betrayed into sacrificing meaning to sound. He seems to have caught the enthusiasm of a congenial subject; to have been carried back to the spirit of a heroic age; to have fired his fancy with the thoughts and sensations that might have animated the soul of a god-born Athenian in the supreme crisis of his country's fate. Now he sets out his argument with a stern dignity, that shrinks from none of the horrors of a situation it is bracing itself bravely to endure. Now he breaks away with the chorus in a plaintive wail of lamentation over the tragedy it is doomed to behold, and has no power to avert. And again we are awakened from the oppression of terror by some stirring apostrophe to the immortal gods, as if they could be moved by fervent eloquence to interpose in the dire extremity of their eager suppliants; or we are thrilled with the strophes of a martial war-song, resounding to the distant clash of steel upon shields, and the echoes of the horse-hoofs and the chariot-wheels of charging warriors. Yet with all this vivid variety of passionate sensation and the swift transition in metrical measures, there is nothing in meretricious discord with the severe and simple rules that governed the art of an Æschylus or a Sophocles. The drama in every separate part bears distinct and apposite reference to the central subject, but the main interest unfolds itself in the utterances of those leading personages who pay the penalty of their prominent position in being doomed to death or to suffering for their country and their people. While the chorus, strongly sympathetic with the sufferers, and yet with some perceptible undercurrent of patriotic elation at the prospect of averting the anger of the gods, has the imagination easy enough to disport itself among those subordinate myths and legends that clustering thickly round the main episode are made to embellish the modern poem. And the poem gains in verisimilitude and grandeur from that dash of paganism in its author's ideas of religion, of which we fancy we detect the traces. We imagine him inspiring himself for the moment with something of the heathen faith in the potency for good or ill of the embodied forces of nature; or sharing the belief of his heaven-descended heroes in the reality of their typical birth and the protection of their divine parentage.

The story falls half on the remote borderland of credible history, half within the limits of those shadowy regions of

poetical mythology that lie beyond.* Its scene is the sacred soil of Athens, hallowed already by the favour of Pallas Athena; but now the destinies of the city that is to be the bulwark of western civilisation and the polestar of arts and letters are trembling in the balance. For god is contending with god, moved by the intensified mortal passions of those pagan immortals. Poseidon has not forgotten the old feud with Pallas, though the cause had been decided against him by a tribunal of their celestial peers. The dawning promise of the beautiful city has revived his old lust for its tutelage; if he cannot obtain the reverent allegiance he aspires to, at least he may console himself with a display of vengeance and of power. So fierce war has been stirred up at his bidding, and his son Eumolpus is mustering the Thracian legions for the assault. Against the strength of the sea-god and the hordes of the northern barbarians, Erechtheus the king of Athens stands forth as the human guardian of the coveted prize. As to his precise identity there is some confusion, and classical authorities differ as to whether there were not at least two of the name among the early princes of his line. According to the legend adopted in the poem, he too, like his enemy, was of immortal birth, sprung from the Earth by the embraces of Hephæstion. But although born of a god and a goddess, all the powers he derives from his origin are a statesmanlike wisdom illumined by some vague foreshadowings of the future, and that heroic capacity to do and to endure which he transmits in full measure to his children. With his hand on the helm of state when such a storm is blowing up from the ocean, he is oppressed by the responsibility of his mighty trust, and a consciousness of his helplessness, if left to himself, to make head against the overpowering league of his enemies. His hopes are in the interposition of the gods, but in the absence of reassuring signs his faith is struggling against thickening anxieties; and meantime his messengers have sought the oracles of Delphi, to inquire if there be a way of warding off the calamity. The answer comes at last, reassuring to the

* It is curious that the legend of Erechtheus, one of the most remote and obscure traditions of Greece, should be commemorated to this day by the existence of the Erechtheion, one of the most beautiful and perfect of the temples still standing on the Acropolis of Athens. The mystic cleft in the rock, ascribed by tradition to the dispute of Neptune and Pallas, is within its walls. But his memory is not undeservedly preserved on that spot, if, as Hyginus relates, 'Erichthonius et quadrigas et sacrificia Minervæ, et templum in arce Athenarum primus instituit.' The building now in existence is supposed not to have been completed till near the end of the Peloponnesian War.

patriotism of the Athenian king, crushing to his proud affection as a father. Already he and his wife Praxithea have been sorely tried by successive bereavements. One beautiful daughter has been ravished from them by the North Wind, as she gathered flowers like Persephone in Enne, by the banks of the Ilissus; another was the heroine of the sad story of Procria, who,

‘ensnared and ensnaring
By the fraud of a twofold wile,
By the point of her own spear stricken,
With the gift of her own hand fell;’

and now the blood of a third is to flow for the salvation of her country.

Hence the development of the main tragedy. Erechtheus, bending to the blow, breaks to his wife the fatal response of the Priestess, and she in turn communicates it to her daughter. Thenceforth the firm but sorrow-weighted king subsides into a secondary place. He has no thought of holding back the beloved victim from her destiny. He dare not curse the decrees of the gods, nor even question their justice or goodness. But he is powerless to withhold the involuntary tribute to nature, and seeks relief for his over-burdened feelings by expressing them. The women, on the contrary, rise superior to the shock, and, dazzled by the glorious results of the sacrifice, seem scarcely to realise its horrors. They show more than the serene sublimity of perfect resignation: they overflow with gratitude to the gods who have singled them out for so illustrious a destiny. The mother was more than willing to accept the doom when she believed it had fallen on herself, and although her heart is wrung when she hears that it is assigned to her daughter, yet in all her sorrow she never loses the sense of consolation. What she herself could have welcomed as a blessing cannot prove a curse to her child. Nor do the pair impress us as either unnatural or unfeeling, although the exaltation of their moods is somewhat idealised. For the dominant feeling with them is plainly visible, and they are treading on the scarcely imperceptible line that divides religion from fanaticism. A solemn religious and patriotic rite is to open them the door of a glorious immortality through coming ages—an immortality on the earth at least, if not in the heaven of a Christian. Their magnificent destinies are indissolubly bound up with those of one of the mightiest races of the future; and the life-blood of the sacrifice will assure the power and prosperity of the beautiful city whose beginnings they have been fondly fostering. In the circumstances, the weak in-

dulgence of their household griefs would be almost blasphemous, and might provoke the Fates to impose yet harder conditions, or outrage them beyond possibility of propitiation.

No doubt the supreme catastrophe—a human sacrifice—is intensely repugnant to modern feeling. While we give ourselves over to the charms of the verse, or recognise the grace and elevation of the sentiments, we can never quite disengage ourselves from an uneasy sense of the horrid preparations going on in the background. The attendant priests are decking the altar and whetting their knives for what must strike us after all as a ceremonial murder. The more winning the virgin in her freshness of thought and her lofty purity, the more the hearts of her parents are shaken with anguish, the more do we shudder at the thought of her blood flowing to their feet as they stand consenting to her dreadful end. But all this terrible machinery is indispensable for producing, in the highest degree, the sensations of awe and the emotions of beauty which make the grandeur of the drama. Not only is the machinery artistically veiled in poetical drapery and removed as far as may be into the shadows of the sombre background, but in itself it is far less revolting, while more sternly powerful, than the representations that had often held an Athenian audience spell-bound. There was unmitigated horror in seeing a miserable parricide, more sinned against than sinning, hounded across the stage by the avenging Eumenides. It was scarcely necessary, surely, by so harrowing a spectacle to point the enormity of his crime, and so far that famous tragedy might be characterised in the language of our modern criticism as offensively sensational. Iphigenia, though saved at last by the goddess, was about to be offered up for an inferior object. In *Erechtheus*, on the contrary, the human sacrifice for a nobly unselfish end, inculcated that patriotic disregard for death and danger which sent handfuls of the Grecian youth to vanquish myriads of barbarians; which counteracted the debasing character of their commercial pursuits, and the enervating influences of their over-refined æsthetic sensibilities. In short, the drama of *Erechtheus* is cast with a high purpose; after all it finds its obvious counterpart in sacred Hebrew history, and it only anticipates the great crowning sacrifice which is the keystone of the entire scheme of our gentler Christian dispensation. Chthonia dies for her country like the daughter of Jephtha; but her death is the deliberate seal of a reverent submission to supernatural behests instead of the redemption of a reckless vow. While so far as mortal might and according

to the dimness of her heathen lights, she faintly anticipates the divine self-abnegation that led to the offering of the supreme atonement.

Had she been a village maiden dying for her hamlet or her family, the unselfish devotion of Chthonia must have commanded our admiration. But it is in accordance with the instinctive tendencies or foibles of our nature to appreciate self-sacrifice by the proportion of the offering to the greatness of the issues depending on it; and in the *Erechtheus* we can never forget for a moment the lofty interests that are at stake. The monarch himself, with his high-minded consort, are wrestling with the anticipation of their approaching bereavement, and painfully sensitive to the grim realities of the tragedy with its attendant train of ceremonial horrors. Spectre-like the altar rises before them, with the officiating priest who has taken possession of their child in the name of the Gods and the Fates. Yet even the mourning father when he looks round on his temple-crowned city, throned on its heights between the sea and those rich olive-groves that were the gift of his wise foster-mother, has scarcely a thought to spare for anything but Athens. Patriotism triumphs over parental tenderness. Of two terrible alternatives he is constrained to choose the lesser one, by all his kingly sentiments and each remembrance of his glorious career. It seems intolerable and impossible that the dawning glories that have begun to spread their light from his acropolis should go out in sudden darkness with the assent of heaven: that the magnificent promise which has quickened the baleful envy of Poseidon should never come to performance. But throughout all that conflict of feeling, and while the tragedy he dare not attempt to avert is drawing on surely to its deadly end, *Erechtheus* is in ignorance of what we know. He has been cherishing exultant hopes as to the future of his capital; ambiguous oracles and the favouring providence of the goddess of wisdom have encouraged and confirmed him in his patriotic aspirations, and yet his are but hopes and aspirations after all. Should Athens be saved again, it may only be spared for some other catastrophe. Thrice it has been threatened already, and in spite of the Delphic utterances seldom so clearly expressed as to carry reassuring conviction; in spite of the terrible propitiatory offering that is to disarm or vanquish the angry Poseidon, he can have no absolute faith in the future. A time may come again when the king of the gods will look on in serene indifference from the far-away heights of Olympus; and Pallas may seem powerless as now to throw her ægis over her shrine and her

worshippers. But to us there is ever present the vision of the Athens of the future—the Athens of Themistocles, Pericles, and Plato, whose solid foundations are to be cemented by Chthonia's virgin blood. Through the whole course of the poem we are made to thrill to the chances that are trembling in the scales, as we throw our vision forward through a long vista of historical glories. More keenly than himself, we feel with Erechtheus in his horror at the thought of

‘A strange growth grafted on our natural soil,
A root of Thrace in Eleusinian earth.’

The flicker of the Grecian civilisation that is to break forth into the light of the world may be quenched before it is well kindled; the bands of Thrace and the rude Carian pirates may stifle in its infancy the race of heroes, lawgivers, orators, poets, and artists who were to do so great a work in their day and generation, and who have left behind them on the acropolis the monument that is still eloquent of the memory of Erechtheus. Those to whom Athens comes only second to the most hallowed scenes and names of their own Christian religion, feel a sympathy that savours of personal gratitude for the maiden who ‘fain would live and fain not fear to die.’ We rejoice to know that the lustre of coming events is falling though dimly on the dark path by which she is moving to the bloody altar, and when her soul seems cheered and lightened by some shadowy phantom of the spirit of prophecy, we have a sense of relief under the prostration of horror. It is given her in some measure to anticipate the beneficent revelation which Athena makes at the close of the drama, after her death, for the comfort of the desponding people and the despairing mother.

The piece opens with a monologue by Erechtheus. Beset by enemies of mortal birth backed by the active malignity of the brother of the king of the gods, he makes a passionate appeal to the Earth, his own divine progenetrix, and to the wise goddess Athena who had reared him as her foster child. They are threatened like him by the rising floods of men and waters; the one in all her low-lying bounds against which Poseidon is beating in unbridled fury; the other in the city which has thriven by her favours and solemnly vowed itself to her worship. But this outbreak comes rather from the necessity to speak and the irrepressible craving for sympathy and comfort, than from any expectation of active assistance. For the moment the matter is in the hands of the Fates, and all that is to be done is to wait and learn the doom that is written in their eternal decrees. Thus Erechtheus naturally in venting

his own feelings explains succinctly the argument of the poem. His attitude is dramatic in the extreme. The steadfast soul of the hero is shaken to its foundations by the immortal influences he is powerless to control. The relief of action is impossible as yet, and he can only stand and suffer. Although he is doomed to go groping in a dim obscurity of horror which it is not given to human vision to pierce, he will not resign himself to the dulling lethargy of despair. On the contrary, his strained nerves are racked with the sharpest intensity of suspense, and weighing his responsibility as prince of the Athenians, he is agitated with the apprehension of the momentous decisions that may weigh upon him. It is to be remarked, however, that this attitude of his is altogether more noble and in closer conformity with the spirit of the Greek tragedians than that of his heroic prototypes in Mr. Swinburne's earlier dramas. In 'Atalanta in Calydon' in especial, misery-stricken mortals deemed themselves the helpless sport of the wild caprices of the immortals, and hardened themselves to bear up against a supernatural despotism in sullen and vengeful defiance. Erechtheus, sorely afflicted and threatened with terrible trials, may ease his agonies with plaintive bemoanings, he may even be betrayed into complaints that sound like murmurs, but his second thoughts invariably silence anything that may seem like reproachful impiety. To his finite intelligence his treatment may appear harsh and unjust, but it is the will of the rulers of the heaven and the earth, and he can only believe that he is paying the penakies of faults that have been committed by himself or his people. It is true to the spirit of the old Greek tragedy; it is true to the teachings of the Christian religion; and yet, owing to the earthly attributes of the pagan deities, it strikes us in our modern notions with a certain impression of inconsistency. Poseidon, the enemy of Athens, is actuated by one of the basest of human passions; yet Poseidon is no blind instrument of the wrath and vengeance of the gods, but is himself no mean embodiment of divine wisdom and goodness. Erechtheus in his fine peroration expresses himself contented that the will of the righteous deities be done, although it involve himself and his household in a common catastrophe. It is as the father of his people, not as parent and husband, that he implores Athena to let the price he may have to pay be accepted as the ransom of the city and its inhabitants.

'The Gods have set his lips on fire withal,
Who threatens now in all their names to bring
Ruin: but none of these thou knowest have I

Chid with my tongue or cursed at heart for grief,
 Knowing how the soul runs reinless on sheer death
 Whose grief or joy takes part against the Gods.
 And what they will is more than our desire,
 And their desire is more than what we will.
 For no man's will and no desire of man's
 Shall stand as doth a God's will. Yet, O fair
 Mother, that seest me how I cast no word
 Against them, plead no reason, crave no cause,
 Boast me not blameless nor beweepe me wronged.
 By this fair wreath of towns we have decked thee with,
 This chaplet that we give thee woven of worlds,
 This girdle of gate and temple and citadel
 Drawn round beneath thy bosom and fast linked
 As to thine heart's root—this dear crown of thine,
 This present light, this city—be not thou
 Slow to take heed nor slack to strengthen her,
 Fare we so short-lived howsoe'er, and pay
 What price we may to ransom thee thy town,
 Not me my life : but thou that diest not, thou
 Though all our house die for this people's sake,
 Keep thou for our's thy crown our city. Guard
 And give it life the lovelier that we died.'

Never before has Mr. Swinburne shown himself more masterly in his choruses. Magnificent in their fire and spirit, they have more than the usual graces of diction and smoothness of melody, while they are interwoven with apposite mythological allusion, and lightened rather than overloaded with fresh and felicitous metaphor. And they always chime in in happy harmony of symphony with those solos by the leading personages that strike their keynote. We give the palm unhesitatingly to the longest of them all—one that comes near the end of the drama, and we only wish it had been longer ; but there are few finer passages in the poem than are to be found in the beginning of the first of them. While the king, under the accumulating weight of his cares, is wrestling apart in entreaty with his mother by blood and his mother by adoption, the whole of the people are turning their thoughts to the gods, as to the only quarter whence comfort can come to them. Naturally their first appeal is to the sun-god, whose priestess is to pronounce on their fate. The opening apostrophe of the chorus to the heavenly source of light and life goes on to dilate on the impending chaos that may come of this conflict between sea and land ; recalling that contest between Pallas and Poseidon that threatens to be pregnant with such direful results. The chorus, in short, completes the preceding monologue, by setting forth, in what we may call the natural course of 'stage business,'

the chequered antecedents of the youthful Athens, though it sounds sacrilegious to couple the slang of the modern theatre with so noble an outburst of heroic poetry :—

' Sun that has lightened and loosed by thy might
 Ocean and Earth from the lordship of Night,
 Quickening with vision his eye that was veiled,
 Freshening the force in his heart that was failed,
 That sister fettered and blinded brother
 Should have sight by thy grace and delight of each other,
 Behold now and see,
 What profit is given them of thee,
 What wrath has enkindled with madness of mind,
 Her limbs that were bounden, his face that was blind,
 To be locked as in wrath together and lighten
 With fire that shall darken thy fire in the sky,
 Body to body and eye against eye
 In a war against kind,
 Till the bloom of her fields and her high hills whiten
 With the foam of his waves more high.'

Then follows the passionate entreaty to Phœbus to send them salvation for his own sake, and avert the death, destruction, and darkness that would undo his own fairest works :—

' O Earth, O Sun, turn back
 Full in his deadly track
 Death that would smite you black and mar your creatures,
 And with one hand disroot
 All tender flower and fruit,
 With one strike blind and mute the heavens' fair features.'

The best proof of the winning beauty of these choruses is the extreme reluctance with which you bring yourself to a pause in the course of quotation. You feel it almost sacrilegious to detach the gems, and it is with a sense of your ruthless Vandalism that you shatter the artist's settings. But there can scarcely be a question as to giving at length the allusions to two of those successive bereavements that have left the fated House of Erechtheus so melancholy a name in mythology.

' Let a third wave smite not us, father,
 Long since sore smitten of twain,
 Lest the house of thy son's son perish
 And his name be barren on earth.
 Whose race wilt thou comfort rather,
 If none to thy son remain ?
 Whose seed wilt thou choose to cherish,
 If his be cut off in the birth ?
 For the first fair graft of his grafting
 Was rent from its maiden root

By the strong swift hand of a lover
 Who fills the night with his breath ;
 On the lip of the stream low-laughing
 Her green soft virginal shoot
 Was plucked from the stream-side cover
 By the grasp of a love like death.
 For a God's was the mouth that kissed her
 Who speaks and the leaves lie dead,
 When winter awakes as at warning
 To the sound of his foot from Thrace.
 Nor happier the bed of his sister,
 Though Love's self laid her abed
 By a bridegroom beloved of the morning,
 And fair as the dawn's own face.
 For Procris ensnared and ensnaring
 By the fraud of a twofold wile,
 By the point of her own spear stricken,
 With the gift of her own hand fell.
 Over-subtle in doubts, over-daring
 In deeds and devices of guilt,
 And strong to quench as to quicken,
 Blind Love they have named thee well.
 By thee was the spear's edge whetted
 That laid her dead in the dew,
 In the moist green glens of the midland
 By her dear lord slain and thee.
 And him at the cliffs' end fretted
 By the grey keen waves, him too
 Thine hand from the white-browed headland
 Flung down for a spoil to the sea.
 But enough now of griefs grey-growing
 Have darkened the house divine,
 Have flowered on its boughs and faded,
 And green is the brave stock yet.
 O father all-seeing and all-knowing,
 Let the last fruit fall not of thine
 From the tree with whose boughs we are shaded,
 From the stock that thy son's hand set.'

The sun-god has spoken at last through his oracle, and that first portion of the father's prayer which lies nearest to his pride and furthest from his heart, is answered. That Athens may live and thrive, another of his daughters must be taken from him. It is now the women come upon the scene, and thenceforth they are to figure on the front of the stage and sway the profoundest emotions of the audience. Fearing 'to slay 'thee timeless with my proper tongue: with lips thou knowest 'that love thee,' Erechtheus approaches his Queen Praxithea with the terrible announcement trembling on his faltering lips.

Strong as his nature seemed under the trials imposed upon him, it is shamed by Praxithea's more sublime resolution. The pious submission which was a struggle in him, comes more easily to the reverent instincts of her womanly nature. Moreover, the shock is deadened to her—and it shows how highly wrought are the tragic elements in the drama—by the first impression that it is her own life-blood that is to pay the ransom demanded by destiny. The trifling with words and catching at quibbles, the tantalizing dallying with their crushing misery in the quick exchange of single lines, is not inconsistent with classical canons and models, though it jars somewhat roughly on our ideas of the natural:—

ERECOTHEUS.

'Thy blood the Gods require not; take this first.

PRAXITHEA.

To me than thee more grievous this should sound.

ERECOTHEUS.

That word rang truer and bitterer than it knew.

PRAXITHEA.

This is not then thy grief, to see me die?

ERECOTHEUS.

Die thou shalt not, yet give thy blood to death.'

And so on for another page in swift retort and rejoinder, till at last the husband exclaiming, 'O woman thou hast shamed my heart with thine,' imparts to her their grievous case in its harsh reality; and the chorus chimes in with a wail of lamentations over the response to the national appeal to the sun-god.

The feelings have been worked up to their highest pitch, when Chthonia, the grand central figure of the tragedy, comes gliding on to the stage from her virgin chamber. Unconscious as yet of the part the Gods have reserved for herself, she seeks to share the grief that is overpowering her mother. The girl does not make light of the life she enjoys, yet, all stricken by surprise as she is, she forgets herself in the thought of her country, and thinks little of herself and much of her parents. She listens while Praxithea tells in the language of lofty metaphor of the swelling wave of war that Poseidon's wrath is driving on her devoted people. She seems to cower under the impression of

'its ridge,

Foam-rimmed and hollow like the womb of heaven,
But black for shining and with death for life
Big now to birth and ripe with child, full blown

With fear and fruit of havoc, takes the sun
 Out of our eyes, darkening the day, and blinds
 The fair sky's face unseasonably with change,
 A cloud in one and billow of battle, a surge
 High reared as heaven with monstrous surf of spears,
 That shake on us their shadow, till men's heads
 Bend, and their hearts even with its forward wind
 Wither.'

But she cowers only to rise again in the proud sense of the
 sublimity of her beneficent destiny to respond to the bitter yet
 tender apostrophe to which Praxithea has worked herself:—

'Come therefore, I will make thee fit for death,
 I that could give, thee, dear no gift at birth
 Save of light life that breathes and bleeds, even I
 Will help thee to this better gift than mine
 And lead thee by this little living hand
 That death shall make so strong to that great end
 Whence it shall lighten like a God's and strike
 Dead the strong heart of battle that would break
 Athens.'

In the succeeding chorus, amplifying an allusion in Praxithea's lament to her ravished daughter Oryeithia, we have a grand description of the rude wooing of the North Wind. In the onomatopœic whirl of the verses, and their harsh occasional hurry, you can almost fancy you are listening to the passionate approach of the storm in the bending of crashing branches, and the rustle of the swirling leaves:—

'With a leap of his limbs as a lion's, a cry from his lips as of thunder,
 In a storm of amorous godhead filled with fire,
 From the height of heaven that was rent with the roar of his coming
 in sunder,
 Sprang the strong God on the spoil of his desire.
 And the pines of the hills were as green reeds shattered,
 And their branches as buds of the soft spring scattered,
 And the west wind and east and the sound of the south,
 Fell dumb at the blast of the north wind's mouth,
 At the cry of his coming out of heaven.

But she knew not his coming for terror; she felt not the wrong that
 he wrought her,
 When her locks as leaves were shed before his breath,
 And she heard not for terror his prayer, though the cry was a God's
 that besought her,
 Blown from lips that strew the world-wide seas with death.'

The transition to wild imagery in that chorus, and to the
 fierce action of nature in its blustering mood from the quiet

deep pathos of the dialogue between mother and daughter, appropriately ushers in the advent of the herald of Eumolpus, who strides forward breathing threatenings and slaughter. Appropriately too, after the fashion of the heroes of the Homeric ages, pride of deeds and race wings the stinging words of the foemen, as their spirits chafe and kindle to the savage repartee. But Erechtheus, recalled to himself, falls back into his character as it has been presented to us, and on the dignity that is born of the gravity of the circumstances and the immensity of his woes. Some God seems to inspire him with a flash of prophetic inspiration and to let in a glimmer through the shadows that fall between him and the future. He silences the railing defiance of the herald, and dismisses him with a solemn message and warning to the leader of the rival hosts:—

‘ the next,
That ear of his from tongue of mine may take,
Must be the first word spoken underground,
From dead to dead in darkness.’

And in solemn sympathy with the momentous announcement, is the moralising of the chorus in a well-sustained metaphor. It is the fault of their religion that it can offer them little comfort beyond the cheerless tranquillity of the grave:—

‘ Death at best for all men is a harbour; yet they flee from it;
Set sails to the storm wind and again to sea;
Yet for all their labours, no whit further shall they be from it;
Nor longer but wearier shall their life's work be.’

Yet though death must be the inevitable end of all, they implore Athena, herself a maid, to have compassion on the innocent youth of Chthonia. Let not the fate of Athens be averted by the sacrifice of a virgin victim, nor the splendid future of the city be stained by the taint of her blood. On them at least the horror of this maiden sacrifice lies heavy, and after conjuring up a vivid picture of harrowing details that may even shake the constancy of the priestly minister of the Fates, they strive to win the Goddess to tardy interposition, in verses that perhaps by the force of contrast strike us as the lightest and most sparkling in the volume. In their exquisitely volatile grace they remind us sometimes of Milton and sometimes of Shelley. It is thus the chorus express their reverent affection, and the pride they feel in their patron Goddess:—

‘ Bloodless are her works and sweet
All the ways that feel her feet;
From the empire of her eyes
Light takes life and darkness flies;

From the harvest of her hands
 Wealth strikes root in prosperous lands:
 Wisdom of her word is made:
 At her strength is strength afraid:
 From the beam of her bright spear
 War's fleet foot goes back for fear;
 In her hand she reared the birth
 Fire-begotten on live earth;
 Glory from her helm was shed
 On his olive-shadowed head;
 By no hand but his shall she
 Scourge the storms back of the sea;
 To no fame but his shall give
 Grace being dead with her to live,
 And in double name divine
 Half the Godhead of their shrine.'

The choral song closes in an outburst of lamentation over the 'black-stoled bride,' who is to be wedded to the grave in the pride of her beauty. Chthonia herself comes forward to 'bewail' her virginity like the 'daughter of the warrior Gileadite,' in a swift interchange of soft triplets with the chorus and her mother, and the triplets shape themselves naturally into a wild sad blending of triumph and lament. Through the fatal gates that are opening for the victim, they see light out of darkness breaking upon Athens. For Chthonia herself, she is fixing her rapt gaze on the halo of immortal glory that is to encircle her memory; with her the bitterness of death is almost changing to sweetness, although her thoughts from time to time will turn to the terrible ordeal through which she must pass, and the appalling mortal realities that must precede her glorious apotheosis. It is her feeling that those who die, not only young but honoured, are the most dearly beloved of the Gods, and she comforts herself with thinking that in the hour of dissolution she will be welcomed to her rest by her divine kindred. Chthonia (derived from *χθών*, the earth) prays 'her great father's mother'

'Take me now gently, tenderly take home,
 And softly lay in his my cold chaste hand
 Who is called of men by my name, being of Gods
 Changed only and chosen to bring man under earth,
 And now must lead and stay me with his staff,
 A silent soul led of a silent God,
 Towards sightless things led sightless.'

Then Praxithea, struggling hard to be still submissive, now that the inevitable moment is slowly approaching, indulges in a natural outbreak of melancholy reminiscences that recall the

touching memories of her child's infancy; and makes formal sacrifice of the fond motherly hopes that had been blooming and blossoming with the girl's beautiful maidenhood. Her farewell spoken to the city she is to redeem, and a blessing left behind her that takes the form of reassuring prediction from the solemnity of the circumstances in which it is spoken, Chthonia glides down from the stage with an 'I go to my death.' There is an interlude while the tragedy is supposed to be enacting, and then a messenger arrives with the tidings. Our sensibility is spared as much as may be, though necessarily it is with something of a shudder that the grim scene is brought home to us with 'the sheer knife's edge' set to the snow-white throat, and loosing the strong spirit 'from the fair bondage of so 'spotless flesh.' But that touch of realistic horror was perhaps indispensable, that we might conceive the serene exaltation of the maiden, who had shaken herself free from the fetters of earthly regrets, and stood with the radiancy of Elysium reflected on her features:—

' The maiden stood
With light in all her face as if a bride
Smiling, a shine of festal flame by night
Far flung from towers of triumph; and her lips
Trembled with pride in pleasure.'

There is a remarkable grace, too, thrown over the pathetic picture of 'the mother, looking on in speechless misery at the spectacle, while the blood of the cherished victim is trickling to her feet from the steps of the altar:—

' but the queen
Groaned not, nor spoke, nor wept, but as a dream
Floats out of eyes awakening so poured forth,
Ghost-like, a shadow of sorrow from all sight
To the inner court and chamber where she sits
Dumb, till word reach her of this whole day's end.'

For the horrors of the eventful day did not end with the offering of Chthonia. The dramatic situation is complicated by the necessity of introducing the suicide of her two remaining sisters, which bereaves the House of Erechtheus of the last of its children, and leaves the widowed queen in absolute isolation when her husband has been stricken dead on the battlefield. Mr. Swinburne turns the incident ingeniously to his purpose, using it with most powerful artistic effect. The sacrifice has been consummated that should save the state, but a great gloom of half-guilty horror has fallen on the people. The decisive battle is still to be fought, and the horizon over the gathering hosts looms redder and more lowering than before. Not only has it not pleased Athena to permit the people

some other means of propitiation than the death of the guiltless, but as if the Furies were interposing as well as the Fates, more innocent blood has been flowing in an evil inspiration of frenzy and terror. In the thickening of sombre apprehensions it appears that all that virgin blood must 'fall and fix on this 'land's forehead like a curse that cleaves—' and the hour

'Now blackens towards the battle that must close
All gates of hope and fear on all their hearts
Who tremble towards its issue.'

And now come the longest and grandest of the choruses: they give frenzied vent to their overpowering anxiety, conjure up the picture of the eventful battle, where the powers of air and earth are clashing together in fourfold conflict, and address Phœbus Apollo with appeals and almost with imprecations, as if they might move him to listen to them by their much crying. And in no part of his stirring drama does Mr. Swinburne show more genuine or more sustained inspiration. We can imagine that he has abandoned himself entirely to the thrilling sensations of his plot, and animated himself with the over-wrought feelings of an emotional people agitating itself on the imminent crisis of its fate. Consequently we have an increasing sense of embarrassment in picking and choosing among the magnificent passages which we feel should be transcribed bodily if we are to do justice to their sense and spirit.

Has not mortal faith been sufficiently tried by the prolonged period of agonising suspense? Is it not time that the friendly powers of heaven should send some visible sign of encouragement? Will their kindred deities, the Earth who gave birth to their monarch, the North Wind whose fierce passion has robbed him of his child, continue to look on in unmoved indifference, to give firm footing to the invading hosts, or to fill the swelling sails of their war galleys? To the preternaturally sharpened senses of the chorus, the sights and noise of the battle become visible and audible in inspired hallucination; and the sounds come with a roar and crash through verses that vividly reflect the scenes:—

'For now not in word but in deed is the harvest of spears begun,
And its clamour out-bellows the thunder, its lightning out-lightens
the sun.

From the springs of the morning it lightens and thunders across and
afar

To the wave where the moonset ends and the fall of the last low star.
With a trampling of drenched red hoofs and an earthquake of men
that meet,

Strong war sets hand to the scythe and the furrows take fire from his
feet,

Earth groans from her great rent heart, and the hollows of rock are
afraid,
And the mountains are moved, and the valleys as waves in a storm
wind swayed;
From the roots of the hills to the plains' dim verge, and the dark loud
shore.
Air shudders with shrill spears crossing, and hurtling of wheels that
roar.
As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion that foam as they crash
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock of the poles that crash.
The dense manes darken and glitter, the mouths of the mad steeds
champ,
Their heads flash blind through the battle, and death's foot rings in
their tramp.
For a fourfold host in earth and in heaven is arrayed for the fight,
Clouds ruining in thunder and armies encountering as clouds in the
night.
Mine ears are amazed with the terror of trumpets, with darkness mine
eyes,
At the sound of the sea's host charging that deafens the roar of the sky's.
Whilst gauntlet is dashed upon gauntlet, and horse against horse reels
hurled,
And the gorge of the gulfs of the battle is wide for the spoil of the
world.
And the meadows are cumbered with shipwreck of chariots that
founder on land,
And the horsemen are broken with breach as of breakers and scattered
as sand,
Through the roar and recoil of the charges that mingle their cries and
confound,
Like fire are the notes of the trumpets that flash through the darkness
of sound.
As the swing of the sea churned yellow that sways with the wind as it
swells
Is the lift and relapse of the wave of the chargers that clash with their
bells;
And the clang of the sharp shrill brass through the burst of the wave
as its shocks,
Rings clear as the clear winds' cry through the roar of the surge in the
rocks:
And the heads of the steeds in their headgear of war, and their
corseleted breasts,
Gleam lurid as the brows of the billows that brighten the storm with
their crests.'

We must leave our readers to go to the poem for the rest.
If they care to call in the art of the painter to the aid of
imagination, we recommend to them that grand battle-piece of
Salvator Rosa's that hangs in the long gallery of the Louvre,
where classical combatants, wearing the spoils of the chase

over the armour that but partially covers their stalwart limbs, are meeting in the deadly shock of a hand-to-hand struggle, under lurid and lowering skies, among the desecrated temples of the gods of Greece, in a landscape half-lighted by blazing buildings. As this war has been kindled by the wrath of Poseidon, there is an especial propriety in the comparisons being drawn from the ocean chafing under the violence of a storm, and Mr. Swinburne has sustained them throughout with equal spirit and consistency. Then leaving everything below in tempestuous convulsion to the horrors of impending chaos and the blackness of approaching night, the chorus averts its terror-stricken eyes and raises them in renewed entreaties to the Sun-god. But no more in the heavens than on the earth is there a sign as yet of the divine relenting, and again they pass from supplication to taunts :—

' But thou fair beauty of heaven, dear face of the day nigh dead,
What horror hath hidden thy glory, what hand hath muffled thy head?
O Sun, with what song shall we call thee, or ward off thy wrath by
what name,
With what prayer shall we seek to thee, soothe with what incense,
avenge with what gift,
If thy light be such only as lightens to deathward the seaman adrift,
With the fire of his house for a beacon that foemen have wasted with
flame ?

Who hath blinded thee ? Who hath prevailed on thee ? Who hath
enanared ?

Who hath broken thy bow and the shafts for thy battle prepared ?
Have they found out a fetter to bind thee, a chain for thine arm that
was bared ?

Be the name of thy conqueror set forth, and the might of thy master
declared.

O God, fair God of the morning, O glory of day,
What ails thee to cast from thy forehead its garland away ?
To pluck from thy temples their chaplet enwreathed of the light,
And bind on the brows of thy Godhead a frontlet of light ?
Thou hast loosened the necks of thy horses and goaded their flanks
with affright,

To the race of a course that we know not, on ways that are hid from
our sight ;

As a wind through the darkness the wheels of their chariot are
whirled,

And the light of its passage is night on the face of the world.

And there falls from the wings of thy glory no help from on high,

But a shadow that smites us with fear and desire of thine eye ;

For our hearts are as reeds that a wind in the water bows down and
goes by,

' lo behold not thy comfort in heaven that hath left us untimely to die.'

In the thought as in the sound nothing can well be finer than the couplet,

'Thou hast loosened the necks of thy horses and goaded their flanks
with affright,
To the race of a course that we know not, on ways that are hid from
our sight,'

mythologically expressive as it is of the failing faith and gathering despair of the heaven-gaping multitude. Then there is a graceful change in the description, as the sign that had been so frantically prayed for makes its appearance at last, and hope comes back to them, though at first hesitatingly, with the glory of the slanting sunbeams that are seen breaking out through the darkness:—

'He has glanced into golden the grey sea-strands,
And the clouds are shot through with the fires of his hands,
And the height of the hollow of heaven that he fills
As the heart of a strong man is quickened and thrills;
High over the folds of the low-lying lands,
On the shadowless hills
As a guard on his watch-tower he stands.
All earth and all ocean, all depth and all height,
At the flash of an eyebeam are filled with his might:
The sea roars backwards, the storm drops dumb,
And silence as dew on the fire of the fight
Falls kind in our ears as his face in our sight
With presage of peace to come.'

These 'clouds shot through with the fires of his hands' are the presage of the mingled joy and sorrow in store for the Athenians; joy and sorrow that run intertwining in alternate threads through the lyrical interchange of single lines between the chorus and the herald who has brought the news of the battle. The great sacrifice has answered its end. The drama has culminated in the defeat and confusion of the menacing hosts; Eumolpus has fallen on the spear of Erechtheus, but the monarch himself has been struck down in the moment of his victory by a bolt launched straight from the hand of Zeus. The shock of the hosts and the recoil of the enemy are rendered with great power, but after all they are necessarily very much a repetition of the scenes that have been already vividly evoked by the patriotic imagination of the chorus. There was a lull in the fierce war, and gods and men alike held their hands for the time being, while the rival leaders meet in Homeric fashion to decide the day as selected champions. Still the religious element is consistently evolved in the language

Erechtheus hurls at his enemy, in the shape of a short, sharp, pious prayer to Zeus:—

‘O Father-God,
Source of the God my father, from thine hand
Send me what end seems good now in thy sight,
But death from mine to this man.’

The fatal spear-thrust, followed by the deadly thunder-bolt, come as a speedy and startling answer. Preserving the metaphor of the wild inundation washing up over the solid earth, and threatening everything with a devastating deluge, the host of Eumolpus stricken through the heart of its chief, ‘in fierce recoil drew seaward, as with one wild wail of waves.’ It is the commanding presence of Sorrow incarnate in the form of the fearfully stricken Praxithea, that compels to an outburst of blunt but sympathetic speech the messenger of the tidings of good and evil who has been reluctantly dallying with the dire announcement. And even then the miserable queen, who has seen all the tendrils of her domestic affections shrivelling up under the blighting dispensations of the gods, is still true to herself and her reverent and heroic nature. Of herself and her personal feelings she dare say nothing, but she has just strength left her for the utterance—‘I praise the gods for Athens.’ When our sympathies with her have been strained to the uttermost, there is satisfaction in feeling that she has her reward and some consolation. At least it is given her to know that her bereavements have borne their fruit, and that the successive strokes that have spread desolation round her hearth have assured the foundations of her much-loved city. Athena, silent for so long and seemingly serenely indifferent, breaks forth into speech at last with no uncertain sound, and the drama comes to a close with a prophetic revelation of the greatness and the immortality of glory, for which Athens has been preserved. For

‘—time nor earth nor changing sons of man,
Nor waves of generations, nor the winds
Of ages risen and fallen that steer their tides
Through light and dark of birth and lovelier death
From storm towards haven inviolable, shall see
So great a light alive beneath the sun
As the aweless eye of Athens; all fame else
Shall be to her fame as a shadow in sleep
To this wide noon at waking.’

We have little left to add. We have gone sufficiently into analysis of the drama in its conception and construction, to show that it is not only highly artistic but essentially Greek.

And we have indulged in amplitude and variety enough of quotation to enable our readers to judge for themselves, whether we have in any degree exceeded in our praises of the grace and spirit of the execution. We think there can hardly be a question that Mr. Swinburne's beautiful poem is singularly free from faults; if we have been conscious of drawbacks that have interfered with our entire enjoyment, some will be found to be inherent in the form or design of composition, while others at the worst are less faults than blemishes. Thus when a single overpowering idea is engrossing the minds alike of actors and spectators; while the whole machinery is working along converging lines towards the grand central event on which everything is to turn, it is impossible to escape from occasional repetition of description, or to avoid some iteration of thought and expression. The more striking the leading situations, the more thrilling the subordinate incidents, the higher the pitch of tension to which the feelings are strung and the loftier the tone of passion on which the speech is pitched, the more does that difficulty increase in proportion. It says much for the versatility of the dramatist's gifts, for the flexibility of his imagination and the fluency of his versification, that he has eluded the difficulty with such signal success. Occasionally there may be some slight obscurity in his thought—we fail to follow him in a far-fetched fancy, or doubt how far we may have rightly interpreted his meaning—even when we have tried to elucidate it by the light of the context. But in '*Erechtheus*' we find fewer causes for complaint of the kind than in any of his earlier dramas; and we need hardly say that he is a model of transparent simplicity compared to some of his most distinguished contemporaries. Following *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* rather than the poet who anticipated him more than two thousand years ago in the treatment of his subject, he has dispensed altogether with the powerful agency of love, although it might apparently have been employed with telling effect to intensify the struggle in the bosom of *Chthonia* between her love of life and her devotion for her country. In resisting a temptation which might have proved irresistible to an inferior poet, he has given proof of his resolutely conscientious adherence to the severe grandeur of his classical design; and the result is a noble specimen of the antique drama, in which he has held up for admiration and inspiration the deeds, the sentiments, and the sufferings of an exalted race of godlike beings, who have enough of our common nature in theirs to encourage a high-minded heathen community in taking them as the noblest models for imitation.

ART. VII.—1. *The Native Princes and States of India.* By Lieutenant-Colonel MALLESON, Resident at Mysore. 8vo. London: 1875.

2. *India and its Native Princes.* By LOUIS ROUSSELET. English edition. London: 1875.

ONE of the popular notions in England and Europe regarding the establishment of the British empire in India is that our conquests absorbed nationalities, displaced long-seated dynasties, and levelled ancient nobilities. These are the self-accusations by which the average Englishman justifies to himself the indulgence of sitting down and casting dust on his head whenever he reviews the exploits of his countrymen in India—an attitude which is observed by foreigners with suspicion or impatience according to their insight into English character. Yet it would be easy to prove that one important reason why the English so rapidly conquered India was this, that the countries which fell into our hands had no nationalities, nor long-seated ruling dynasties, nor ancient aristocracies; had, in fact, no solid or permanent organisation of the kind, but were politically treasure trove, and at the disposal of the first who, having found, could keep. The best proof that in these countries the English destroyed no organised political institutions is the historical fact that in the countries which they annexed none had been left for them to destroy. On the other hand, where indigenous political institutions of long standing do still exist, it is the English who have saved them from destruction. We propose to give some description of the only considerable region of India in which such institutions still practically survive, having resisted for centuries the incessant attacks of Mahomedan invaders, and the crushing weight of the Moghal empire. That these institutions did not at last topple over and disappear towards the end of that long storm of anarchy which swept the length and breadth of India for a hundred years after the death of the Emperor Aurungzeb in 1707, is mainly due to their protection at the last moment by the English, who may thus claim at least the credit of having rescued the only ancient political structures in India which their predecessors had been unable to demolish. The subject has acquired additional importance at the present moment from the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, and from the recent addition to her Majesty's style and title. No incident of the Prince's visit was more remarkable than the unanimity with which the proudest native Chiefs acknowledged his pre-

eminence in rank and dignity to a degree which in India means an admission of political supremacy. We think it was at least needless and premature to raise, by implication, the formal question of the relation of the native states of India to the Sovereign power by an alteration of the title of the Queen; but if the proposal was a foolish one, the Government have at least had the good sense to use the title as little as possible.

The region to which we refer is that which is now called, in the administrative nomenclature of the Indian empire, Rājputāna; and, by the natives of India, Rājasthān, or the Country of the Chiefs. It is the region within which the pure-blooded Rājput clans have maintained their independence under their own chieftains, and have in some instances kept together their primitive societies, ever since the dominion of the Rājputs over the great plains of North-Western India was cast down and broken to pieces seven centuries ago by the Musulmān irruptions from Central Asia. The first Musulmān invasions found Rājput dynasties ruling in all the chief cities of the north, and over the rich Gangetic plains eastward to the confines of modern Bengal—at Lahore, Delhi, Kanauj, and Ayodhya. Out of these great cities and fertile lands the Rājput chiefs were driven forth southward and westward into the central regions of India, where a more difficult country gave them a second line of defence against the foreigners. And this line they have held not unsuccessfully up to the present day. The boundaries of their actual territory are not easily defined without a map, though no boundaries of political territory in India have varied so little in historic times. After the earliest Mahomedan conquests the Rājput country seems to have extended (speaking roughly) from the Indus and the Sutlej on the west and north-west, right across the Indian continent eastward up to the vicinity of the Jumna river at Agra and Delhi, and southward until it touched the Vindhya range of mountains. This great central region had for its natural barriers on the west and north-west the desert, on the east the rocky broken tracts which run along west of the Jumna, and on the south the passes and woodlands of the Vindhya mountains. And though in many parts of this country, to the south and south-east especially, the dominion of the Rājputs has been overlaid by Musulmān or Maratha usurpations, yet everywhere Rājput septs or petty chiefships may still be found existing in various degrees of independence. And there are, of course, Rājput chiefs outside Rājputāna altogether, though none of political importance.

But Rājputāna proper, the country still under the independent rule of the most ancient families of the purest clans, may now be understood generally to mean the great tract that would be crossed by two lines, of which one should be drawn on the map of India from the frontier of Sind eastward to the gates of Agra; and the other from the southern border of the Punjab Government near the Sutlej southward and south-eastward until it meets the broad belt of Maratha States under the Guicowar, Holkar, and Scindia, which runs across India from Baroda to Gwalior. This territory is divided into nineteen states, of which sixteen are possessed by Rājput clans, and the chief of the clan or sept is the state's ruler. For a very picturesque, unusually accurate, and sympathetic description of the country and its people at the present day, we may refer to the book of travel by M. Louis Rousselet, which is named at the head of this article.

Of these states the highest in rank and the most important politically are the states of Oodeypoor, Jodhpoor, and Jeypoor. The ancestors of the family which now rules in Oodeypoor were hereditary leaders of the clan which has held from time immemorial, from a date before the earliest Mahomedan invasion, the country which now forms the territory of their Chief—the chiefs of Jodhpoor and Jeypoor are the descendants of families who gave princes to the tribes that were dominant in Upper India before the Musulmāns came. In fact, all these states have very much the same territorial origin; they are the lands which a clan, or a sept, or a family, has seized and settled upon, and has managed to hold fast through centuries of warfare. And what we know of the manner in which these states were founded gives a very fair sample of the movements and changes of the primitive world. When the Rājput tribes lost their dominion in the rich Gangetic plains, one part of each clan seems to have remained in the conquered country, having submitted to the foreigner, cultivating in strong communities of villages and federations of villages, and paying such land tax as the ruler could extract. These communities still exist and flourish in British India, where there are very many more Rājputs than in Rājputāna. Another part of the clan—probably the near kinsmen of the defeated chief—followed his family into exile, and helped him to carve out another, but a much poorer, dominion. They discovered a tract just productive enough to yield them food, and wild enough to shelter them from the great armies of the foreigner. Here the chief built himself a fort upon a hill; his clansmen slew or subdued the tribes they found in possession of the soil,

and the lands were all parcelled off among the chief's kinsfolk, the indigenous proprietors being subjected to payment of a land-tax, but not otherwise degraded. Having thus made a settlement and a city of refuge, the chief and his Rajpúts started upon an interminable career of feuds and forays, striving eternally to enlarge their borders at the cost of their neighbours. When the land grew too strait for the support of the chief's family, or of the sept, that is, when there were no vacant allotments, a landless son of the chief would assemble a band and set forth to make room for himself elsewhere. If he was lucky, he found his room; if not, the family was rid of his company; in either event he never came back. In this way the whole country of Rajpútána was occupied by the clans and septs which we now find there; and their territories are now called by us States; but these States are constitutionally quite unlike any others in India. For while everything else in the political order of India has changed, the Rajpút States have managed to preserve unaltered much of their original structure, built up out of the needs and circumstances of primitive life. The strain of incessant warfare in which these tribal sovereignties were engaged from their foundation centuries ago until the English peace of 1818, has served to keep tight the bonds which hold them together, without being violent enough to break them asunder. Of course the original type has undergone some modifications; towns have grown up round the ancient forts; the lands of each sept have gradually, and by constant friction, rounded themselves off into distinct territories; and the chiefs have in some instances succeeded in modernising their status towards the likeness of territorial sovereignty. But on the whole there are probably few or no political fabrics having any pretence to be called States, in any part of historic Asia, which have suffered so little essential change between the eleventh and nineteenth centuries—a period which for Rajpútána was one long war-time—as the existing Rajpút States have suffered from their settlement in Central India down to the final pacification of their country under Lord Hastings.

During these seven centuries or so the Rajpút clans had various fortunes. The kings of the early Musulmán dynasties in North India pierced their country from end to end by rapid rushing invasions, plundering and ransoming, breaking the idols, and razing the beautifully sculptured temples, Buddhist and Brahmanic. But so long as the object of these incursions was mere booty or fanatical slaughter, there was not much to be got out of the interior of Rajpútána. The chiefs retired to

their fortresses, great circumvallations of the broad tops of scarped hills, with three or four lines of defence—strongholds which cost the enemy a siege of some twelve or eighteen months, with the grand finale of a desperate sally *en masse* upon your lines by the garrison, without hope or fear, dressed in saffron garments, drunk with opium and with the blood of their own woman-kind. This was paying rather dear for a warlike triumph; and as for conquest in the sense of establishing permanent dominion, the country was not worth the trouble of holding it against the clans and their faithful allies, the aboriginal non-Aryan tribes of the jungle. So early as the end of the twelfth century, nevertheless, the Mahomedans had discovered the great importance, as a *point d'appui* in the middle of the Rājput country, of Ajmere—a city lying at the foot of an almost impregnable hill fort, well watered for these arid tracts, in a situation at once strong, central, and most picturesque. The fort was taken by the Afghan King Shaháb-ud-din at the end of the twelfth century, and since then has been lost and won several times; its possession being the symbol of political predominance in Rājputána, until in 1818 it was yielded up by the Marathas to the English.

If we except this important occupation of Ajmere, the Mahomedan inroads made little lasting impression upon the Rājput countries up to the end of the fourteenth century. The capture of even the chief fortresses of a clan, as of Chitor, the citadel of the Sesodias, was only one of the more famous incidents, marked by unusual carnage, of constant war. But in the fifteenth century the clans began to lose ground, and the Musulmán kings of Gúzerat and of Malwa wrested from them some of their most fertile territories to the south and southwest. For a short interval in the sixteenth century, indeed, the talents and valour of the famous Rána Sanga of Oodeypoor, the Chief of the Sesodia clan, once more enlarged the borders of the Rājputs. This was the leader who in 1527, at the head of all the cavalry of the united clans (said to have numbered 100,000 horsemen), encountered the Emperor Baber near Agra on the eastern frontier of Rājputána, and was defeated after a furious conflict. Baber's victory founded the empire of the Moghals, as it is popularly called in India as well as in England, and the Rājputs then lost their last chance of regaining their ancient dominion in the north. After his death the struggle for empire between Baber's family and the Afghan Sher Shah, which lasted up to the accession of the great Akbar in 1560, allowed an able chief of the Rathores to attain political power and independence in Rājputána. But the Em-

peror Akbar represented the power of the Moghal empire at the full, wielded by one man of singular ability both in civil and military affairs. He undertook to subdue and settle Rajpútána systematically; Chitor, the citadel of the premier chief of the eldest clan, was again besieged and taken with the usual desperate sortie and massacre of the defenders; the other chiefs were overawed and conciliated. Akbar took to wife the daughters of two great Rajpút families; he gave their sons high rank in his army, and succeeded in enlisting the Rajpúts (except only the proud Sesodia clan) not only as tributaries but as adherents. After him Jehángír made Ajmere his headquarters; the Rajpút princesses became the wives and mothers of Moghal emperors; the chiefs entered the imperial service as governors and generals; and the headlong charges of their Rajpút cavalry became famous in the wars of the empire. The Emperors Jehángír and Sháh Jehán were both sons of Rajpút mothers; their kinship with the clans helped them powerfully in the contest which every emperor had to pass through before he could succeed to the throne, while the strain of Hindu blood softened their fanaticism and mitigated their foreign contempt for the natives of India. But Aurungzeb, the son of Sháh Jehán, was a Mahomedan by full parentage, and a bigoted Islamite by temper; the Rajpúts had fought hard on the side of his elder brother Dára against his usurpation, and the Sesodia chief of Oodeypoor had actually intercepted a daughter of the Rathore family who had been betrothed to Aurungzeb. So he made bitter war, though very unsuccessfully, on the Sesodias and in Rajpútána generally, whereby he had thoroughly alienated the clans before he died.

The whole period of 151 years, from Akbar's accession to Aurungzeb's death, is occupied by the reigns of only four emperors. In the East a long reign means a strong reign; and for a century and a half the Moghal was fairly India's master. The political effect upon Rajpútána was that, whereas up to the reign of Akbar the Rajpút clans had maintained a warlike independence, from the beginning of the seventeenth century we may regard their chiefs as having become feudatories of the empire,* which was their natural and honourable relation to the paramount power whose territory encircled them, and with whose military calibre they had no pretence to compete. They

* The *Ain-i-Akbari*, which purports to contain an official survey of all the possessions and dependencies of the Moghal empire in 1600 A.D., parcelled out into 12 grand divisions called *Soubahs*, includes very nearly the whole of the Rajpút territories in *Soubah Ajmere*.

did formal homage to the Emperors, and furnished regular contingents of troops. And this relation was undoubtedly acknowledged as the political status of the chiefs, until the sinking Moghal empire got hopelessly among the breakers, and was finally wrecked by Maratha freebooters. What followed was not the ordinary interlude of confusion between two long and strong reigns, as heretofore in the annals of Moghal empire; it was the beginning of the empire's end. Aurungzeb's imprudent greed for extensive conquests had ruined the vast fabric so firmly built up by his great-grandfather. He made the fatal political error of attacking and subverting the Musulmán kingdoms in the South of India, which had kept in subjection the Hindus of the peninsula; and he thus let loose upon himself the Marathas of the Deccan, who ruined his dynasty. Four able rulers had occupied the throne in succession. It could not be expected that a fifth emperor should arise, capable of coping with a state of public affairs much more complicated and dangerous than any which his three predecessors had faced; and so the Moghal empire went to pieces; it was literally pulled asunder by wild horsemen. During the century which followed the death of Aurungzeb, from 1707 to 1807, all the dynasties and principalities now existing in India, except only the Rajpút States, and several which no longer exist, were set up.* It was an era of chaos unprecedented even in the annals of Asiatic history, such an era as only follows the break-up of a wide-spreading despotic empire which has so carefully knocked out and cut away all internal or local stays and ties that its fall, when it comes, is a ruinous crash, and leaves a vast territory in a state of complete political dissolution. The Moghal empire had made a clean sweep of indigenous political institutions within its sway; and in their turn the Marathas, aided in the work of destruction by Nádir Shah, by the Afghans, Sikhs, Játs, revolted viceroys, and rebellious military adventurers generally, made a clean sweep of the Moghal empire. At the end of the last century very few indeed of the reigning families in India could boast more than twenty-five years of independent and definite political existence; while the Rajpút chieftainships, the only ancient political groups left in India, were threatened with imminent obliteration.

* We may, perhaps, except the State of Travancore, in the extreme corner of the peninsula. But this had been half swallowed up by Tippoo of Mysore, when we made him disgorge. As for Mysore itself, the present dynasty is of British creation, dating from the year 1867.

From destruction these states were rescued only by seeking shelter at last within the sphere of the political system of the English. We owe the present constitution of our paramount sovereignty to three Governors-General—to Lord Wellesley, Lord Hastings, and Lord Dalhousie—who at different epochs pushed forward the broad policy of establishing British supremacy, and the recognition of the British guarantee for order and territorial possessions, by treaties, alliances, and subsidies, throughout all India. When, in 1803, war broke out between the English and the Maratha powers, Scindia and Holkar were deliberately ruining Rajpútána, lacerating it by violent incursions, or bleeding it scientifically by a horde of relentless tax-gatherers; Ameer Khan, the Pathan filibuster, was living at free quarters in the heart of the country; the clans had been exhausted, and their lands desolated by thirty years' incessant war within their own territories. The three principal States of Oodeypoor, Jodhpoor, and Jeypoor were in the utmost distress, and the whole group of chieftainships was close upon collapse; when Lord Wellesley struck in. By the sharp fighting which ensued Scindia was politically disabled for life, and Holkar, after hunting poor Colonel Monson right across Rajpútána, was himself driven off by Lord Lake, who smote him blow upon blow. But upon Lord Wellesley's departure our policy changed; we drew back from what seemed to Lord Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow a dangerous network of new ties and responsibilities, and we attempted to contract the sphere of British influence; that is to say, we left all Central India, including Rajpútána, to take care of itself. The consequence was that which in India has always followed a retrograde movement, whether in the cabinet or in the field—the situation became much more dangerous; the great predatory leaders of Central India enriched themselves with the spoils of the country which we had abandoned to them, and became seriously arrogant and aggressive towards ourselves. These backward steps by the English in India, being always inevitably followed by an advance far beyond the original halting place, have come to be regarded by native politicians as a *recul pour mieux sauter*, and have much helped to build up our popular reputation for deep perfidious calculations. In the present instance the attitude of 'masterly inactivity' lasted nearly ten years, an unusually long term for India. Rajputána was being desolated during this interval. General Arthur Wellesley, the soundest of Indian politicians, had long before pointed out how the cessation of arms enforced over one large portion of India must for the time aggravate

disorder in that other portion with which the pacifying authority refuses to interfere. Large bodies of disbanded troops go from the pacified or protected countries to become banditti too strong for the weak police of the states left by us to their own resources; while round these unlucky states the British Government establishes a cordon of rigid irresistible order which shuts up all the brigands of India within a ring-fence. The roving bands had increased and multiplied in Central India into Pindaree hordes, until, in 1814, Ameer Khan was living upon Rajpútána with a compact army of at least 30,000 horse and foot and a strong artillery. That a regular army of this calibre should have been moving at large among the Rajpút states, entirely disconnected with any recognisable government or nationality, and absolutely free from the trammels of any political or civil responsibility, is a strong illustration of the condition of the country. The Rajpút chieftainships of Jodhpoor and Jeypoor had brought themselves to the verge of extinction by the famous war between the two ruling chiefs for the hand of the princess Kishen Konwar, of Oodeypore. The story is well known and perfectly authentic (though it is of precisely the kind which a little play of the imagination might transmute into a solar myth); and the fact that these two states, surrounded by mortal enemies and in the direst political peril, should have engaged in a furious blood feud over a dubious point of honour, shows at once that the Rajpúts were a people quite apart from the rest of India, and strikes the primitive note in their political character. The plundering Marathas and Patháns, to whom such a *casus belli* must have appeared supremely absurd, encouraged and strenuously aided the two chiefs to destroy each other, until the dispute was compromised upon the basis of poisoning the princess—a termination which very fairly illustrates the real nature of barbaric chivalry.

The Marquis of Hastings thought it high time to interpose before Scindia and the Pindaree captains should have eaten up all the minor principalities and set themselves up as formidable fighting powers in their stead. He determined to extinguish the predatory system, to stop the annexations of the Maratha chiefs, and to extend over Rajpútána British supremacy and its correlative—protection and territorial guarantee. This was done by the treaties of 1818 and by the Pindaree war; the free companies were driven out; Ameer Khan and the Marathas were partly bribed to let go the Rajpút territories, and partly driven off by threats; there was a great restoration of plundered districts and rehabilitation of boundaries; the chiefs acknowledged the British Government as supreme

political arbiter; and from that year internal peace has succeeded the war which, with one brief interval, had been chronic in and round Rajpútána from time immemorial.

Thus it has come to pass that, as we began by saying, the only ancient political institutions now surviving upon any considerable scale in India, have been saved by the English. There can be no manner of doubt that the Rajpút states would have been broken up in a few years had the English not interposed; their primitive constitution rendered them quite unfit to resist the professional armies of Marathas or Patháns, which included regular troops under European officers. The clans would have dissolved and become mixed with the great composite multitude of India, which is made up out of innumerable tribal dispersions; leaving only a few insignificant septs in the highlands of Central India, and some strong cultivating communities in the plains. The fortunate escape of these states has rescued out of the flood of ordinary Asiatic despotism what are perhaps the best specimens of early institutions that can now be found within the purview of comparatively settled civilisation. But peace and prosperity are as disintegrating to primitive societies as war and rapine, though in a different way; nor is it likely that these institutions will remain many years without radical changes. And, therefore, some account of the more striking peculiarities of the Rajpút chieftainships has at least the interest that attaches to a photograph of things that are passing away, and that are sure not to re-appear in the world, when their day has passed and they have once left it.

There are, moreover, few things more important to the English in their dealings with India, than a right understanding of the real constitution and historic growth of the native states; particularly in these latter days of the creation of empire by narrow Parliamentary majorities. Upon this subject misleading analogies and most fallacious misnomers have for at least a century influenced public opinion generally upon Indian affairs, and appear still to darken the ideas of some of our leading statesmen. The main source of these misconceptions may probably be traced back to the great Indian orations of Burke, who was never wearied of denouncing the oppressors of Indian nationalities, the degraders of ancient nobility, and the dethroners of sovereign princes. When, in 1784, he compared our possessions in India with the empire of Germany as 'the nearest parallel'* he could find—likening the Nawab of

* Speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.

Oudh to the King of Prussia, Cheyte Singh of Benares to the Prince of Hesse, the Nawab of Arcot to the Elector of Saxony, and classing the Northern zemindars and the polygars of Madras with counts and bishops of the empire—he committed (be it said with all respect to the *clarum et venerabile nomen*) one of the most notable political solecisms on record. This may be called, literally as well as by Eastern metaphor, the great-grandfather of all the false analogies that have since been current; and at the present day even the recollection of it must be still exceedingly painful to those sensitive historic nerves which vibrate at the slightest breath of a blunder regarding the Holy Roman Empire. The famous story of Warren Hastings' sale of the 'whole nation of the 'Rohillas' is discoloured throughout by a similar abuse of the word nation, which has darkened the reality of the case up to our own day. And one consequence has been that the best known writings about Indian politics have rather confirmed than dislodged the popular notion, drawn from very modern analogies in Western Europe, that a state under a distinct political designation denotes in Asia a territory occupied by a people of one nation under a king or ruler of their own nationality, as in France, England, or Spain at the present day.* It follows logically, from this conception of nationalities in Asia, that when the governing class in a state is known to be distinct in race and religion from the mass of its subjects, that state is vaguely supposed to be under foreign rule. But it cannot be too clearly understood that the unwilling subjection of one nationality to another, as sometimes happens in

* The history of modern India forcibly illustrates what is pointed out in Maine's 'Ancient Law' that during a very long period of history no such conception has been entertained as that of territorial sovereignty. In India territorial political titles are extremely rare; if any exist, the English are almost sure to have had a hand in inventing them. Nothing can better mark the distinctive ideas of sovereignty which are described in 'Ancient Law,' than a comparison of the inscription on the coin of the Moghal Emperor in A.D. 1700, with that on the coin of the contemporary Chief of the Germanic Empire. On the former we read only that it was issued by Shah Aurungzeb Alamgir, with some religious titles on the reverse; on the latter we have all the great provinces of the house of Hapsburgh claimed by different feudal tenures. In Rajpútána the State takes its name from its capital, the residence and citadel of its chief, which itself almost always takes its name from the ancient chief who founded it. This nomenclature is a peculiar sign of a prefeudal origin, if it is true that in feudalised countries the family always takes its name from the place, when the two names correspond.

Europe, is a political condition absolutely different in kind from that forcible domination of one clan or family over other races or tribes which we so constantly find in Asia. It may be said broadly that from China to Constantinople the great states of Asia consist of heterogeneous populations under dynasties of foreign race; that is, distinct from the great majority of the population by descent, religion, and (usually) by language. This may be called foreign rule, if we keep in mind exactly what the words, thus used, mean; but the meaning is not always quite clear even when the term is used by experts. Colonel Malleon, for instance, in this very useful book on the Native States of India, says that the period of Mahomedan empire in India, from 1206 to 1707 A.D., is one of the longest periods of *foreign rule* which any country has ever witnessed. Even if Colonel Malleon here meant rule by an alien dominant race, the dominion of the Arabs in Spain was much longer; but he only means rule by dynasties of foreign extraction, and the casual reader would hardly have guessed him to mean so little. That these dynasties maintained themselves entirely by force, is only an incident common to all tenures of rule in Asia.

The first step, therefore, towards understanding the constitution of native states in India is to keep in mind clearly that they are in no sense nationalities. The second step is to master the great difference in structure between different groups of these states. Colonel Malleon's sketch of the Native States (already cited) divides them into six geographical groups. His work deals mainly with the history of the reigning families, and with their external relations with the British Government, not with the internal economy of the states themselves. So that no ordinary reader would suspect a radical difference of constitution between the Maratha group and the Rajpút group—between the state ruled by Maharaja Scindia, for instance, and the conterminous state of Jeypoor or Oodeypoor. Any difference existing between the two states would probably be assumed in England to be this—that the Maratha Prince ruled over Marathas, and the Rajpút Chief over Rajpúts. But this would be all wrong; for there are very few Marathas in the dominion of the Maratha Prince, and he probably has more Rajpút subjects than the Rajpút Chief of Oodeypoor, the oldest Rajpút territory. The real difference is that Scindia is the representative of the single family of a successful captain of freebooting bands who encamped so long in one place that his camp grew into his capital some sixty years ago; while the Rajpút Chief is the head of a clan which has for many centu-

ries been lords of the soil which now makes up the Oodeypoor state's territory. And this distinction of origin represents a vast distinction in the whole constitution and political classification of the two states. Scindia is a despot of the commonest Asiatic species; ruling absolutely the lands which his ancestor seized by the power of a mercenary army; but the Rajpút chieftain is a very different personage, of a much rarer and more instructive type politically and socially; insomuch that we think some accurate description of this type may be useful and even interesting to general readers in England.

The word Rajpútána, then, does not mean the country of the Rajpúts in the sense in which France now means the country of the French, but in that much earlier sense according to which Lombardy once denoted the country taken by the Lombards, and France the country occupied by the Western Franks. And a Rajpút State, where its genuine form has been least modified, denotes the territory over which a particular clan, or division of a clan, claims dominion for its chief and possession for itself by right of conquest and settlement. In the Western States the conquering clans are still very much in the position which they took up on first entry upon the lands. They have not driven out, slain, or absolutely enslaved the anterior occupants, or divided off the soil among groups of their own cultivating families, after the manner of the children of Israel entering Palestine, and of many another invading tribe in Asia. Their system of settlement was rather that of the Gothic tribes after their invasion of the Danubian provinces of the Roman empire, who 'never formed the bulk of the population in the lands which they occupied, but were 'only lords of the soil, principally occupied in war and hunting.* In a Rajpút State of the best preserved original type we still find all the territory (with a few exceptions in favour of particular grantees) partitioned out among the Rajpúts, in whose hands is the whole political and military organisation, though the mere officials, or agents in the central administration, form an influential class apart. In the South-Western States, however, there are long stretches of wild hilly tracts occupied by the aboriginal tribes, who only pay a very loose kind of tribute to the dominant Rajpúts, and who, while they are nominally under the Chief's rule, swarm out like wild bees whenever he sends his police into their country.

Authentic history, as well as all tradition, points to the first band of successful adventurers as the nucleus out of which has

* Finlay, *Greece under the Romans*, p. 302.

grown directly the existing separate Rajpút State. A sept, or the offshoot from a sept, of a particular clan, sets out on an expedition, takes as much land as it can hold, and builds the forts which are still the palaces or strongholds of the ruling family. The case of Bikanír, a state in the desert on the north-west border of Rajpútána, is a fair illustration. It was founded at the end of the fifteenth century by Bika, who was the sixth son of Jodha, chief of the Rathore clan, which then, as now, possessed the lands that constitute the modern State of Jodhpoor. Jodha had twelve sons, and as the land available for their proper maintenance had become hard to find, he gave his sons a broad hint to do something for themselves. So Bika set off to win new lands, with five uncles, three brothers, and six hundred kinsmen. The expedition was also accompanied by men of the mercantile and writing castes; the land was gradually conquered, and to this day the territory of the Bikanír State is divided among the descendants of the original adventurers, the chieftainship belonging to the stock of Bika, while the posterity of the merchants and writers claims hereditary office. The whole story of this adventure is a counterpart of the episode of the Danites in the Book of Judges; when that tribe sought them an inheritance to dwell in, and six hundred men, 'well appointed with weapons of war,' emigrated to Laish, where they smote the people with the edge of the sword, built a city, and dwelt therein, while the sons of the Levite whom they carried off on their road remained hereditary priests of the sept. It should be observed, however, that the Rajpút immigrants are never stated to have exterminated those whom they found in possession of the land, as the Israelites seem usually to have done, but were quite content to remain the dominant minority. Of the 300,000 people who now inhabit Bikanír about 12,000 only are Rajpúts. The fact that the Rajpúts of Rajpútána never settled down to cultivate the land which they divided off 'among the tribes according to their families' (to use the words of the Book of Joshua), and that some of their clans have retained for so many centuries that earliest form of a conquering tribal settlement in which the victors merely distribute themselves as lords of the soil, is the prominent peculiarity of their history and existing political status. Elsewhere in India the Rajpúts form great cultivating communities; but this is where their chiefs have long lost tribal sovereignty, and where the land, being very fertile, is very valuable. In the barren regions of North-west Rajpútána where, as they say, there are more spears than spear-grass heads, and where blades of steel grow better than

blades of corn, in such regions war and foray are more profitable than tillage, and this state of constant fighting kept the dominant clan together like a standing army.

Such being the origin and way of growth of a Rajpút State, the governing authority is, of course, in the hands of the hereditary chief of the dominant clan. Mr. (now Sir Henry) Maine, when discussing in his '*Ancient Law*' the origin of primogeniture, observed that in India the succession to public office or political power forms an exception to the principle of equal distribution of *property*, being almost universally according to the rules of primogeniture.

'There seems, in truth,' he wrote, 'to be a form of family dependency still more archaic than any of those which we know from the primitive records of organised civil societies. The agnatic union of the kindred in ancient Roman Law, and a multitude of similar indications point to a period at which all the ramifying branches of the family tree held together in one organic whole; and it is no presumptuous conjecture that, when the corporation thus formed by the kindred was in itself an independent society, *it was governed by the eldest male of the oldest line*. It is true we have no actual knowledge of any such society.'

This extract is taken from the third edition of '*Ancient Law*,' published in 1866, and it is curious to remember that about that very time the author must have been occasionally in the company, at Simla or elsewhere in India, of chiefs who hold precisely the position here described conjecturally at the head of societies of the very kind for which Mr. Maine was then searching. The passage is a fine example of successful deduction; since the conclusion that such an organisation must have existed appears to have been reasoned out from the indications and structural characteristics of later forms, without any knowledge that the earlier species could actually be observed in existence. In Rajpútána the chief is supposed to be the nearest legitimate descendant in direct line from the founder of the state according to the genealogy of the tribe; and the heads of the branches from this main stock are the leading Rajpút nobles, the pillars of his state. And here it may be remarked, by the way, that it does not follow, because a tribe claims its descent from a god, that the divine founder is a personage entirely mythical, as certain comparative mythologers do vainly imagine. He is quite as likely to be a real hero deified, for the founder of at least one Rajpút State, who is authentic as any historic personage can be in India, is freely worshipped by his clan to this day. The Chief, therefore, must belong to certain families of the founder's kin; and

among sons the succession now always goes by primogeniture, though the rule has by no means been observed from time immemorial. There are several good precedents showing that an eldest son has been passed over for another more worthy, though the reason for such a step must be extraordinary, and almost always the choice had to stand the test of appeal to the sword. But the characteristic of every important rule (political, religious, or social) in India, is that, whereas it is always assumed in theory to be inflexible, it is nevertheless always readily flexible in practice. And it seems probable that primogeniture as the rule in theory of the demise of tribal sovereignty has prevailed ever since the first successful leader founded the State. If a chief has no issue to his body, he can of course adopt a son in his lifetime from one of the founder's kin; but he has usually very sound reasons against giving some ambitious or impatient youth, or family, an interest in his death; and the same feeling has at the present moment much to do with the constant default of legitimate male issue from the marriages of the reigning chief. So too often he dies childless, and then the successor must be chosen from among the branches of the founder's original stock, which are represented by the families aforesaid. Here again the nearest in degree to the deceased has a *primâ facie* right, though one by no means indefeasible; for the selection virtually lies, when there is any doubt at all, with the heads of the great agnatic branch-families, subject to a sort of wider appeal to the whole of the leading families of the clan. It is true that when the chief dies without an heir, either by blood or adoption, the recognised form is that the widows shall adopt; but the person to be adopted is usually settled in concert among the widows and the leading families, and if the widows adopt without the concurrence of the kinsfolk, there is dissension, and a storm begins to gather. It has sometimes happened that the chief widow has been instigated by a cabal to adopt one whom the families do not desire for a ruler over them, or whose legal claim seems inferior; thence comes a rift which has often widened into civil war. The families are almost always in the right; they usually look first to birth-right, and secondly to capacity, requiring a fair combination of both; but the widow's choice is apt to be the result of some backstairs intrigue of which the object is to gain the regency for herself during a long minority with some favourite official of the Mazarin or Godoy type as prime minister. One or two families of the clan may join her, she gains over her mercenary forces, summons her own kinsfolk (it will be remembered that a

Rajpút never marries into *his own* clan), and perhaps seizes the capital. Then the heads of the families retire to their own estates, muster their septs, declare the chief whom they have chosen, and fierce struggles have ensued between the two factions in days before the English arbitration had been thoroughly acknowledged. John Stuart Mill, in his 'Subjection of Women,' made the striking general assertion that whenever any intervals of good government are recorded in the annals of native Indian states, it will be always found that a woman was concerned in them. Unluckily, the same might be predicated of almost all violent paroxysms of misrule in India; so that upon a complete survey of experiences we begin to perceive that Mill's observation is only part of the wider popular generalisation as to a woman being at the bottom of all strange or eccentric combinations of human circumstance. In regard to the influence of women on public affairs in India, all that the candid observer can fairly say is that, for good or for evil, princesses with a taste for politics have usually employed amazing energy towards gaining their ends, and have shown a remarkable aptitude for short and sharp methods with adversaries. In Rajpútána an ambitious widow has at her peculiar command one resource for creating political dilemmas—that of declaring herself *enceinte* immediately after the death of her husband, and of demanding adjournment of the question of a successor. But as to abide the result of this declaration would be to give ample time for spreading a complicated net of fraud and intrigue, with a long minority as the most favourable upshot possible, the chiefs are apt to receive the announcement with disloyal scepticism, and sometimes to disregard it utterly. What they want is a man at the head of their clan, which is just what the palace or court party does not want.

Indeed, before the English stopped free fighting over debateable vacancies, and insisted on the establishment of some peaceable and fairly consistent practice of succession, even the eldest son or the nearest of kin indisputably was liable to disqualification on the ground of incapacity. There have been recent cases in which the clan simply chose the fittest kinsman of full age, though of course such an election raised issues to be tried by hard blows; but the political faction interested in a chief's weakness or imbecility has usually been a minority, as the idea of divine right has never reached that phase when it is concentrated upon an individual. Divine right in Rajpútána exists only in the primitive sense of right by descent from a divinised ancestor, and this divinity does not yet hedge a

king only, but includes whole families within its aureole. It is well worth while to observe how, under English arbitration, this scrambling custom of succession is being steadily though very cautiously moulded, by the natural bias of pacific influences towards consistency, into some invariable law of inheritance. Here, as elsewhere in India, the English found native institutions at the stage in which they are forms to which the facts usually, but not at all necessarily, correspond—the people obeying facts while they make immense show of respect for forms, and being only moderately distressed by glaring inconsistencies between the two. The English cannot, if they would, help compressing facts into correspondence with the forms they have recognised, being compelled to do so partly by the modern spirit which abhors irregularity, partly by our unlucky habit of purging by positive statutes the loose customs of the natives, and partly because, according to our notions, there is no political continuity or security until forms and facts of this kind do correspond. For Rajpútána, as for all other native states, the imperial policy is to abstain from directing successions, and to let the natural guardians of the state settle doubtful cases. But when doubt warms into dispute, every one looks to the paramount power for a decision; and the English, as we have said, cannot help deciding according to some consistent rule. Thus the practice of succession must tend gradually more and more to conform to a strict principle of indefeasible hereditary right. Now even in Europe this principle, as distinguished from the earlier practice which admitted also the claims of superior strength and fitness, has never been very successful in supplying decent kings, so long as kings were expected to govern as well as reign. The rule seems to answer well only in highly civilised kingdoms, where the competency or incompetency for actual government of the hereditary prince is a matter of indifference and the only thing essential is a stable principle. But Asia has never been able to develop any principle except that of personal government, in which the competency of the monarch is of the first and last importance; and therefore in Asia hereditary succession actually means the succession to each vacancy of the ablest and most popular of the ruling dynasty or tribal family, the incompetent being rapidly eliminated as failures after short and sharp experiment. When no able man turns up for a dynastic vacancy, the dynasty collapses; though the tribal sovereignty has stood hitherto on a much broader foundation, because nothing short of dispersion of the clan could break up the State's continuity; while if the unanimous voice of the elders

of the tribe did not name the right man, he would have been identified in earlier times by the process of diligent fighting. Now the English are being slowly compelled, by the necessity of orderly administration, to abolish this effective preliminary test of capacity to rule; and it is becoming very questionable whether any equally serviceable method of furnishing the protected native states with tolerable rulers can be substituted.

The normal condition, then, of hereditary sovereignty in a Rajpút State may be shortly described thus: The primary right to a vacancy is by primogeniture, and the sovereign is also the chief of the clan, who is understood to represent the oldest and purest blood of the political group which traces back its consanguinity to the vanishing point of a far distant common ancestor. But even primogeniture must qualify up to a low standard of competency; and when direct heirs fail the chief may be chosen from any branch of the common stock, the choice sometimes going from one branch to another, according to critical needs and circumstances—the electors being the heads of the branch families and the elders of the tribe generally. The constant default of direct heirs keeps alive this elective machinery, which would fall into disuse and decay under a powerful and prolific dynasty, as it has done elsewhere. A standard case in the matter of succession to Rajpút suzerainty is that of Kerowlie, a small territory on the eastern border of Rajpútána belonging to a very ancient sept of the bluest blood, where in 1852 the adoption of a child by the chief on his deathbed was set aside by the heads of the branch-families of the ruling house, partly because there was a nearer kinsman (though both candidates were very distant collaterals), but mainly because the clan wanted a grown-up man at the head of their affairs. ‘This is the reason,’ said one of their leaders, ‘for adopting a grown-up person—the splendour and government of the State are preserved;—but by adopting a child injury and evil come upon the State.’ And in reply to a suggestion of some legal axiom (elaborated by an English officer) that only a child could be adopted, the Rajpút answered broadly that if any grown-up heir (i. e., person of founder’s kin) can be found, a child cannot be adopted, ‘because injury to the State is apparent from a child’s reigning.’ This may or may not have been correct; but the two different views contrast very curiously two widely distant stages in the formation of a rule of hereditary succession. In the primitive stage the birthright is primarily subordinate to practical expediency, and infancy is a disqualification; in the latest and purely legal phase the rule disregards practical expediency alto-

gether, and the adoption of a child is assumed to be necessary above all things, by reason (apparently) of its accordance with some assumed law of nature. In the present day the feudal notion of a Rajpút State escheating in default of lineal descendants has almost vanished below the political horizon; but the foregoing example proves how important is accurate knowledge of the multiform societies with which an Indian government has to deal, and how unsafe it is to follow imperfect European analogies. In the Kerowlie papers the words *escheat*, *fief*, *suzerainty*, and *feudal superior*, constantly recur. The analogy of feudalism so completely filled the mind of even our best writers upon Rajpútána that it is no wonder if in this case Lord Dalhousie to some extent adopted it, though perhaps only as a convenient formula to aid his real convictions as to the right policy with native States. He was much too great a statesman to be the servant of a formula; he may have intended to make the formula serve him.

But it was the interior constitution of a complete Rajpút State that most forcibly suggested the analogy of feudalism. The whole territory is understood (for there are exceptions to every rule in Asia) to be divided off and inherited among the branch families of the dominant clan and their offshoots. The chief himself possesses the largest portion, though not always a larger portion than the aggregate holdings of other families; and apports large grants to his nearest agnatic kinsfolk, providing of course for his wives and his predecessor's widows, and sometimes for their relatives. A few estates are owned by families of a clan different from the ruling clan, these being sometimes relics of a clan whose anterior dominion upon that part of the soil has been superseded, and sometimes the descendants of allied clans who came over to join the chief's standard in some old war, and obtained grants of land for their services. The proportion of territory under the direct administration of the chief of the state varies widely in different states; where the clan organisation is strongest and most coherent the chief's dominion is smallest; and largest where the chief is, or has lately been, a strong, energetic, and therefore acquisitive ruler. Large tracts of land are possessed by the hereditary heads of the branch septs which have spread out from the main stock, and by the kindred families which are as boughs to the great branches. Sometimes these branches have ramified into a numerous sept; sometimes they are represented only by a family—they take greater or lesser rank and power according to birth, possessions, and number. The family chief also apports out his land among his nearest brethren; in fact he is the State

Chief in miniature, and his group is a sub-group; but it must be distinctly understood that the petty landholders are not vassals of the larger ones, and that there is no such thing as subinfeudation. Where the Rajpút himself cultivates he pays little or no rent; his 'freehold' has its original signification of the holding of a free man, though he may hold his fields on condition of service, of protecting the roads, and the like. The relations of these minor chiefs to the Chief of the State vary in different states; in some of the eastern States they are now little more than grantees of land or of rents assigned to them who pay some sort of fine to their suzerain, have a right to maintenance as the chief's kinsmen but have no political power. In the best preserved States of the west, as in Oodeypoor or Jodhpoor, they exercise almost complete jurisdiction within their own domain, though not over all the domains of their family; and their obedience to the State Chief depends mainly upon his power to meddle with them. They pay him certain dues, regulated according to immemorial custom; they are bound to render military service against the foreigner or against rebels; and their lands are usually rated at so many horse-men to be furnished for the ordinary public service. At every succession to their states the heir is bound to do homage to the Chief, and to pay into the state treasury a fine of some value—these acts being essential to his entry into legal possession of his inheritance;—he also pays some other customary dues of a feudal nature. In the States of the west, belonging to the Rathore and Sesodia clans, the domains of all the subordinate chiefs are rated at a certain valuation of annual rent-roll; and for every thousand rupees a certain number of armed horse-men and footmen must be provided for the state's service. The attempt has often been made by the rulers to commute this militia service for cash payment; but the great landholders have always resisted any such attempts with united obstinacy. They know well enough that to fill their Chief's treasury with hard cash instead of providing him with a rabble of their own retainers would be to transfer all real strength from their side to his. Their jealousy of his power never sleeps. Disobedience to a lawful summons or refusal to do homage involves sequestration of the lands—if the Chief can enforce it; but if he has not got right on his side in a quarrel over the homage to be done or the fine to be paid, he will usually not find it easy to enforce his claim. The recusant holds out as long as he can in the ancestral fort, or even takes to the holds with his band of kinsmen until the guerilla warfare ends with a compromise and a reconciliation. At the worst the

estate is only made over to another near kinsman of the outlaw; for it is very rarely indeed that an estate is ever confiscated outright and annexed to the fisc by the suzerain. The whole federation of kindred families would combine against such an absorption if there were any practical alternative.

This is not the place for a complete and detailed description of the interior organisation of a Rajpút State, or of the land tenures. We have said quite sufficient to explain why the organisation of Rajpút society has been almost always said to be feudal; and indeed the resemblance to feudal society is at the first sight striking enough. Even Colonel Tod, whose intimate knowledge of Rajpútána has been never equalled, and whose work upon Rajpútána is perhaps the best and most exhaustive special study of Indian history and manners that has ever been produced, has been so far misled by the likeness as to miss the radical distinction between the two forms of society, tribal and feudal. Although he clearly understands the connexion of those whom he calls 'vassals' with their suzerain to be affinity of blood, still he insists that the working system of Rajpútána is feudal. He devotes several chapters to proving the extraordinary identity of the feudal incidents of the European system with that which he found at the beginning of this century in Rajpútána; and it is he who is chiefly responsible for the introduction into writings about Rajpútána of all those mediæval terms (*escuage*, *reliefs*, *knights' fees*, *subinfeudation*, &c.), which were seized upon as convenient phrases by others who had not Tod's intimate qualifying acquaintance with the facts. Now in these days the difficulty of eradicating an accepted but inaccurate theory is enormous, because the habit of general reading disseminates it so widely, and because even men who could collect and examine their own facts find it so much easier to go to the standard books of reference; in short, because over-indulgence in book-reading and too implicit reliance on authorities produce an atrophy of the observing faculty. Colonel Tod, however, gathered all his materials at first hand; and perhaps we should not blame him for failing to see that feudalism was not the basis of Rajpút society, but an incomplete and modern superstructure, and that Rajpútána, as he surveyed it, was a group of tribal suzerainties rapidly passing into the feudal stage, which we now know to have been largely built up in Europe over the tribal foundations. There are some most valuable passages in his book which indicate that much of the peculiar feudation of Rajpútána took its rise out of the political confusion of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless the lands

held by the head of a branch family in a clan he persists in calling fiefs held of the chief as of a feudal sovereign, and he quotes Hallam to show how the feudal structure was based immediately upon the necessity of mutual preservation—a compact between lord and vassal for exchange of service and protection. This identical compact he discovers in Rajpútána; and yet the invaluable documents which he has cited might have shown him that the cement of the system was something much stronger than feudalism. The subordinate chiefs of the Jodhpoor State had been driven from their lands by the oppression of their Maharaja, the head of their clan and the ruler of their state. They write thus (1821 A.D.), to Colonel Tod: ‘The Maharaja and ourselves are of one stock, all Rathores. His forefathers have reigned for generations, our forefathers were their ministers and advisers, and whatever was performed was by the collective wisdom of the council of our chiefs. Whenever Marwar (the Jodhpoor country) was concerned, there our fathers were to be found, and with their lives preserved the land. . . . *When our services are acceptable, then he is our lord; when not, we are again his brothers and kindred, claimants and laying claim to the land.*’ Such protests (and many other instances could be given) take their stand on rights far beyond the feudal conception; and indeed it is universally assumed in every clan of Rajpútána that the chief and ruler of the state is only *primus inter pares*.

It is of course easy, for those who write after reading the ‘History of Early Institutions,’ to show cause for maintaining that a society of this nature is by origin primitive and pre-feudalistic. Sir Henry Maine’s remarkable power of insight into the real meaning and connexions of archaic customs so alien to modern ideas as to be ordinarily incomprehensible, and his luminous generalisations upon the materials found scattered over these obscure fields of research, have greatly influenced local inquiries in India. He surveys and marks out the whole line of penetration into difficult and entangled subjects, and workers in the field are constantly verifying the extraordinary precision of their chief engineer’s rapid alignments. In the actual condition, for example, of the Rajpút clan-society, with its tribal chief at the head of a cluster of families and sub-families, each having a separate representative, we find a living illustration of that set of ideas to which Sir H. Maine points as the true origin of some European aristocracies—the conception of an aristocracy deriving from blood alone, the families being noble according to the degree of nearness of their consanguinity with the pure stock of their chief, and nobility

depending entirely upon a man's position in his own clan, while outside of all the clans there is no nobility at all. There are in most States a few noble families belonging to a clan different from that of the territorial Chief; but we can usually trace them back to the group upon which the clan now ruling imposed its supremacy by conquest, and with these the test of nobility is intermarriage with the ruling tribe. If they intermarry, they also are of good Rajpút blood, though the clan is alien. Land tenure is not the foundation of this nobility; but their pure blood is the origin of their land tenure; from the vast estates of a sub-chief who lives in independence almost complete at the head of a branch family which has multiplied into a sept, down to the single free-holding Rajpút who is bound to follow his kinsmen to the field.

We have thus the starting point for a wide survey of the filiation of historic institutions. Let us imagine Bernier, who travelled from Paris to Delhi towards the end of the seventeenth century, surveying the whole line of connexion between the Rajpút noblesse and the noblesse of Versailles, as he saw them both. In India, at one end of his range of survey, is a primitive stratification society, with its tribal chief at the head of powerful kinsfolk, and nobility beginning and ending with the kinship; with its tenures of land (excepting religious tenures) corresponding to distinctions of birth, its hereditary officials forming a separate caste, and the mass of its commercial and cultivating population ranked in classes altogether apart from the 'upper ten thousand,' as the Rajpúts might be literally called in more than one state. At the other end is Louis XIV. of France, absolute as an Asiatic despot throughout his dominions, having reduced to political nonentity a nobility which was mainly the lineal and political offspring of a tribal organisation powerfully distorted by feudalism. At Ajmere as at Versailles the noblesse of blood are alike predominant and rigidly exclusive; but in Rajpútána the noblesse are the clan, and the clan is the State, which is as yet only half feudalised. Whereas in France the King is the State, while nobility has passed clean through and beyond the feudal phase, and has not only lost its political independence or influence, but for the most part even its hold on the land, yet it still hangs together as a separate caste by the archaic tie of blood. The current of a thousand years has hollowed out the primitive organism into a thin shell, which breaks at the first serious social pressure.

Side by side with these two extreme forms of true aristocratic institutions we have in the history of India, as of Europe,

specimens of societies in which the primitive forms have been utterly crushed out and obliterated. 'The only man noble in 'my dominions,' said the Emperor Paul of Russia in reply to a question as to the status of Russian nobility, 'is the man to whom I speak for the time I am speaking to him;' and Sir H. Maine observes* how such a pretension would have been resented in Bourbon France, by the Duc de St. Simon (we may add) for example. The Russian answer is just what might have come out of the mouth of a Moghal emperor of India in the seventeenth century; while the resentment of a Rajpút chief at the bare notion of such a status would have been twice as great as a French noble's. Within both the Russian and the Moghal empires proper, the only dignitaries were official, and by Court favour. Yet, as we said at the beginning of this article, there is no more favourite commonplace about our English rule in India than that it has levelled the native aristocracy; though it is impossible to do much levelling upon a dead flat, such as had been prepared for us by the steam-roller of Musulmán despotism and its satrapies. The only ancient aristocracy which the Musulmán emperors spared in North India survives still among the clans which they could not subdue or break up; and the only aristocracy which they created consisted of a few lucky individuals who managed to hold and transmit for a few generations the grants of land obtained as rewards for service, often as bigots, lackeys, or panders. It is worth noting that the emperors were never able to reduce the Rajpút chiefs even to the status of beneficiaries, or to pass them into the feudal stage proper, for the plain reason that if the chiefs were willing their kinsmen were not; and the ruling chiefs had never sufficient power to have their own way in a matter of this sort.

It must not be inferred from what we have written above that the political organism of the ruling clan prevails with equal integrity in all the Rajpút States. It is least damaged in the Western and Northern States, which are held by the clans of the Kuchwáhas, the Rathores, and the Sesodias; but even in these states the organism is, as we have shown, much overlaid by feudal growth, the state of incessant war having prominently developed the obligations of military service in return for protection, and the practice of building isolated strongholds. But this feudalism is of no earlier growth, for the most part, than the last century, and nowhere has the system become entirely feudal; that is, nowhere has

* Early Institutions, pp. 187 and 188.

military tenure obliterated altogether the original tenure by blood and birth-right of the clan; although there are some few estates held entirely as assignments for service, by families not belonging to any Rajpút clan. As the tribal chief is kept in order by his powerful kinsmen, so the powerful kinsman has to reckon with his brotherhood. The only class that can be taxed or trodden upon in real feudal fashion is the alien peasantry; but even here the cultivator is so valuable that he must not be driven away. In the South-Eastern Rajpút States, which were most exposed to the disintegrating ravages of the Moghal and Maratha, the tribal organisation has been much effaced politically, and the chief has centralised his power and acquired almost complete jurisdiction over the whole of his territory. So that whereas in the north and west a ruling chief could not break through the compact front which his clansmen would at once oppose to any serious political encroachment, and has a dubious jurisdiction within the domains of his leading kinsmen, in the south a chief rules a State more or less under his own administrative orders, and a population of which his own clansmen form but a small part. In a State of this kind, indeed, the chief families are decaying into a French noblesse of the eighteenth century, living on the rents and fees of manors assigned to them for maintenance; a distinct class with right to appear on all state occasions and to be provided for upon the lands, but having no independent strength or separate following, while the ruler is gradually centralising all power. It is manifest that these States have long been sliding into the normal type of ordinary oriental government, irresponsible personal despotism; and these are precisely the States which were nearest to the brink of destruction when the English interposed in 1817. In this late stage of the decay of the tribal system, when a Rajpút chief has managed to cut away all round himself the power and independence of his kinsmen, the State topples over at the first vigorous push like any other ephemeral Asiatic principality. It is a sound political as well as a mechanical truth that you can have no real support without resistance, or the capacity to resist.

We may conjecture that primogeniture, as a rule of political succession, was born out of a combination between expediency and the right of blood. To have any settled political existence a tribe wants a leader, but as that leader must be of the purest blood of the founder of the tribal dominion, the choice is restricted to founder's kin. Among these the candidate most likely to unite the two desiderata, purity of blood and influence

in the society, is the eldest son of the last ruler; and thus may come to be formed the rule of primogeniture, always subject to qualification for the office, which seems to have usually governed succession to tribal states in Rajpútána. The advantage of primogeniture as the first step towards political amalgamation may be measured by observing that in one or two very peculiar tracts of Rajpútána, where the rule has never got established, the septs have never been able to build up any political system at all. On the western border of Rajpútána is a tract called Mullánee, nominally within the territory of the Chief of Jodhpoor. It is possessed by a sept which claims descent, every man of them, from the divinised ancestor of the whole Rathore clan, by a line earlier and more direct than that of the Jodhpoor Chief himself, the acknowledged political head of the Rathore clan. According to primitive ideas this superior lineage gives a sort of right to demur at discretion to the Jodhpoor Chief's authority, and the sept being wild borderers, fond of feuds and forays, any good pretext for demurring to established authority is heartily welcome. But the peculiarity of this sept is that though it descends from one stock, it has no Chief of its own; it is made up of a number of distinct family groups, each separate and independent under its head. And the land is not only parcelled off among these groups, but there goes on a constant struggle between the ordinary rule of Hindu succession to property, which divides off the land among the sons at each succession, and the instinct of political expediency which inclines towards primogeniture. The ordinary outcome of this struggle is a sort of inchoate primogeniture, allotting a larger portion of the family lands and superior authority to the elder heir of the chief family in a group. But the blood feuds, family and faction fights, and general anarchy caused by these chronic quarrels over the land are incessant, and have totally prevented any political consolidation of the sept into a State. The whole tract would long ago have been incorporated quietly into the Jodhpoor State, to which it does nominally belong, had it not been an outlying country, full of hardy caterans not easily tamed. There is also at the north-east of Rajpútána another tract in a very similar condition, within the territory of the Chief of Jeypoor, but peopled by a sept of his clan which pays very unpunctually the allegiance it owes him. Here again this sept consists of the descendants of a son of an ancient chief of the main stock of the clan, who went forth and conquered this tract on his own score and private venture. They have never formed a State under one tribal leader; primogeniture exists, but as a rare exception to the general rule;

and they still continue in the molecular condition of an uncertain federation of family groups of different magnitudes, usually dividing and subdividing the land down to the point consistent with some kind of cohesion for self-protection and the recognition of a head to each family. These groups seem to represent the fluid unconsolidated stage of tribal aggregations, before they have begun to crystallise round an acknowledged head, and to harden into political shape. And latterly their consolidation has been greatly hindered by the policy of the chiefs of Jodhpoor and Jeypoor, who being unable to control these unruly communities became alarmed lest they should unite under one head and become formidable independent rivals. With much the same motive as that which, according to Sir H. Maine, induced the English to gavel the lands of the Irish Papists and make them descendible to all the children alike, the Jeypoor chiefs exerted their influence to push forward among the refractory sept the custom of equal division of the land among males on each succession; using it as a wedge to split up the groups as they began to form. Under this impetus each field has in some villages been repeatedly parcelled off into lots of heritage; and as no real central authority has been imposed in this tract, the interminable blood-letting over these landmarks has effectively kept down the strength of the sept, and prevented political amalgamation.

Marriage plays so important a part both in the political and social systems of the Rajpúts that some brief description of it is essential. The invariable custom is, to use the term introduced by Mr. J. F. McLennan, that of exogamy, or the custom which prohibits intermarriage within the clan, so that every clan depends, for wives, upon the other clans; for of course no Rajpút can take a wife elsewhere than from Rajpúts. Thus a Rathore clansman, for instance, could never wed a woman from the most distant sept that bears the Rathore name; if he does, the children are certainly not pure Rathores, whatever else they may become. This custom is very widespread and well known all over Asia; but the Mahomedan law (of which one peculiar effect is to break up the archaic tables of prohibited degrees) has very largely obliterated it, and now exogamy could hardly be better exemplified than in Rajpútána, where we can trace it directly and palpably back to its source in the assumption that the whole of a great clan scattered over many distant parts of a large country are blood relations. Here, as wherever exogamy prevails, marriage by abduction of the bride flourishes universally in form, wherever it has decayed in fact; and the ceremony may be witnessed in great perfection at any

marriage in high life, when the bridegroom arrives with his wedding band of armed kinsmen, who clash their arms and rush in with a shout upon the bride's party. It can be easily understood that exogamy has always operated to stimulate jealousies and heart-burnings between clans, and to make the taking of a wife a still more troublesome and perilous business than even in civilised life. For it leaves the supply of wives in the hands of a neighbouring clan, always jealous, and often at open feud, who may suddenly refuse to give their daughters, as in the famous story in the Book of Judges of the war between Israel and Benjamin. Disputes over brides and betrothals have been important in Rajpút history; and the observer begins to understand the enormous part played by such matters in all primitive time. In Europe from the days of Helen of Troy down to those of La Cara in Spain, we find a woman mixed up with the great tribal invasions. Socially the exogamous custom makes marriage difficult by narrowing the field of selection, for a man cannot go very far among strange tribes to seek his wife, nor a father to seek a husband; so that a poor man often does not marry at all, while a rich man of high birth who can maintain a number of wives is besieged with applications for his hand, in order that the stigma of an unmarried daughter may at least be formally removed. And if there were space here, we might give some curious facts to show how this difficulty of marriage has been one cause of that constant *morcellement*, or splitting up into isolated groups, the larger group into smaller ones, which is a radical law of the dynamics which govern the construction of primitive societies. In the old war times many companions of Rajpúts took service with the emperors in their distant expeditions to the frontiers, and were placed under their own leader in charge of the distant border forts. They settled on the lands close round these forts, became the hereditary garrison; and their descendants may be found occupying the ruined enclosure to this day. But as these military colonists often could not, by reason of distance and the dangers of travel, obtain wives from the legitimate clans, they sometimes took strange wives in the country of their adoption, and sometimes intermarried amongst themselves. In the former case they unwillingly founded a new sub-caste; in the latter they cut themselves off from the parent clan, and became a separate impure clan, with internal subdivisions. Then again the disintegrating effect of sectarianism among the Rajpúts must at one time have been great; for there are in Rajpútána many distinct castes who are of pure Rajpút origin, but were detached many generations ago by following a peculiar religious movement.

When a Rajpút turns aside after the new light shown by one of the spiritual teachers who are incessantly arising in Hinduism, and completely adopts a new faith or ritual, he exchanges a tribe for a caste. And it appears (though the subject is very obscure) that whereas his tribal bond of consanguinity extended round his whole clan, in the caste his kinship is at once narrowed down to that section of the great caste group which was originally Rajpút. The most famous sect in Rajpútána holds within its pale no less than 1,444 distinct groups; all apparently formed by this process of partial accretion, intermarrying one with another, but never *within* themselves. In this instance, so far as can be learnt, all this spreading reticulation of spiritual relationship has grown out of the original following after a single revivalist who appeared only four centuries ago. There is also in Rajpútána a very curious fraternity of warlike devotees claiming to be founded by a Rajpút who seems to have been a kind of fighting ascetic, disdaining any other garments save shield and sword belt; and these men, being vowed to strict celibacy, recruit their ranks by adoption, purchase, or abduction of children. The orphanage of India for males is very commonly a religious order.

Then there are of course assignments of lands to temples and religious bodies, which give nearly as much trouble to Rajpút chiefs as ever churches and monastic orders did to mediæval European princes. It is difficult to deal with a holy man whose disciples are ready to bury themselves alive if the government puts pressure on their master for land taxes, and thus to bring down a curse upon the whole administration. This is the Hindu method of excommunication, very effective still in Rajpútána, and not to be faced with impunity by the most powerful chief; the best known remedy being to negotiate a private arrangement with some influential Balaam, whereby curses are suddenly turned into blessings.

The institution of fosterage of course flourishes among communities so distinctively of the primitive Aryan type as the Rajpúts. And though the foster family of a chief is never of the Rajpút clan, but belongs almost always to some particular family of a well-known pastoral tribe, yet the foster brothers often attain much influence and position at his court; and the family has a recognised hereditary status of 'kinship by the milk.'

After this manner, therefore, does the cross of blood, the change of faith, or other variation from ancestral custom, continually operate to cut off the diverging family from the parent species, which is kept pure through this careful pruning away

of irregular offshoots. And thus the pure Rajpút clans are those great kindred groups which have kept immaculate the rules and conditions of exogamic connubium throughout the genealogy of their tribal tree in all its branches, every family showing its pedigree leading back to some branch, however insignificant, which springs out of the original stem and root of the tribe. This is the real aristocracy of India, with which every Hindu dynasty and family of influence or new wealth (except Brahmins) tries to find, beg, or buy a connexion, from the petty non-Aryan chief of the Central Indian woodlands up to the greatest Maratha ruler, the kings of Nepal, and the half-Chinese princes on the far north-eastern frontiers of India and Burma.

We have left ourselves no space to describe any class of the population of Rajpútána besides the Rajpúts, or much might have been said of the enterprising commercial class, with its leading bankers, who made their head-quarters in the fenced cities of Jodhpoor and Bikánir—oases in the desert which marauding bands could not reach—and who conducted exchange operations all over India in the midst of the anarchy of the eighteenth century. There is much vague talk about the English *régime* in India being the paradise of money-makers; but the great bankers of Upper India with one accord look back regretfully from these levelling times of railway and telegraph to the golden days of immense profits upon daring ventures, when swift runners brought early secret news of a decisive battle, or a great military leader offered any terms for a loan which would pay his mutinous troops.* In those times a man whose bills were duly cashed in every camp and court of the Northern Provinces had often to remit specie at all hazards, and the best swords of Rajpútána were at the service of the longest purse. A tremendous insurance policy was paid to some petty chief or captain of banditti, who undertook by hook or crook to cut his way across country and deposit the treasure at its appointed place. Something might also have been said of the curious religious sects and divinities of Rajpútána, and much of the non-Aryan tribes. But this is merely a political sketch

* One of the few picturesque touches in Grant Duff's History of the Marathas is where he tells how Bájee Rao, the great Peshwa, lay in camp on the bank of the Nerbudda, waiting anxiously for news of the grand army which he had sent to conquer North India. He could hear nothing until his scouts brought in a runner they had stopped, who had undertaken to run in nine days across India from beyond Delhi to Aurungabad in the Deccan, with a message to some bankers from their correspondents in the North that the Maratha army had been routed with vast slaughter on the plains of Paneeput.

of institutions that are interesting not only by their past history, but by the speculations which are suggested as to the transmutations which await them. Change these institutions must, and rapidly; for under the weighty pressure of the English empire everywhere we see the old order changing, giving place to new, because the English rule is itself such an entire alteration of political circumstances in India. The future of these states is a question well worth the deepest consideration of those who guide the policy of our empire; for, as we began by saying, these states contain the only ancient institutions in India which have shown stability and are worthy of free men. Every other indigenous experiment at political development in India has broken down; for the last eight centuries there have been none except ephemeral tyrannies—a hopelessly sterile species. The Rājput States, in spite of all their defects, stand out in marked contrast against the indigenous despotisms which we overturned, and which are still cropping up elsewhere throughout India, or against the Moghal empire at its best. Our modern notions are apt to make us too readily disgusted and disheartened with turbulent nobles, a weak central administration, a bad police, and a general indifference to the great civilising watchwords of order and progress. Each ruling chief, in proportion to his dexterity or ambition, attempts to enlist these notions on his own side against his nobles. Now that he no longer needs the support of his powerful kinsfolk against external enemies, he feels their restraint upon his internal authority. They help him neither in the field nor in the cabinet, for there is no such usage as would necessitate an assembly of the notables; and the minor chiefs often live apart in their forts, hating and hated by the supple ministers who advise their ruler, who are of another caste altogether, and whose interests are entirely absolutist. It is easy to see that the tendency of modern officialism would be to strengthen the sovereign against the nobles. We have the same feeling of impatience with these troublesome half-barbarous communities that prompted, and still prompts, many able men to rejoice at the crushing out of the Polish kingdom, with its quarrelsome diet and unreasonable assemblage of tumultuous nobles. Military rulers in Europe, and experienced European officials in India, declare that order and a strong centralised government is the one thing needful. So it is; but we must give hardy plants time to grow. It is certain that these Rājput societies, held together by all the cumbrous bonds and stays of a primitive organism, present far more promising elements of future development than even strong and well-

ordered despotisms of the normal Asiatic type, where a mixed multitude is directly under the sway of one ruler, however able, who degrades or dignifies at his will. Let anyone contrast the account which we have here given of Rajpút institutions with the descriptions which Bernier (an excellent observer, and a subject of Louis Quatorze) gives of society in the seventeenth century under the Moghal empire, when it was still flourishing like a green bay-tree.* Nor is there any ground for hoping that we are likely soon to see in any native Indian state a race of princes so able as the descendants of Baber, or that European education and tutorial superintendence by English officers will rear up a generation of wise and benevolent Rajahs and Nawábs. On the contrary, the princes of India seem to deteriorate under the listless security produced by our protection, by the absence of personal danger, and above all by relief from the fear of annexation. The surroundings are too strong for artificial training; when a youth is set up securely as a golden image of wealth and power, he must go wrong as a ruler if there is nothing to stop him but an English political officer. In Rajpútána there do actually exist, more or less dilapidated, the natural institutions which, in various forms and stages, have checked and graduated the power of sovereigns all over the world. The incessant bickering and contests between encroaching chief and jealous kinsmen, the weak central power, the divided jurisdictions, the obstinacy with which a man of high birth insists on the proper punctilio to be reciprocated between himself and his chief—all these are the tokens of free society in the rough. To make haste to help the chief to break the power of his turbulent and reactionary nobles, in order that he may establish police and a uniform administration over his whole territory, is to an Englishman at first sight an obvious duty, at the second look a dangerous undertaking.

* Take this passage as a sample:—‘Instead of men of this description’ (opulent, educated, and well born), ‘the Great Moghal is surrounded by slaves ignorant and brutal; by parasites raised from the dregs of society; strangers to loyalty and patriotism; full of insufferable pride, and destitute of courage, of honour, and of decency. The country is ruined by the necessity of defraying the enormous charges required to maintain the splendour of a numerous court, and to pay a large army maintained for the purpose of keeping the people in subjection. No adequate idea can be conveyed of the sufferings of that people. The cane and the whip compel them to incessant labour for the benefit of others, and driven to despair by every kind of cruel treatment, their revolt or their flight is only prevented by the presence of a military force.’

If these rough-hewn obstructions to equality under the orders of a central government are once smoothed away they will assuredly never be set up again ; and as there is nothing that could take their place, the tribal chieftain will have converted himself into a petty autocrat, responsible for his doings only to the paramount power which sustains him. Now the protected autocrat in a native Indian state has not as yet turned out such a success that the English nation can feel proud of having brought him out upon the political stage. So it will be wise to have patience with the wild ways of Rajpútána as long as we can, to abstain as much as possible from interference, and to maintain, so far as we do interfere, the equilibrium of weight between chief and nobles, until it can be adjusted by the light of improved intelligence and education on both sides.

Whether such a time will ever arrive is an open question with some who, like the Comte Gobineau,* affirm that the civilisation of Europe never has taken, and never will take, root among the old races of Asia. And, looking to the present social condition of the Rajpút clans, it is much to be feared that they are declining fast in vigour and in numbers. It may be possible, indeed, that throughout all Asia the warlike tribes are decaying under the spread of European dominion, which seems to be favourable only to the prosperity of the industrial races, the soft weak populations which swarm in the tropical regions. But these races have no real political future, and only damage free institutions by burlesques that we shall some day become tired and ashamed of bringing out under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen. If it be true, therefore, that a more polished and reasonable despotism is the only political improvement that Europeans are likely to introduce into India, then no sacrifice of modern notions of uniformity is too great for the object of preserving as long as possible in the Rajpút countries these last relics of institutions which have elsewhere proved fruitful in their development of some real advantages to political well-being. It must be confessed that the tribal system appears occasionally to stand right in the path of reforms which to a European appear of prime and peremptory necessity. The system would fall in a few years before an efficient State army, or even a strong police, in the hands of an able and ambitious chief ; it would be ground to atoms under the regular mechanism of effective law courts after the Anglo-Indian model. The chicane of half-civilised *avocasserie*—that bane of all British India—would make short work of all these vague customs

* Trois Ans dans l'Asie.

and unwritten privileges. When we have confessed that these primitive institutions are at present incompatible with the machinery of civilised law and police, many persons will reply that they stand self-condemned. Nevertheless, it will be a source of regret hereafter if these institutions, which have survived such perilous ages, and have resisted so many despotic dynasties, should now under the rule of a free people succumb prematurely to the 'cankers of a calm world,' before it is clearly understood how the void which they will leave can be filled up.

ART. VIII.—*Deux Chanceliers. Le Prince Gortchakof et le Prince de Bismarck.* Par M. JULIAN KLACZKO. Deuxième édition. Paris: 1876.

IN this volume Mr. Julian Klaczko unites the interesting articles which he had published in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' on the two leading statesmen of our epoch. The author is a Polish patriot, and next to his own cause that of France is dear to him; so much so, indeed, that when for a short time in the Austrian service, where he worked with Count Beust to achieve an Austro-French alliance, he resigned his place as soon as the victorious march of the German armies compelled his chief to make '*bonne mine à mauvais jeu*,' and to accept the proffered hand of Count Bismarck. It is evident, therefore, that M. Klaczko cannot love either Russia or Germany, still less the two statesmen whose combined efforts have successively crushed Poland, Austria, and France. He deplores the course events have taken; he finds that whatever may have been the complaints of the German Liberals against the old Confederation, it was a marvellous conception from the European point of view in order to maintain peace and a just equipoise, and he calls Sadowa, which hopelessly annihilated that venerable fabric, a '*bataille néfaste*.' It cannot, however, be said that his antipathy against the authors of this change blinds him to their personal eminence; on the contrary, he is fully alive to it, and as regards Prince Bismarck, rather overstates his case in exalting the German Chancellor into a sort of infernal genius, whom nobody can resist. Nor does his sympathy with his Polish countrymen, France, and Austria carry him so far as to overlook the grievous faults by which they have all played into the hand of their adversaries.

In endeavouring to introduce our readers to the contents of this interesting volume, we shall rapidly pass over the first part of Prince Bismarck's career, which has been treated in a former

Number of this Review (No. cclxvi.) Of Prince Gortchakoff's early life there is little to say. Sprung from a family which traces its origin back to the Rouriks, he was educated in the Lyceum of Tsarskoë-Sélò, where he imbibed a strong taste for the classics, of which traces are still to be found in his despatches; but although he early entered the department of foreign affairs, fortune was slow to acknowledge his merits, and at fifty he still found himself Minister at a secondary German Court. There at last he was able to render a signal service to his sovereign, by negotiating the marriage of the present King of Wurtemberg with the Grand-Duchess Olga, the favourite daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, whose distinguished attention was henceforth secured to so successful a servant. Thoroughly conversant with German affairs, Prince Gortchakoff, in the midst of the Revolution of 1848, predicted to his Government the infallible downfall of that democratic and unitarian movement, and when at the end of 1850 the old Confederation was re-established, he found himself by the nature of things designated to represent his country at the Diet of Frankfort which his master, in an autograph letter of November 11, saluted 'as a guarantee for the maintenance of the general peace.' Henceforth placed on a larger theatre, he did his best to encourage the secondary German States in their resistance to the policy of the Western Powers during the Crimean war, and was actively supported by his young Prussian colleague, who, arriving as a stout champion of legitimacy and of the Austrian alliance, soon found out that the Confederation was a rotten fabric and a tool in the hands of the Vienna Cabinet to humiliate Prussia. The feeling of deep hatred to Austria, which was the consequence of this change, was fully shared by Prince Gortchakoff on account of the 'stupendous ingratitude' which the Emperor Francis Joseph had shown in 1854. After having saved the Hapsburg monarchy by crushing the Hungarian revolution, the Czar felt so sure of Austria's support that he ventured to assure Sir Hamilton Seymour that in speaking for himself he was likewise speaking for Austria. In this belief he was grievously deceived, for the supreme law of politics is for each country to defend its vital interests, and gratitude can never go the length of suicide. The Emperor Nicholas, in asking Austria to submit to his Eastern pretensions, simply demanded her abdication as a great Power. If she ever allows Turkey to come even indirectly under the control of Russia, or the latter Power to command the Lower Danube and the Bosphorus, Austria's fate would be sealed. Metternich's

policy had always been opposed to the southern progress of Russia, and Count Buol told his brother-in-law, the Russian Minister in Vienna, M. de Meyendorf, that his policy in the Eastern question was inscribed in the map.* But the fault of Austria was that she did not know how to take a clear position in 1854. Placed between the duty of gratitude and the demands of political interest, she could never make up her mind to adopt a decided policy, and by her attempts at conciliating antagonistic policies only managed to fall between two stools. She indisposed the Western Powers, which in consequence of her neutrality could only attack Russia in her extremities, and she exasperated the Russians, though she covered their vulnerable side. It was in this difficult situation that Prince Gortchakoff was called to represent his country in Vienna, and certainly he rendered it a great service by contributing, particularly at the Vienna Conference in the beginning of 1855, to restrain Austria from taking an active part with the Allies; but he fully shared the hatred of his countrymen against her, and when at last she mustered courage to transmit, as an ultimatum, the very moderate conditions of the Western Powers to St. Petersburg, he advised his Government

* The Vienna 'Neue Freie Presse' of May 4 relates an incident which throws a remarkable light on the relations of Austria and Russia in the Eastern question. In 1853, shortly after the Menchikoff mission, the Czar consulted Prince Paskievitch on the policy to be followed by Russia. The old Field-marshal said: 'If your Majesty had asked my advice before, I should not have counselled any provocation, it being Russia's interest to abandon Turkey to its natural disintegration. Let us, I should have said, not attack her, but rather constitute ourselves her protectors. Our friendship will lull her into security, and she will continue to govern her Christian subjects badly. The Slavonic Provinces will gradually emancipate themselves so far as to form vassal principalities, which yet must lean upon our protection. Let us at the same time extend our influence in Asia Minor, so that at a given time we may enter Constantinople from Asia, while our Slavonic allies will approach it from the west. In this way the solution of the Eastern question would simply have been a question of time. As, however, your Majesty has not consulted me previously, and war has become inevitable, I am of opinion that we must begin it by attacking Austria before we send our troops against Turkey. I must take Vienna, for the defeat and the dismemberment of Austria must precede that of the Porte.' The late Lord Sandhurst, whose recent loss we have to deplore, used to lay it down as a military maxim that *Constantinople could only be taken through Vienna*. Probably Lord Sandhurst, when Consul-General at Warsaw in 1856, had heard Prince Paskievitch hold similar language.

to accept them, as Russia was not able to risk a war with Austria, whilst in a few years she would have recovered her forces, and might then take her revenge against the perfidious Power which had imposed upon her the territorial cession of a slice of Bessarabia. Nor did he take the pains to conceal his sentiments towards Austria, but on the contrary gave an ostentatious publicity to them, which made him popular in Russia; and when after the peace, Count Nesselrode retired from a post which he had filled for fifty years, Prince Alexander Gortchakoff was designated as his successor equally by his services and by the voice of the nation.

Among the former Foreign Ministers of Russia there had certainly been distinguished men, but neither Bestujef, nor Panin, nor Nesselrode ever occupied a position such as in France was taken by Richelieu, Mazarin, or even Choiseul; in Austria by Kaunitz or Metternich. Since Peter the Great raised his country to the rank of a first-rate Power, the Imperial authority had been so paramount, particularly in foreign affairs, that every Minister was simply considered the executive officer of the sovereign's will. It is well known that Nesselrode had the gravest objections to his headstrong master's Eastern policy, but he was, nevertheless, obliged to endorse it. Prince Gortchakoff for the first time knew how to obtain and to maintain a more independent position; he is not only the faithful servant of Alexander II., but the veritable leading and responsible chief of his department, and leans on the support of his country, as well as on the confidence of his sovereign; he is proud of being a National Minister, and the nation is proud of him. This position is the more remarkable, as the Chancellor has in many respects broken with the traditional policy of Russia, which hitherto had strongly supported legitimist principles against revolutionary passions; had endeavoured to maintain an equipoise between Austria and Prussia; and protected and patronised the secondary German States. It has been the destiny of Nesselrode's successor to bring about a complete change in Russia's foreign policy. He seconded Napoleon's designs on Italy by his proposal of a Congress, which was the signal for the rupture with Austria in 1859; he tried to calm the minor German Governments, eager to come to Austria's rescue, by telling them in his famous despatch of March 27, 1859, that the Confederation was 'a combination purely and exclusively defensive,' which, permitted to localise, 'a war became inevitable;' and he discovered that the cession of Nice and Savoy confirmed by a sham plébiscite was quite a 'regular transaction.' It is true, he

lectured Count Cavour for his revolutionary proceedings, and recalled the Russian Minister from Turin, but his anger was ephemeral, and he soon recognised the Italian Kingdom. He quietly looked upon the dismemberment of Denmark, the annexation of the Duchies, Hanover, and Hesse by Prussia, the exclusion of Austria from the German Empire, and the total overthrow of France in 1870. There are many Russians who severely criticise this policy, but even they cannot deny that Prince Gortchakoff without a great war had raised Russia to a position not less eminent than that she occupied before the Crimean defeat. In entering upon his office he issued a circular, which expressed his country's situation by the celebrated phrase, '*La Russie qui ne boude pas, mais qui se recueille*;' but whilst the national mind, after a long period of compression, threw itself into a movement of literary and social expansion; whilst the Emperor inaugurated a new era by the abolition of serfdom and the construction of railways; his Minister, during this epoch of internal change, continued to follow an active foreign policy. Immediately after the coronation in Moscow the pacification of the Caucasus was undertaken, and by a thorough subjugation of the Transcaucasian Mohammedan tribes the most vulnerable side of the empire against Turkey and Persia was effectually secured. Having thus obtained a firm footing on that mountain range, Russia proceeded to the gradual conquest of Central Asia by a concentric movement from the Caspian and Siberia, and, one after the other, the Khanates of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand were reduced to a state of vassalage, soon to be followed by incorporation. Closely united with France, he protected Montenegro in its squabbles with Turkey; he took the part of the Servian Assembly when it deposed Prince Kara Georgevitch for having been too favourable to the Western Powers during the war, and recalled to the throne Milosch Obrenovitch. In the question of the Danubian Principalities France and Russia had eagerly pleaded the complete union of Moldavia and Valachia; Austria and England, however, being strongly opposed to it, a combination was agreed upon which maintained the separation but completely assimilated the administration of the two countries. The Emperor Napoleon and Prince Gortchakoff then inaugurated that system of national strategy, afterwards to be used by Count Cavour on a much larger scale in Italy, which annulled diplomatic arrangements by a popular vote; the double election of Prince Couza practically achieved the union of the Principalities, notwithstanding the indignant protests of the Porte and Austria. Turkey, it is true, acknowledged this infringe-

ment of the Treaty of Paris for this occasion only; but when, seven years afterwards, Couza on his turn was deposed and Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was proclaimed hereditary chief of Roumania, the Emperor Napoleon declared that, though he could not officially patronise this election, it had his fullest sympathy, Prince Gortchakoff remained a silent spectator, till the establishment of the new dynasty was effected, and then profited by this infraction of the Treaty of Paris to argue that the whole instrument had lost its binding character.

The principal aim of the Crimean war was to put an end to the separate intervention of Russia in the affairs of Turkey. In the identical note of August 8, 1854, the Western Powers declared that peace could not be re-established as long as Russia claimed a protectorate over subjects of the Porte, to whatever creed they might belong. The rights of the Christians were to be sanctioned by the initiative of the Porte itself, and the solution of this problem was attempted by the *Hat-i-Hamayoum* of February 18, 1856. It is true that its contents were pressed upon Ali Pasha by England, France, and Austria; the three Powers presented a common memorandum (January 19, 1856) on the necessary reforms, and obtained a verbal acceptance of their demands. But formally Turkey maintained her stand-point, the *Hat-i-Hamayoum* was an authentic act of the Sultan. The Powers assembled at the Congress of Paris declared that they fully appreciated its importance, but at the same time acknowledged that it gave them no right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Porte and the relations of the Sultan to his subjects. (Art. 9 of the Treaty of Paris.) Russia, as the vanquished party, was not at that time able to oppose the principle, but at once discerned that the *Hat* would remain a dead letter, just as that of *Gulhane* of 1839 had been, of which it was simply the enlarged repetition. Scarcely four years afterwards (May 4, 1860) Prince Gortchakoff invited the ambassadors of the Great Powers to his office, in order to examine with them the 'painful and precarious situation' of the Christians of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, and soon afterwards he insisted in a circular upon the necessity of a new conference, whose task it would be to revise the stipulations of 1856. 'The time of illusions is gone,' he said; 'hesitation or adjournment can only produce grave inconveniences.' Whilst in his despatches he carefully kept within the boundaries of diplomatic language, he left free play to the Russian Press, appealing to the national sympathies for the deliverance of their unfortunate brethren south of the Danube, united by the common bonds of religion and race. He even actively seconded the

aspirations of the Turkish Christians to independence by the diplomacy of his secret agents. These intrigues were denounced at the time by Lord Palmerston with great spirit in a letter to Count Brunnov which has recently been published. They are in fact the source of the disturbances now occurring in Turkey.

It cannot be denied that the inconsistent and contradictory policy of Napoleon III. powerfully aided the Russian Chancellor, but his skill was shown in adroitly seizing every chance which fortune threw in his way. Thus Gortchakoff's intimation after the battle of Solferino, that it would no longer be possible to restrain Germany from coming to the rescue of Austria, contributed to the hasty conclusion of the Peace of Villafranca, which was as favourable to Russia as it was unfortunate for Austria and France. The complete execution of the programme 'free from the Alps to the Adriatic' would have given a totally different direction to the affairs of Italy, and would have made possible a sincere reconciliation between the two belligerents; whilst after the half-solution of Villafranca the shadow of Venetia continued to separate them, obliged Napoleon to plot continually how he could accomplish by indirect means the result for which he could not risk a second war, and therefore made the friendship of Russia doubly important for France. At the same time it laid the foundation of the strange alliance between Prussia and Italy, which afterwards gave rise to such important consequences.

Great, however, as had been the statesmanship by which Prince Gortchakoff, without drawing the sword, reconquered a position in European politics, where his support was eagerly sought by all the Great Powers, it was perhaps less penetrated by the bulk of the nation than his policy in the Polish question, which raised him to the rank of the true national Minister. But as with this question begins his joint action with his future brother-Chancellor, we must beg leave to return for a moment to the latter, whom we left in Frankfort, deeply dissatisfied with his personal position as with that of his country, and firmly convinced that the policy of steel and fire could alone produce a change for the better.

The accession of the Prince Regent of Prussia, in the autumn of 1858, delivered Bismarck from the false position of a superior man condemned to fill an inferior place; he was recalled from Frankfort, where he had in vain launched his biting sarcasms against the inanity of federal diplomacy. It is true, that named Minister at St. Petersburg, he did not find there a theatre for immediate action, although circumstances seemed

to press it upon his Government. The new Ministry which had been called to take the reins at Berlin was popular and commanded a vast majority in the Chamber; the Prince Regent, who dismissed Manteuffel for having lowered Prussia's position in Europe, was bent upon raising it, and for this purpose the Italian campaign offered an excellent opportunity. Napoleon III. was most willing to give free play to Prussia in Germany if she would let him have his way in Italy; he sent word to Berlin by the Marquis Pepoli, related to Prince Hohenzollern, then chief of the Ministry, that he regarded Austria as representing the past, Prussia the future, in Germany; 'In chaining herself to Austria Prussia condemns herself to immobility, but she is called to a higher fortune; she must accomplish the great destiny which awaits her, and which Germany awaits from her.' (Massari, *il Conte Cavour*, p. 268.) Bismarck, who a year before had made the acquaintance of the Emperor, and had heard words to the same effect from him, was heart and soul for such a policy, and warmly recommended his Government not to lose this magnificent opportunity of assuming an independent position. 'We shall,' he wrote to his chief, 'not easily find more favourable conditions in Austria, Russia, or France to permit us to ameliorate our position in Germany.' But the weak and indolent Minister who directed the foreign policy of the new era had not the slightest taste for these adventures. He made fine speeches on the rights and interests of Germany, wrote despatches in excellent French, lost his time in fruitless attempts of mediation, and one fine morning was overtaken by the news of the Peace of Villafranca. It may well be imagined how Bismarck's fiery soul chafed under this impotent policy of his Government, which, as he said, did not know how to win from golden opportunities even the smallest dish of lentils; his anger was such that he fell dangerously ill, and was, as he says, only saved by his strong constitution and by copious potations. But if he was disbarred from action he did not lose his time at St. Petersburg; on the contrary he there laid the first foundations of his future success. The position of the Prussian envoys at the Russian Court had always been an exceptional one; since Princess Charlotte, the daughter of Frederic William III., had married the Grand Duke Nicholas, as family ambassadors, they enjoyed an intimacy of the Imperial family, rarely granted to the representatives of other Governments. Bismarck improved these favourable conditions by his personal attractions. Known as a warm friend of Russia, he was most cordially received by the Emperor, who invited

him regularly to his bear-hunts, where he did not fail to appear in the national costume, and he was also admitted at the interviews at Warsaw and Breslau with the Prince Regent. With Prince Gortchakoff he found himself united by a cordial hatred of Austria. Bismarck became a great favourite in Russian society; never had a Prussian Minister been known of so bright and gay a humour, who freely cut his jokes at the Philistines of the Spree and the periwigs of Potsdam. He took advantage of his comparative leisure to study the country, the language and customs, and pushed his local predilections so far as to keep in his house two young bears, which during dinner came to lick his hands and play at his feet.

In the meantime a constitutional struggle had broken out in Berlin. The King, by the experience of the mobilisation of the army in 1859, had acquired the conviction that its organisation was unequal to the wants of the time. If at that epoch a Minister in whose energy the legislative majority had confidence had come forward, presenting the reform of the army as the necessary means for a great national end, he would have carried it victoriously. But the truth is that the military cabinet of the King had no such views; they deliberately considered the project of the organisation of the army as the means to bring about a constitutional conflict in order to overthrow the Liberal Ministry; and they succeeded. In this conflict Bismarck had as little to do as Moltke, and General von Roon, the Minister of War, was merely the instrument of the military cabinet.

But it is equally true that the leading advisers of the King had long ago thought of the Prussian envoy at St. Petersburg as the man fit to take the helm when the conflict should have reached its crisis, and Bismarck in his frequent visits to Berlin took good care to improve his relations with these influential men and with his sovereign. His next stepping-stone to the Ministry was his appointment as envoy in Paris, after the sudden death of Count Pourtalès. During his short residence there he managed to win the favour of Napoleon III., then at the height of his position, but whom Bismarck even at that time did not scruple to call in intimate conversation 'a great misunderstood incapacity' (*une grande incapacité méconnue*), shrewdly discerning the truth of Tocqueville's saying, that this man did not know how to distinguish between thinking and dreaming. He made no secret of his conviction that he would soon be called to take the reins at Berlin, and sketched his future policy with great frankness. France, he said, had no reason to be jealous of a rising and aggrandised Prussia,

which would never overstep her natural boundary of the Maine; south of it Austria might keep, or even increase, her preponderance, whilst Prussia, in her present distracted state, was condemned to depend upon Vienna and St. Petersburg. She would have the liberty of alliances as soon as she had acquired her natural configuration by the missing limbs of Hesse, Nassau, and Hanover ('*Elle manque de ventre du côté de Cassel et de Nassau, elle a l'épaule démise du côté du Hanôvre,*' p. 158), and no alliance would be more eligible to her than that of France. The Emperor and his Ministers listened to these suggestions complacently, and thought that if M. de Bismarck was not quite a serious man he yet might prove a useful one. M. Klaczko also tells a curious anecdote that the Prussian envoy tried to win over M. Thiers to his ideas, and offered to reconcile him with the Emperor, which, however, the French statesman declined, little thinking under what different circumstances they were to meet eight years later in Versailles. Bismarck was not more successful in attempting to win the goodwill of Lord Palmerston for his projects during a visit he made to England, and he then went to the south of France. At Avignon he was met by a telegram which summoned him to Berlin, where at last the long-expected crisis had occurred. The House of Deputies had finally refused to vote the increased military budget. Baron von der Heydt and Count Bernstorff declining to spend the money without the vote, resigned, and Bismarck was called upon to extricate the King from a situation which appeared, constitutionally considered, hopeless. The future has shown how grievously his former associates, who brought him into power, were deceived when they hoped that he would firmly establish Conservative principles. In taking leave of the Foreign Office in Paris, he said, '*Liberalism is a foolery which it is easy to put to reason, but revolution is a force, and one must know how to use it.*'

Little transpired, however, at first of his real intentions; it is true he spoke of them to the members of the Liberal majority as frankly as he did in Paris, hinting that Prussia ought to collect her forces for a favourable moment, and that German unity was not to be won by speeches and resolutions, but by blood and iron. It is equally true that he frankly warned the Austrian Minister not to expect any help in future complications from Berlin, and ingenuously advised his former colleague at Frankfort, Count Rechberg, to renounce Austria's position in Germany, transferring her centre of gravitation to Pesth. But as M. Klaczko justly observes, it is one of Bismarck's greatest arts to tell the truth in such a way that nobody

believes him; the deputies as well as the diplomatists took his declarations for mere swagger; a constitutional contest seemed a bad preparation for national action, and both indignantly protested. Undoubtedly his position at that time, when he was compelled to govern without a legally voted budget, was awkward. The Constitution gave the Crown the right of levying existing taxes, and in this way he might carry on the government; but where was he to find the funds, without which his great plans could scarcely be executed? It was in this critical situation that for the first time he met with one of the extraordinary turns of the wheel of fortune, which apart from his ability have so much favoured him. France and Russia since the Peace of Paris had been on cordial terms, and whatever Bismarck had done to become a third party in their understanding, it was scarcely possible that as long as they remained united they would allow the establishment of a great military monarchy in the centre of Europe; therefore the greatest possible chance the Prussian Minister could look for was an event which separated these two Powers; and this event not only took place, but it took a turn which revived the old animosity of Russia against Austria.

The Emperor Alexander had extended his liberal reforms to Poland; he had sent his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, as governor to Warsaw, and had confided the civil administration to a highly gifted Polish nobleman, the Marquis Wielopolski, who established a national government. But the incorrigible political incapacity of the Poles was not satisfied with these large concessions; insurrections, fomented by cosmopolitan demagogues, broke out in January 1863, and soon took alarming proportions. The European Powers at first remained silent spectators, although already in 1863 Lord Palmerston, who did not half like the Russo-French understanding, in a speech of April 4, had exalted the 'invincible, inextinguishable, inexhaustible patriotism of the Poles,' warning them not to forget the cruel deceptions which at another epoch a French Emperor had caused to them. France particularly held back. The 'Moniteur' had formerly protested against the idea that she could encourage hopes of national independence for Poland, and declared that everything was to be expected from the generous intentions of the Czar; even on February 5, M. Billault condemned in the Corps Législatif the insurrection as brought about by revolutionary passions. Suddenly the world was startled by the news that Prussia had concluded a convention with Russia, stipulating that the troops of the two governments should be authorised, on the requisition of the military authori-

ties of the other, to cross the frontier, and in case of necessity, should be permitted to pursue insurgents into the territory of the other.

This act was at that time considered as a most imprudent provocation, and it is true that Bismarck, before the combined representations of England and France, was obliged to draw back and to assure them that the agreement had no political significance whatever, but was simply an arrangement for the maintenance of security on the borders of the two countries; he even informed them somewhat later, that the necessary instructions to carry the convention into effect had never been drawn up; it might therefore be looked upon as a dead letter. But if this was a retreat, it was more than compensated by the advantage he drew from it; it provoked England, France, and Austria into a diplomatic campaign, which ended by profoundly dividing them, by shaking the good understanding between France and Russia, and thus creating a new situation, of which Prussia was to reap all the benefit.

Bismarck knew beforehand that Russia would never yield in the Polish question to diplomatic representations, and at once discovered that Prince Gortchakoff only accepted the discussion with the Western Powers in order to gain time for crushing the insurrection. He therefore not only declined to support the concessions which England and France recommended in St. Petersburg, but frankly took the side of Russia, and so secured her gratitude and future aid, whilst his real adversary Austria, in strange blindness, not only joined the Western Powers in their unsuccessful diplomatic campaign, but actually favoured the insurrection from the Galician side. The Vienna Cabinet thus managed first to compromise anew its relations with Russia, and then to dissatisfy France by drawing back when the moment for action was at hand. The Emperor Napoleon, greatly embarrassed by his ill luck, took a hint from Prince Gortchakoff, transmitted by the Marquis Pepoli, Italian Minister at St. Petersburg, and started his project of a Universal Congress, which broke down under the curt refusal of Lord Russell, greatly resented by the Emperor. In this way all the former relations of the Great Powers were dissolved. England, France, and Austria were mutually estranged; Prince Gortchakoff, to whose firmness and skill the nation ascribed its escape from a great danger, rose to the height of popularity, and Prussia, hitherto isolated, was henceforth sure of the Russian alliance.

As long as the Polish negotiations lasted Bismarck had shown a supreme indifference to the much-vexed question of

the Duchies; even in October 1863, when the Diet of Frankfurt resolved upon the Federal execution in Holstein, he promised the British envoy in Berlin, Sir A. Buchanan, to prevent what he called a whim of the Secondary States, if Denmark accepted the English mediation; but no sooner had Napoleon launched his congress-project, than he found that he could no longer offer any objection to the execution. At this moment an event took place which gave a wholly new turn to the whole situation. The King of Denmark died November 15; his successor sanctioned the constitution, to which the Diet had objected, and the national agitation in Denmark, as well as in Germany, made a conflict inevitable. We think M. Klaczko goes too far in representing Bismarck as having from the beginning pursued a deeply premeditated game, in order to swallow the Duchies; on the contrary, his first plan was to crush the movement, and when he found this impossible, from the violent excitement prevailing in Germany on this question, he contrived to seduce Austria into a plan of joint operations, which proved singularly mischievous to herself. During the whole course of this affair he was discreetly but effectively supported by his Russian colleague, who constantly assured Lord Napier that Bismarck himself had moderate views, and was only obliged to act in order not to be overruled by the King and the national movement. When at the London Conference the Prussian Premier was compelled by Austria and the Diet to join in the memorable declaration in favour of the rights of the Prince of Augustenburg, the Emperor of Russia did him the service to cede his very distant claims to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and so enabled him to play out a harmless candidate against a dangerous one. When Austria had acquiesced in a careful investigation of the conflicting rights of these two princes, and had blindly signed the joint peace with Denmark without requiring any guarantees as to the erection of the Duchies into an independent federal State, he found himself *en tête-à-tête* with her, and now seriously set to work for the annexation of Sleswig-Holstein.

It is in executing this plan that he finally proved the mastery of his unscrupulous diplomacy. Sure as he felt of Russia's silent support, he knew that he absolutely needed the complicity of the Emperor Napoleon, and with great dexterity managed to secure it. The French sovereign, after the successive failures of the Polish affair and of his project of a General Congress, was bent upon re-establishing his prestige by some great stroke, and thought that the menacing conflict between the two German Powers presented a good opportunity

for it. When, therefore, Bismarck in the autumn of 1864 paid a visit at Biaritz, he was well received; he assured the Emperor that his alliance with Austria had been a mere incident, and that he looked to France and Italy as the natural allies of Prussia; he knew that Napoleon's mind was bent upon the completion of his Italian programme, and represented the joint action of Prussia and Italy, under the diplomatic assistance of France, as the most effective means to accomplish this end. Although no fixed plan was agreed upon, it is not doubtful that the Emperor listened with complacency to this idea, and shortly afterwards, M. Benedetti, a warm friend of the Italian cause, was appointed French ambassador at Berlin. In the execution of his designs Bismarck had, however, to overcome great impediments; he still was in open conflict with the Legislature and with public opinion in Germany; the King and the Court would not hear of a war with Austria, still less of an alliance with revolutionary Italy. The Minister, therefore, while pursuing with relentless tenacity his plan, had to make frequent halts on his way, of which the most important was the Convention of Gastein; but he succeeded in convincing Benedetti, as well as the Italian statesmen, that these complications, imposed upon him by the necessity of circumstances, would not imperil the ultimate result. Moreover, he had at once penetrated the complicated strategy of Napoleon, which was disclosed in 1866 in the famous letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys:—The aggrandisement of Prussia, in the North of Germany, as an equipoise to Russia, whilst Austria was to maintain her great position in Germany, perhaps even to win back Silesia as a compensation for Venetia, which she was to cede to Victor Emmanuel; the establishment of a new Middle State on the Rhine, destined to form, with Bavaria and Saxony, 'a union more intimate, an organisation more powerful,' i.e. a new Rhenish Confederation under the *de facto* protectorate of France; and lastly, a rectification of the eastern frontier of the French Empire. Such were the visions floating before the eyes of Napoleon, which he hoped to realise by the conflict of the two German Powers, and which Bismarck wisely abstained from dispelling from the mind of the Imperial dreamer, who only knew the Germany of his youth and not of the present day. He saw Napoleon's doubts whether even Prussia and Italy united would be a match for the Austrian army, which France had been scarcely able to vanquish in 1859; he discerned the Emperor's design to interfere as mediator when the two rivals would be exhausted; but he did not impugn the plan, knowing it to be

hollow, and without taking any engagement he came back from his second visit to Biarritz sure of the friendly neutrality of France in the impending struggle. M. Klaczko has an eloquent page on the walks of the Emperor leaning on the arm of Prosper Mérimée along the shore of the Bay of Biscaye, followed at a respectful distance by the Prussian Prime Minister, developing his ideas, and generally receiving only a slightly incredulous look as answer. Napoleon, in listening to the plans by which his interlocutor disposed in the most off-hand manner of the destinies of Europe, is even said to have whispered to his poet-companion, 'he is mad;' little thinking that this maniac, at whose fertile imagination he inwardly smiled, would turn out a terrible realist, who five years afterwards would consign him as a prisoner to Wilhelmshöhe.

There is a grain of folly in every great genius; and it certainly required an audacity next to foolhardiness in Bismarck to risk, even with all the elements of strength of which he was conscious, the game on which he staked the future greatness of his country, but possibly also its utter ruin. It must be acknowledged that he was fully aware of the odds against him; he was still at variance with the King, the Court, and the Nation, nor was the army enthusiastic for a conflict with Austria and an alliance with Italy, the only Power from which he could look for active help. What would have been his position if Austria had resigned herself to the sacrifice of Venetia, which she was to lose sooner or later, in exchange for the Danubian Principalities proposed by Italy? * What if she had only maintained her simple adherence to the proposition of a Congress, as advanced by Napoleon? Was the Prussian Premier prepared to declare before a European Areopagus that he must have the Duchies because the frontiers of Prussia were ill defined? In the confidential conversations with General Govone, whose despatches Lamarmora has published, the difficulty of drawing on the King, of overcoming his superstitions, his old-fashioned ideas, his legitimist scruples, constantly recur. The Minister was afraid of leaving Berlin for

* In fact, though M. Klaczko does not seem aware of it, Austria did offer to France to make that concession as early as May 10 in exchange for the French alliance. With supreme infatuation Napoleon III. rejected that offer. That was the one fatal incident on which the whole decline and fall of the Second Empire turned. The most accurate and complete account of these complicated diplomatic transactions which we have seen, is to be found in M. Sorel's '*Guerre Franco-Allemande*,' a work of great merit and interest, to which we regret that we cannot devote more space in these pages.

a Conference, because occult influences might bring about an interview of his master with the Emperor Francis Joseph; he felt obliged to have the avenues of the palace carefully watched (Benedetti, '*Ma Mission en Prusse*,' p. 129). Even when the long-desired war was at hand, Bismarck, though convinced of Prussia's military superiority, was well aware of the magnitude of the struggle upon the result of which his whole fate depended. 'Almighty God is sometimes capricious,' he said in his flippant way to Count Barral, the Italian envoy, at the moment when hostilities had begun (Lamarmora, '*Un po' più di luce*,' p. 332); he assured a friend that he would return victorious or perish with the last charge of cavalry; he even is reported, we do not know upon what authority, to have given it as his opinion that in certain circumstances death on the scaffold was neither the most degrading nor the worst end one might meet with (p. 234); and when, after, the battle of Sadowa, an officer accosted him with the words, 'Now your Excellency is a great man; if we had lost the day you would have been a great criminal,' he answered with a hearty laugh, 'You are perfectly right.' The result decided for him; and however we may condemn the means by which he brought it about, however fortune has favoured him in some of the most critical moments, every impartial observer must acknowledge that the ability with which he conducted this difficult campaign, the perspicacity with which he profited by his adversaries' faults, the energy with which he turned to account every element apt to come to his aid, were prodigious, and would alone suffice to mark his place as one of the first men of his age. But he surpassed himself during the two momentous months which followed the decisive victory, when he pushed his unscrupulous boldness to the very last limits, without one moment losing sight of what was possible. 'We shall have a peace which will be worth the trouble,' he wrote to his wife, 'if we do not exaggerate our demands, and do not believe we have conquered the world. Unfortunately, we are inclined to be as easily intoxicated as to despair, and I have the disagreeable task to put water into boiling wine, and to insist that we are not alone in Europe, but have three neighbours.' It was certainly difficult to preach cool reason to the military men, who, elated by their victories, would fain have swallowed all Germany, and, as he said, 'though not seeing further than their noses, were basking on the foaming wave of phrases.'

The news of Sadowa fell like a thunderbolt upon the Tuileries, destroying the whole political edifice of the planning Cæsar, and filling with patriotic anxiety even the most de-

aided Bonapartist partisans of Bismarck. Venetia, it is true, was ceded; but what became of the German programme of the Emperor? of his assurance that no question in which France had an interest would be decided without her assent? among which questions was expressly mentioned 'every modification of the map of Europe for the exclusive profit of a great Power.' Prussia proceeded to annex the Duchies, Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfort, and to exclude Austria from Germany, though the Emperor had promised to maintain her great position in Germany. Bismarck himself acknowledged in his celebrated speech of January 14, 1874, in the Reichstag, that Prussia's situation at that moment had been most critical. 'If France,' he said, 'had only a small force at her disposition, it would have been sufficient to form a very respectable army by uniting with the South-German contingents; an army which would have immediately compelled us to abandon all our successes in Austria in order to protect Berlin.' But Napoleon, suffering already from the disease which had for some time been undermining his health, was so overcome with the untoward results of the war, which he himself had promoted, that he could not make up his mind for a decided policy. In vain did Count Walewski urge him to place at least a corps of 100,000 men on the Rhine; the Emperor replied that he had not got them. In vain did the Duc de Gramont write from Vienna that Prussia, although victorious, was well-nigh exhausted, and was not able to risk a war with France. In vain Baron Beust, who had come to Paris to implore the support of France, urged upon the Emperor that he might dominate the situation by a simple military demonstration; and that if he allowed that moment to escape, he would be forced to go to war not only with Prussia but with all Germany. In vain the Queen of Holland pressed upon the French Minister at the Hague that it was more than a crime, that it was a fault, to allow the strangling of Austria; that the future of the Napoleonic dynasty was at stake, the Emperor was of opinion that it was not advisable 'de courir des aventures;' he did not even think at this critical moment of his former project of a European Congress, although it would certainly have been more opportune after a great war than before it, and was even contemplated as desirable by Prince Gortchakoff under the first impression of Sadowa. At one moment after Sadowa, the wise and energetic advice of M. Drouyn de Lhuys had all but prevailed. It had been decided at a Cabinet held at St. Cloud that the Legislative Body should be convoked and the army placed on a war footing. The *ordonnance* to that

effect was actually drawn, and was to have appeared in the 'Moniteur' the next morning. But in the night everything changed; M. de Lavalette and M. Rouher regained their ascendancy over the Emperor; the *ordonnance* was suppressed; and M. Drouyn de Lhuys resigned. We give this anecdote on the personal authority of the chief actor in this remarkable transaction. M. Rouher thought, as we have learnt by a letter published in the 'Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale,' vol. ii. p. 225, that public opinion would be satisfied, if Prussia consented to the re-establishment of the frontiers of 1814, in this way effacing the consequences of Waterloo. This rectification would, however, not be considered as a full acquittance for the future. Germany was, in his opinion, only in the first stage of the numerous oscillations through which she would have to pass before reaching her consolidation; the Southern States, particularly, would be in a short time the apple of discord, and France would then be more ready to profit by circumstances.

It was for this purpose that M. Benedetti was sent to the Prussian headquarters in Moravia, and he has himself ingenuously told the world how he was outwitted by the Prussian Premier. The first aim of Bismarck in this momentous situation was to gain time in order to settle the preliminaries of peace with Austria; he found himself obliged to make some concessions to France, as, for instance, the integrity of Saxony and the eventual retrocession of the northern districts of Slesvig to Denmark, destined to remain a dead letter; but he succeeded in keeping the French diplomatist aloof from the negotiation with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, by assuring him that he was perfectly disposed to accept combinations by which France and Prussia might solve most of the pending questions which still menaced the peace of Europe. Closely united, these two Powers would not have to fear an armed resistance, either from England or from Russia. 'I shall not say anything new to your Excellency,' wrote Benedetti from Nicolsburg to his chief, 'in announcing that, in M. de Bismarck's opinion, we ought to look for a compensation in Belgium, and he has offered me to come to an understanding on this subject. He, however, thinks it possible to find also something in the Palatinate.' But nothing was settled. The Prussian Minister obtained his chief end; the preliminaries of peace were signed with Austria; and when tired by this procrastination the Emperor afterwards asked simply for the cession of the left bank of the Rhine, he told Benedetti that this would be war, and invited him to direct his sovereign's

attention to the circumstance, that in such a conflict, pregnant with revolutions, the German dynasties might prove more solid than that of Napoleon. The Emperor was frightened, and drew back, but Bismarck turned the demand admirably to account by communicating it to the Ministers of the Southern States, who had come to Berlin to conclude their peace with Prussia. He had at first asked enormous sacrifices from them, and they had implored the mediation of France, which was granted. He now showed himself more lenient; proved to them that France, whilst feigning to help them, had tried to get compensations at their expense, and offered to defend them against the common enemy. They accepted, and concluded with Prussia a secret alliance defensive and offensive, by which the contracting parties guaranteed to each other the integrity of their territories, and the Southern States, in case of war, placed their military forces under the command of the King of Prussia.

As long, however, as the definitive peace with Austria was not signed, Bismarck thought it prudent to continue the game, which he has later designated by the name, hitherto unknown to diplomacy, of 'dilatatory negotiations.' He still assured Benedetti that Prussia needed the alliance of a great Power, and that France would be the most desirable; it was impossible to cede an inch of German territory, but 'other arrangements might be made apt to satisfy the respective interests of both countries.' Napoleon had hitherto refused to entertain any project on Belgium; he had even, as M. Klaczko tells us, qualified such an enterprise as 'an act of brigandage.' Baffled in all his plans of compensation, and yet bent upon obtaining an equivalent, he began to listen to Benedetti, who came to Paris about the middle of August, proposing to accept boldly the principle of nationality, and, as there was no Belgian nationality, to negotiate a secret treaty with Prussia, by which the latter Power would take the engagement not to oppose the aggrandisement of France in the north. Authorised by the Emperor to negotiate a secret act in this sense, Benedetti, after his return to Berlin, pursued this dark project without the knowledge of his official chief, and presented the draft of a convention to that effect in his own handwriting to Bismarck, who made some observations, asked for certain changes, and in this way gained time till the Peace of Prague was signed (August 26); then suddenly he showed hesitation; he was afraid, he said, lest the Emperor might use this negotiation to produce a conflict between Prussia and England. The ambassador, surprised by this sudden evolution,

asked for new instructions. The Emperor, greatly embarrassed, having dismissed M. Drouyn de Lhuys, ordered M. de Lavalette to publish the famous circular of September 15, which was a plea for large national agglomerations. Bismarck meanwhile had left for his country-seat, where he stayed till December; and the only result of this profligate negotiation was a most compromising document, which placed France at the discretion of Prussia, who did not fail to turn it to a terrible use when war had become inevitable.

M. Benedetti has indeed, in a letter addressed to our author, attempted to disculpate himself; but M. Klaczko in his answer has fully shown that in this discreditable affair the late ambassador was morally quite as guilty as his great tempter, with the additional fault that he was outwitted, in a manner scarcely credible, by his grim antagonist. His eyes were opened too late when he discovered that Bismarck had found elsewhere the support which he had pretended to look for from France, when General Manteuffel was sent on a confidential mission to St. Petersburg. The Russian Court, whatever the partiality of its leading members for Prussia might be, was somewhat hurt by the dethronement of sovereigns related to the Imperial family. The general was to plead the extenuating circumstance of necessity, but principally to communicate the projects by which France had tried to shake to her profit the alliance of the two Powers, to assure that his Government remained faithful to it, and to offer free play to Russia in the East, if she would do as much. This mission perfectly succeeded.* When somewhat later Austria and France tried to win the goodwill of Russia, Baron Beust proposing a revision of the Treaty of Paris, which was to cancel the neutralisation of the Black Sea,† and to favour the autonomy of Christian subjects of the Porte, Napoleon III. pleading for an understanding on Eastern affairs, and warmly supporting the cession not only of Candia, but even of Epirus and Thessalia to Greece, Prince Gortchakoff of course did not neglect to turn these overtures to the best possible account. He declared that M. de Beust had inaugurated a new era of large and elevated

* It is remarkable that immediately after Sadowa, the 'Moscow Gazette,' the leading ultra-national organ, pleaded the continuation of an active alliance between Russia and Prussia, because the latter Power had no interests of her own in the East, and would always back those of her ally.

† 'C'est aller contre la nature des choses que d'interdire à un État d'une étendue et d'une population aussi immenses sa liberté d'allures dans le cercle de son action légitime.' (Dépêche du 1 Janvier, 1867.)

views in the Austrian policy, and was the first statesman of that country soaring above paltry jealousies; he received with the greatest satisfaction the communications of the Marquis de Moustier, and had only to temper the ardour of Napoleon III., who did not scruple to press the cession of Candia personally upon the Sultan coming as his guest to the Exhibition of Paris. But Prince Gortchakoff saw very well that both these Powers did not intend simply to make him a present by thus modifying their policy in the East; that they, on the contrary, expected in exchange to obtain his support in the coming complications of Western Europe. He continued, however, to maintain his intimate relations with his old colleague of Frankfurt. Very enthusiastic for a plébiscite in Candia, which was the undoubted territory of the Porte, he cared nothing for the plébiscite stipulated by the Treaty of Prague for the north of Slesvig; and when in March, 1867, Bismarck refused France even the satisfaction of buying Luxemburg from the King of Holland, he seemed perfectly indifferent to the publication of the military treaties between Prussia and the Southern States, which literally abolished the 'independent, international situation' stipulated at Nicolsburg. He favoured the panslavist propaganda, for which the famous circular of Lavalette had furnished the pretext,* and which reached its height in a strange ethnological exhibition at Moscow. Science had little to gain from this motley gathering of Slav types, costumes, arms, domestic utensils, &c.; patronised as it was, however, by the Court and the highest dignitaries, it served the purpose of appealing to the sympathies of the 'unfortunate and disinherited Slavs of Austria and Turkey,' whose delegates came as pilgrims to the Mons Sacer of the Kremlin, and were magnificently received as brethren of the same race. The fostering of the Slav sympathies on the Danube and the Balkan was nothing new, but the encouragement they had met with hitherto had chosen less conspicuous ways and means. Now for the first time the Russian Government openly assumed the responsibility of this propaganda, and unfolded the flag of the Saints Cyril and Methodius. In an empire where everything is watched and directed from above, and nothing is spontaneous, the subjects of two neighbouring and friendly Powers were allowed to expose their grievances, and to ask assistance and

* 'Une puissance irrésistible pousse les peuples à se réunir en grandes agglomérations en faisant disparaître les États secondaires, et cette tendance est peut-être inspirée par une sorte de prévision providentielle des destinées de ce monde.'

deliverance in the name of the new-fangled law of unity of races. The 'Correspondance Russe,' a paper superintended by the Home Office, said: 'Our guests will believe that they have come to a sister-nation, from which they have everything to expect and nothing to fear; we shall listen to their complaints, and the explanation of the wrongs from which they suffer can only serve to strengthen the ties which unite them to us. If they are inclined to compare their political condition with ours, we shall not be simple enough to convince them that theirs is the more favourable for the Slav development.' Appeals were addressed to the Czar to revenge the secular outrages of the Turks and to plant the Russian flag on Santa Sophia, a permanent committee was founded to promote the unity of the Slavs, whose agents were soon to be found among the Ruthenes, Tchechs, and Croats of Austria, the Rumanians and Bulgarians of Turkey, whilst at the same time the Greeks openly fomented the Cretan insurrection, and these things were done with the direct knowledge and encouragement of the Russian Government. The insurrection in the Herzegovina and Bosnia is their natural result.

As to Prussia, we think M. Benedetti goes too far in ascribing to Bismarck the authorship of all these troubles (despatch of Jan. 5, 1868); but it is true that he looked at them with silent complacency, * for he found it his advantage to see Austria disquieted by Russia, just as he maintained his relations with the Hungarians,† and welcomed Garibaldi's insurrection, which forced France to renew the occupation of Rome, and helped to neutralise her liberty of action on the Rhine. It is equally true that the Prussian Premier, as Benedetti observed, carefully abstained from taking any definite engagement with Russia in the Eastern question; that, on the contrary, he wished to avoid any conflict which would have compelled him to side openly with her; he even took the initiative of the Paris Conference in January, 1868, which prevented the conflict between Turkey and Greece, and imposed upon the latter the better observation of her inter-

* His principal organ, the 'North German Gazette,' speaking of the Congress of Moscow, declared that the pretensions of Russia to introduce a certain unity in the intellectual development of the Slavs was perfectly legitimate.

† After the coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph as King of Hungary at Pesth (June, 1867), Baron Werther, the Prussian Minister, wrote, that notwithstanding their reconciliation with Austria, the Hungarians continued to look on Prussia as their natural protector against Vienna.

national obligations. 'Russia,' wrote the French ambassador, 'is a card in his game for the complications which may arise on the Rhine, and he will take good care not to invert the parts, and to become a card in the game of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.'

This cautious reserve of Bismarck did not prevent his Russian colleague from taking frankly the Prussian side, when at last the Hohenzollern affair brought about the crisis between France and Germany. M. Klaczko does perfect justice to the perspicacity with which Benedetti, once cured of his illusions, endeavoured to enlighten his Government on the real situation. He was not for a moment blinded by the distinguished reception which the new French ambassador, General Fleury, met with at the Court of St. Petersburg, but persisted in asserting the continued understanding between the two Northern Powers; he constantly warned his sovereign not to place any confidence in the support of the Southern German States, which would be compelled by the national feeling of their populations to side with Prussia; and he insisted that France, in face of the inevitable unity of Germany, ought to make up her mind either to accept it frankly or to prepare resolutely for war; stating repeatedly that if the Emperor decided for the first eventuality and renounced all interference in German affairs, Bismarck had not the slightest wish for a conflict. But Napoleon could not come to a decision for either alternative, and in this situation it was inevitable that the first misunderstanding must lead to war. It is, we think, not generally known that the project of placing a Hohenzollern on the throne of Spain had been discussed before between France and Prussia, but it was then the second son of the reigning prince who was in question, the Emperor making it a condition that he should marry the niece of the Empress, a daughter of the Duchess of Alba. This the young prince refused to do, and the matter dropped. Somewhat later it was taken up by Bismarck and Prim without the knowledge of the French Court, and then the hereditary prince became the candidate. The project was to remain secret till the meeting of the Cortes in autumn 1870, when they hoped to make France swallow the accomplished fact. But Prim's heart failed him; he was afraid to offend the Emperor, and prematurely tried to break the news to him through the French ambassador at Madrid. In this way the crisis occurred, when the prince-candidate was hunting in Tyrol, and Bismarck spending his holiday at Varzin. It is certain that Russia did great service to Prussia by the part she

took at the outbreak of the war. She declared positively at Vienna that she would not allow Austria to take the side of France, and prevented Denmark from doing so. Gortchakoff insisted upon the necessity of localising the conflict, and adopted the Italian idea of a league of the neutral Powers, only in order to counteract Count Beust's plan of a collective intervention between the belligerents; he remained indifferent when Germany asked the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, and declared that the power of Prussia could not alarm Russia.

It was, therefore, no more than just that, in announcing the signature of the preliminaries of peace at Versailles, the Emperor William assured his nephew of his everlasting gratitude, because Prussia owed it to him that the war had not taken more extended proportions. The services of the Russian Chancellor were, however, not wholly disinterested; it may be that he did not expect such signal victories of the Germans as Woerth and Sedan; that he even advised the King of Prussia to be moderate; but he succeeded in repudiating the neutralisation of the Black Sea, imposed upon Russia by the Treaty of Paris. From a moral point of view it is hardly possible to speak too strongly on this audacious act; the pretexts by which Prince Gortchakoff tried to veil this breach of international law were so utterly futile that they scarcely deserve discussion; he simply tore the treaty to pieces because the political situation enabled him to do so. 'The proceeding of Russia,' observed Earl Granville in his despatch to Sir A. Buchanan of December 10, 'annuls all treaties; the object of a treaty is to bind the contracting parties to each other; according to the Russian doctrine, every party submits everything to its own authority, and is only obliged to itself.' No doubt, as M. Klaczko's book demonstrates, the Two Chancellors have played successfully enough into each other's hands, though each of them was thinking of his own game more than of his partner or his antagonist. Prince Gortchakoff deliberately accepted an immense augmentation of the political and military power of the Crown of Prussia. But when symptoms occurred in the spring of 1875 that Bismarck contemplated a renewal of hostilities against France, his Russian friend intimated clearly enough that it would not be for the interest of Russia to see the political position of France further lowered.

The figure of Prince Bismarck as it stands in contemporary history is much more imposing than that of his Russian ally. It is certain that he could never have accomplished his object, if, on the one hand, the German unitarian tendencies had not been a real power; and if, on the other, he had not

found the admirable instrument of the Prussian army, wielded by the first strategist of the age. But it is equally true that he directed both to a thoroughly successful use. It cannot be denied that he was wonderfully favoured by circumstances, and particularly by the faults of his adversaries; but it must be equally admitted that he had to grapple with unprecedented difficulties, particularly in the first stage of his ministerial career. He had the confidence of the King, especially in maintaining the reorganisation of the army; but he had slowly to educate his Royal master as to the means by which he was to execute his vast plans, leading him with gentle pressure from one position to the other till it was impossible to draw back. Confronted with a hostile Legislature, he had to lean upon the military and Conservative party, whose principles he had long ago inwardly repudiated; he used them as long as he found himself obliged to rely upon their support, but threw over his former friends as soon as success allowed him to do so. He relegated General Manteuffel, who had been the principal instrument of bringing him into power, to the post of a provincial governor, and, later on, he persecuted, proscribed, and destroyed Count Arnim, in whom he saw another possible rival. He broke up the Conservative party by abandoning the position in which they had supported him, asking an indemnity from the House of Deputies for having governed without a Budget, introducing universal suffrage, and realising the reforms which made up the substance of the German Liberal creed. He publicly disavowed his former legitimist tendencies, dethroned sovereigns and became the ally of revolutionists; thus achieving the national unity by blood and iron, and fulfilling the prediction which he confidently ventured upon at the moment when the whole force of public opinion was arrayed against him, that he still would become the most popular man in Germany. But whilst governing with the support of the national Liberals, he has taken care not to become their instrument, he has simply changed the horses of his carriage. One of his most weighty reasons for beginning the fatal *Culturkampf* was that he knew the anti-religious passions of the German Liberals, and discerned their readiness to go to any length with him against the Church. By this means he has harnessed them to his car, and compelled them to disown the best part of their former programme, enacting with their help exceptional penal laws against the Catholic clergy, and forcing upon the Evangelical Church a constitution placing it at the mercy of the State. Significant symptoms of a Conservative reaction are, however, beginning to appear, going far to

demonstrate that the country is getting tired of the present ecclesiastical and economical policy; and as soon as Bismarck, who has a very nice perception of the elements of real strength, perceives that the current of public opinion goes against the Liberals, he will not hesitate for a moment to dismiss them after having ruined them, just as he formerly did with the Conservatives. The only question will be, whether the latter, after the experience they have made, will be as docile as he requires his adherents to be; for he divides men only in two classes—those who consent to be his instruments and those who do not, and consequently are his adversaries, or, as he says, the enemies of the State. Truth and its reverse, loyalty and revolution, Conservative and Liberal principles, are to him only so many forces to be used according to circumstances; he has coalesced with Garibaldi, Mazzini, Klapka, as well as with Francis Joseph and Alexander; he tries to make the most of those who can serve his aims, but throws the orange aside as soon as it is squeezed. If, therefore, we must acknowledge in Bismarck gifts of the very first order, directed by a will as indomitable as it is unscrupulous, we must deny to him the claim of moral greatness. He hates real liberty and the control which is inseparable from it; he accepts the show of constitutional government, but will never submit to its essential conditions. As soon as the Legislature makes an attempt at independence and passes a resolution which is distasteful to him, his anger is roused; he sends a peremptory request by one of his parliamentary jackals to withdraw it, and the so-called Liberals have to eat their words. It is in this point that he is particularly inferior to the great Italian statesman of our age; undoubtedly, Cavour, in founding the unity of his country, also sometimes employed means of doubtful morality, but his ambition was always to be the leading Minister of a really free country; even in the delirium of his death-bed he exclaimed, ‘No dictatorship, no martial law; anybody can govern with that.’ Bismarck from the very first has aimed at obtaining dictatorial power; the more he gets it the more he wants it, and he becomes impatient even of the mildest contradiction. Cavour, like Pitt, Canning, and Peel, formed a school; he left statesmen as Ricasoli, Sella, Minghetti; diplomatists as Nigra and Visconti-Venosta. Bismarck’s sway has nipped in the bud every rising political talent, and successively destroyed all the men of note whom he found in office one after the other; Sydow, Usedom, Savigny, Thile were dismissed, and even the long-enduring Delbrück, who certainly did not aspire to independence, found the haughty treatment of his chief too unpa-

latable and at last retired. The Finance-Minister Camphausen excepted, all his so-called colleagues—men such as Falk, Achenbach, Friedenthal—are mere clerks, who have submissively to register his decrees. It is natural that such a temper cannot tolerate a really Free Press; the German journals are placed under the strictest regulations; the Chancellor resents the slightest irreverential utterance, and the public prosecutors know that severity against the opposition papers is the best means to make a rapid career. But far worse than this direct pressure is the corruption of the Press, which has been pushed to a degree scarcely attained in France under the Second Empire. The way in which Bismarck procured the funds for this purpose is characteristic of him; in 1867 he passed a law authorising him to pay 16,000,000 of thalers to the King of Hanover and the Elector of Hesse as indemnity for the loss of their civil list; then suddenly he declined to pay that sum on account of the dangerous manoeuvres of those two dispossessed sovereigns against Prussia, and obtained the authorisation of the Chamber to spend the interest of the 16,000,000 thalers in thwarting those attacks. The Elector is dead, and the attempts of King George against Prussia are at an end; nevertheless nearly 1,000,000 thalers a year are spent under the old pretext, but in fact as secret service money, chiefly in corrupting the Press. The tenacity with which the Chancellor labours to secure the subserviency of public opinion by officious writers is the more remarkable, as a man in his position would certainly not lack the support of disinterested pens; but it is rooted in his contempt of men, his impatience of blame, and his incapacity of appreciating purely intellectual forces.

This latter quality also accounts for the manner in which he has entered upon his struggle with the Catholic Church; he cajoled it as long as he thought it convenient to lean upon the clergy against the Liberals, but in the fulness of power which he had reached after vanquishing France he felt strong enough to dispense with the Catholic support. He would have been perfectly justified if he had simply re-asserted the necessary rights of the State against the Ultramontane pretensions and encroachments upon the civil authority; but such was not his aim. Himself indifferent to the religious aspect of the question, he would willingly have allowed the Prussian Catholics to obey the Pope if only the Pope would have obeyed him; but Pío Nono not being inclined to do so, he turned against the Church in order to crush the independent power most able to oppose the omnipotence of the State. He, however, com-

pletely miscalculated the means by which he hoped to attain that end; he began the war against a spiritual and cosmopolitan power just as if he had to prepare a conflict with France or Austria; heedless of all warnings he enacted, with the applause and help of the Liberals, a series of laws destined to reduce Catholicism in Germany to a mere State Church, cut asunder from its Roman centre. Of the twelve Prussian Catholic Bishops five have been imprisoned or deposed by the civil authority, two are dead, five only remain to be the objects of fresh persecution. If he had studied the history of Joseph II. and of the French Revolution, he would have seen how utterly such a crucial experiment must fail against a spiritual power. The Catholic Church of Prussia of course suffers materially under the heavy blows of a strong centralised Government, but it will never submit to the Falk Laws, because, in doing so, it would cease to be itself; if the bishops are fined and put into prison they appear as martyrs to their cause; the clergy are deprived of their salary, but they are supported by their flocks; the Government has authorised the parishes to elect priests for vacant places, and not a single election has taken place; it has favoured to the utmost the Old-Catholic movement, but that weak plant will not take root. The result of the enormous pressure which during five years has been brought to weigh upon the Prussian Catholic Church, has only been to render it internally more united, more homogeneous, than it was ever before, and to split the nation into two hostile camps. The dignity of the State, of course, suffers if one-third of its citizens refuses on principle to submit to laws which are legally enacted, but the dignity of the State does not require that its rulers should deem themselves infallible; on the contrary, the fault is with them who do not strive to correct the blunders they have committed, but proceed from bad to worse. Prince Bismarck may by this time have discovered that he has rashly embarked in a contest without justly appreciating the dimensions it would take, but his indomitable pride and self-will still rebel against avowing that he has made a mistake. He has preferred to divert public opinion from ecclesiastical affairs by starting a new gigantic project—the buying up of the German railways by the Empire. We greatly doubt the expediency of this policy, which forces the Middle States into opposition against the central power, and will probably only add a new schism to the old one. Nor would a new successful war break up the Ultramontane party, as Sadowa split the Liberals. Questions such as the relation of State and Church having once been opened cannot be settled by arbitrary power.

It is one of the characteristics of the Foreign Policy of the Two Chancellors, as related by M. Klaczko, that they have drawn up their plans and followed their schemes, without the slightest reference to England. Prince Bismarck especially has never concealed his unmitigated contempt for the policy of this country, and has been known to say that a State which gives anything up, as we gave up the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, must be regarded as a thing of the past. We may be permitted to say that in their jubilant calculations these bold and sagacious ministers appear to us to have reckoned without their host. There is not one of their schemes which England is not powerful enough to traverse and defeat, if she thinks the time is come for her to take a more active part in the affairs of Europe. The Andrassy Note, to which England gave a qualified assent; the projected Note of the Berlin Conference, which has fallen to the ground; the intrigues by which Russia acting on Servia, Montenegro, and the Slavonian provinces of Turkey, has brought them to actual war, have all been more or less foiled by the appearance of the British fleet in Besika Bay; not only because that fleet is a powerful armament, but because it is backed by the public opinion of Europe. France, Austria, Italy, Turkey know very well that whatever may be plotted between the Two Chancellors at Berlin and St. Petersburg, that fleet represents the principles most essential to the maintenance of peace and international law. Accordingly the Northern Courts have not been slow to acknowledge that for the present at least the game has turned not to their advantage. Perhaps they have by this time discovered that, in spite of their vast military armaments and unscrupulous political combinations, they are not masters of the board. The British Government, acting without the slightest appearance of bravado or irritation, has shown foresight and ability in putting forth its strength. The country, irrespective of party, is, we venture to say, well satisfied with the position which has been assumed on the basis of the Treaties of 1856, as far as that policy has been made known. It is not our business to inquire how far Prince Gortchakoff conceived himself to have advanced in the process of undermining those Treaties. Suffice it to say, that the current of recent events has been adverse to him; that the policy of Russia in the East is placed in the alternative of a rash war or an inglorious peace; and that at the most critical moment the Emperor William of Germany and his powerful Minister appear to have withheld their support from the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.

ART. IX.—*New Guinea and Polynesia. Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. A Cruise in Polynesia and Visits to the Pearl-Shelling Stations in Torres Straits of H.M.S. Basilisk.* By Captain JOHN MORESBY, R.N. London: 1876.

IN a recent Number we reviewed the wonderful story which that modern Maundeville—Captain Lawson—published about a year ago as to his wanderings in New Guinea. It was a book that spoke for itself, as one of the most daring romances of travel ever concocted. We now call our readers' attention to a work of quite another stamp—a real honest account of a series of voyages, the result of which has been a great extension of our knowledge as to the south-east and north-east coasts of New Guinea; not to mention the surveying and ascertaining the true geographical position of many islands in Torres Straits and the adjacent waters, where the coral formations burst out on the surface in islands like mushrooms in meadows in autumn. Truth, it is well known, is often stranger than fiction; but we can hardly hope that Captain Moresby's modest and sober narrative will prove so fascinating to the general reader as the marvels related by Lawson. There was a reckless disregard of time and space in the one writer which at once places the other, who is bound by those vulgar obstacles the laws of nature, at an immense disadvantage. How can an honest British sailor compete in fiction with a man who, when he lands in New Guinea, puts his foot ashore at a spot which, according to his own observations, is several miles out at sea, and when he quits the island after his wonderful adventures, sails in a Chinese junk, against the north-west monsoon, 1,000 miles in five days? In a word, Lawson's 'New Guinea' and Moresby's 'Surveys and Discoveries' in that great island are further even than the poles apart, and differ as much as truth does from fiction. On a former occasion we revelled in fiction and found it very amusing. Let us now turn to truth, and see if she, too, when she tells of New Guinea, has not something to say for herself.

It was on the 15th of January, 1871, that H.M.S. 'Basilisk,' a steamship of 1,031 tons, 400 horse-power, and five guns, manned by 178 officers and men, left Sydney under orders to proceed to Cape York, with horses and stores for that settlement, and to spend three months in the cruise. Touching at Brisbane in Moreton Bay, she proceeded to Cape York by the route inside the Great Barrier Reef, which, as is well known,

runs north and south along the coast of what is now the Colony of Queensland, for no less a distance than 1,200 miles. Its distance from the mainland varies from seven to eighteen miles, and though the waters thus protected from the restless surf of the Pacific are everywhere studded with islets, banks, and reefs, they have been admirably surveyed by Owen Stanley and Blackwood; so that relying on his chart the navigator moves inside this great breakwater on a perfect summer sea over calm and transparent water, and while he sails along in security sees the surf and hears the roar of the Pacific thundering against its everlasting wall outside. As the 'Basilisk' thus sped on she came upon a strange sail, strange indeed as the ship of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*! With a heavy water-logged look she swayed slowly up and down upon the swell; her sails were weather-beaten and her ropes slack. Just as they had made up their minds that she must be abandoned, one or two gaunt wild-looking creatures rose up in the stern, and others were discovered lying on the deck. Boarding the vessel, they found her crew were Solomon Islanders, the remains of 180 kidnapped natives, who had been brought to Rewa in Fiji, and thence transferred to the 'Peri'—that was the ship's name—for distribution among the islands of that group. The natives were in charge of three white men and a Fijian crew, but during the voyage food ran short, strife arose, the kidnapped natives rose on the crew and threw them overboard, whites and Fijians alike. Then left to themselves, they had drifted helpless and starving for five weeks before the south-east trade wind, a distance of nearly 1,800 miles to the spot where the 'Basilisk' found them. Thirteen out of the eighty alone survived—living skeletons, who fumbled at their rusty muskets and vainly tried to point them at the boarding party. Having buried the dead and fed the living, the 'Basilisk' took the 'Peri' with her to Cardwell, a newly-made Queensland settlement at the top of Rockingham Bay. Except Cape York, this is the most northerly port of the colony; but it does not appear to have been well chosen, and, according to Captain Moresby, has few recommendations for a commercial harbour. There they left the 'Peri' under the charge of four men and a midshipman, and went to Cape York, which they reached on the 16th of February, anchoring off the settlement of Somerset, which was founded in 1866, under an expectation which has not yet been realised—that from its geographical position it would become another Singapore in importance. At the same time a party of Royal Marines were landed there as a guard, and if our memory serves us right, forgotten by the naval authorities, till remon-

stances and questions arising at home, they were withdrawn, and Somerset was left to its fate. There were at Somerset on this first visit of the 'Basilisk' but six white settlers—the Government police magistrate and his boat's crew. Besides these there were fifteen or twenty natives employed either as troopers or pearl-shell divers. The wooden houses were falling into decay, and the gardens growing wild. Such was the condition of the northernmost settlement in Australia. Here the 'Basilisk' safely landed her horses and stores, and went on to survey the islands in Torres Straits, which extend for 200 miles with a breadth of 80 miles between Cape York and the opposite coast of New Guinea. They are full of rocks and reefs, and though admirably sounded and surveyed by Captain Blackwood and others for a portion of their space, much remained to be done on their northern shores, and especially about the islands adjacent to the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, to which navigators, with one consent, seem to have given a very wide berth. Having done good service in surveying, and having visited the pearl-shell diving stations, the chief of which is at Warrior Island, the 'Basilisk' returned inside the great Barrier Reef to Cardwell. Of this pearl-shell diving industry it suffices to say that it is principally worked by capital from Sydney, at which port the pearl-shell fetches from 150*l.* to 180*l.* per ton. The divers were partly hired and partly kidnapped, till, as we shall see, legislation mitigated, if it did not entirely stop, that nefarious practice. Mr. Bedford, the manager of the enterprise at Warrior Island, 'a rough and ready, but kindly organiser, had succeeded in enlisting the fierce islanders in the service, and the "Basilisks," during their visit, saw their formidable war canoes drawn up on the beach, and the six-foot bows requiring muscle as strong as that which shot at Agincourt to draw them' in the hands of men whose forefathers with the same weapons had beaten off a British man-of-war.

At Cardwell, which was reached on March 15th, Captain Moresby found the 'Peri' and learnt the sad tidings of the wreck of the 'Maria,' a crazy old brig of 167 tons, on board which several 'fine-spirited young men from Sydney' had embarked on a prospecting expedition to New Guinea, which we may say, once for all, seems to excite the attention of all the enterprising adventurers of the Antipodes. Their fate reminds one of what we read in Hackluyt and Smith and the first pioneers of American colonisation. In this case the expedition did not get very far on its way. The adventurers bold on land were feeble at sea; the master was incompetent, and, as we

have seen, their vessel crazy. On the morning of February 26th, the 'Maria' struck on Bramble Reef, about thirty miles from Cardwell. It might seem that within so short a distance of a British settlement, escape was easy if they could only reach the land, but those who succeeded in reaching the main were murdered piecemeal by the savages, and to cut this tragical story short, eight emaciated creatures were all that were rescued of the band of seventy-five. These murders by the blacks demanded punishment if the town of Cardwell was to be safe. The camp of the tribe which had committed these murders was therefore surrounded and destroyed, while several of its inmates were shot down by the native troopers, whose ferocity when led by civilised men does not seem to be at all mitigated. On April 6th the 'Basilisk' reached Sydney, and her first flight of discovery was over.

At this time the atrocities of the kidnapping system had excited indignation both in the colonies and at home; and in 1872 a local Act was passed to restrain the unprincipled owners of vessels, who not only inflicted such evils on the islanders of the South Seas, but by provoking retaliation virtually caused the death of such men as Patteson and Goodenough. That Act was not passed when the 'Basilisk' sailed from Sydney in May of that year; but her orders were to visit as many groups as possible in the South Seas, and to check kidnapping; working, as Captain Moresby happily expresses it, 'with eyes open and hands tied.' Any voyage in that direction would seem to be incomplete, unless Norfolk Island was visited, and accordingly on May 26th the 'Basilisk' was off that island. It may be described as the abode of all the passive virtues, but according to Captain Moresby, 'a development of mental muscle is needed' to make the descendants of the 'Bounty' mutineers 'energetic, industrious, and persevering.' So indolent do they seem, that they had not replaced their signal flag-staff, by which alone communication can be maintained with passing ships, but which had been blown down some time before. After the remonstrances, and by the help of Captain Moresby, this necessary duty was performed. The next island they visited was one of which nothing had been heard since 1832. This was Keppel Island, and it was found to be nothing less than a Garden of Eden inhabited by men 'lithe and strong as Apollo,' and by women far above the average stature, but with limbs so symmetrical as to give an idea of physical perfection. Their features are straight and noble, their rich brown skins as soft as satin, and their dark eyes full of expression. By these happy islanders the 'Basilisks' were re-

ceived with charming natural politeness. No wonder that on the very same evening the good ship stood away from such a Capua for Niva or Good Hope Island. Thus they went on from island to island, everywhere hospitably received, and everywhere hearing sad tales of the ruin wrought on them when kidnappers came among them. At Fotuna, Captain Moresby trusted himself in a canoe with native rowers, and was entertained at a banquet by the king, who treated him to a bowl of *ava*, prepared by the usual process of chewing and spitting. When this was over, a young man rose, and like a Belgravian butler called out 'The *ava* is ready!' at which all the natives clapped their hands, while Captain Moresby and his officers awaited the end with some fear. 'Who is this for?' said the king's public orator as he passed the bowl: 'For the king,' and the king quaffed off the cup. Then came the question 'Who is this for?' 'For the captain' was the dreadful answer. 'I had foreseen,' says Captain Moresby, 'that Fate had this honour in store for me, and with no small effort had made up my mind to taste the *ava*.' But in spite of the honour and in defiance of the fact that the midshipmen and a French priest drank large draughts of it—for midshipmen at least, if not priests, will drink anything—Captain Moresby found the taste to be more like that of 'a mild mixture of 'rhubarb and magnesia' than anything else! It is a good old saying that what does not poison fattens; the officers of the 'Basilisk' were none the worse for their potations, and sailed away on July 30th for a cluster of islands called Mitchell's Group, of which the very existence was doubted. The islands were sighted, and on landing on the principal island the inhabitants were found to be Christians by the efforts of a native missionary from Samoa. They were strikingly clean and very quiet. They numbered 70 souls, but in 1857 they had been 450, all living in peace and plenty. A German among them told Captain Moresby that he was away at Samoa in 1864, and found but fifty worn-out people and children left on his return. The rest had all been swept away by Spanish kidnappers in one day, who carried them in three large barques for the Guano Islands of Peru, and since then no tidings had been heard of them. Thus the 'Basilisk' passed on from island to island, each exceeding the other in loveliness, though in none do they seem to have found that type of perfect physical beauty which had so enchanted them at Keppel Island; on the contrary, at Espiritu Santo they found the women 'hideously ugly by nature and fashion,' so that it was scarcely necessary to add that the men showed no jealousy of the

strangers. So they passed to Santa Cruz in that fatal group where both Patteson and Goodenough perished; to Erromanga, pernicious to missionaries, where two Gordons in succession had recently been murdered by the natives, and where at an earlier date the good John Williams was killed. Here Captain Moresby made a demonstration of his power by landing his marines, and exhibiting some military practice. No wonder that the guilty savages swore never to harm a hair of a white man's head, an oath which we have little doubt they will keep—till the next temptation to break it occurs. On September 6th they reached Tanna, infamous for kidnapping, and where they found on his cotton plantation 'one of the most notorious' of those lawless men who have been charged with the commission of frightful crimes for procuring labourers, and who 'yet establish themselves alone on such islands, relying on the 'terror of their name.' He was a big burly middle-aged man with a long red beard, and restless blue eyes, and a low square forehead. There he lived, surrounded by gangs of natives who seemed well fed, but holding his life in his hand. Under his very eyes was the grave of his partner, shot nine months before by the natives in an ambush, and he himself walked with difficulty, limping from more than one gunshot wound received from the same hands. At Tanna of course they saw the famous volcano, and then they worked their way to New Caledonia on September 12th, where the 'Basilisk' found orders to return to Sydney, which they made on the 24th, having visited fifty-three islands; and so the second flight of the 'Basilisk' came happily to an end.

They were not destined to stay long in Port Jackson. On December 8th the 'Basilisk' started on another cruise to Torres Straits and New Guinea; and this time, as the Kidnapping Act had come into force, his hands were not tied, for he was expressly ordered to visit the pearl-shell diving stations, and to make prize of any vessels which should be found transgressing the law. At the same time he was, when off New Guinea, to make inquiries as to the fate of Mr. Miklucko Macklay, a Russian naturalist, who, it was known, had landed on that island. On January 2nd, 1873, they again reached Cardwell, and, hastening on to the Straits, chased and overhauled two schooners, which were sent as prizes to Sydney. So they passed on capturing other kidnappers, till, on the 18th of the month, they anchored off Somerset, where they fell in with 'a lonely waif of society' named Cockerill, who, with his son and two natives, sailed about the South Seas in a tiny vessel of eight tons, collecting specimens of beautiful birds,

and especially new species of Birds of Paradise. Having accomplished his duty in repressing kidnapping, the second portion remained in the survey of Torres Straits and New Guinea. At the very start from Cape York Captain Moresby was fortunate enough to find a splendid harbour in Jarvis' Island, between which and Cape York lie the only channels through Torres Straits. These are not more than two miles wide, and as the coast on each side belongs to England, this country commands the passage of this great ocean highway. On February 11th Captain Moresby approached more closely to New Guinea, that island towards the geography of which it has been his good fortune to contribute so much fresh information. On that day he stood across the Gulf of Papua for Red-car Bay, on the east coast of New Guinea. At this point of the coast there was a station of missionaries, three of whom they found so near death from fever that they had to be removed on board the 'Basilisk' without loss of time. As for the natives, they were totally different from the 'tall, muscular, fierce-looking, naked black Papuans' of the islands in Torres Straits. They were more of the Malay type—small and lithe copper-coloured people, with clear-cut features, and a pleasing expression of countenance. They were wholly unarmed, and gave the 'Basilisks' a hearty welcome. The name of the settlement was called Towton, and it lies on the shore of an estuary formed by the confluence of many streams. One of these, which he named the Usborne River, Captain Moresby determined to explore; but here he was much, and we should add, needlessly, crippled by his Admiralty orders, which only allowed him six weeks for his cruise in these waters, three of which had already expired. Besides exploring the river Captain Moresby was anxious to examine the almost unknown coast of New Guinea farther to the eastward, the outline of which had been traced from a distance by Captain Owen Stanley twenty-five years before, and had never since been visited by white men.

To begin with the river. This he explored by boat, finding that it has a rapid current, about 100 yards wide, with an average depth of twelve feet. It is not a pleasant river. The banks are black fetid mud, out of which spring tall melancholy mangrove-trees. It was in vain to try to penetrate this jungle laterally, so they toiled on, drinking at nightfall doses of quinine, and cruelly tormented with mosquitos. Next day they passed the mangrove fringe, and the banks became more open, and afforded glimpses into a forest, in which huge palms and breadfruit trees and tree-ferns flourished. Parrots

and cockatoos and pigeons abounded, as well as great storks, but no four-footed animals; and though there might have been alligators in those waters, they were not so fortunate as to see hundreds at once, as was the good fortune of the voracious Lawson. Towards the end of the day the current grew stronger, and the bed of the river deeper, but their further progress was arrested by a vast floating island, or accumulation of uprooted trees, which bridged the river, which was here sixty feet broad. With this obstacle Captain Moresby's hope of opening a communication with the interior of New Guinea vanished. Turning their boat's head they swiftly glided down with the current, and, reaching Towton, slept at the mission house.

His next object was the exploration of the coast eastward, and in this he was more successful. The coast of New Guinea, like that of Australia, is fringed with reefs, which form a barrier to the sea beyond. Inside this reef Captain Moresby now proceeded east by boat, leaving the 'Basilisk' in Redscar Bay, which is open to the sea. His first object was to find a passage through this reef into which the ship might pass, for Redscar Bay is an open roadstead without a harbour. To his great joy, after two days, he discovered such an opening, and had at the same time the satisfaction of discovering an excellent harbour, to which he gave the name of Port Moresby, after his father, while the passage through the reef he called Basilisk Channel. This discovery was effected by a boat expedition, during which the 'Basilisk' was left in Redscar Bay, while Captain Moresby surveyed the coast for fifty miles to the eastward. For this distance the coast changes from low mangrove swamps to hilly country backed by higher ranges. Between the hills are fertile valleys, in which villages nestle, while others are built on poles standing far out into the sea after the Malay fashion. The natives, who probably now saw white men for the first time, were unarmed, and showed no fear, turning out with their women and children to behold and handle the strangers. It was on the second day of this expedition that Captain Moresby, standing on the mainland at Pyramid Point, at an elevation of 643 feet, beheld the Barrier Reef stretching away like a green ribbon in the blue sea, its edge fringed with a line of snow-white surf. At one point the ribbon was broken in two—a piece of blue untroubled water lay between. That was the break in the reef which he was seeking, and on the following day he ascertained from a visit to the spot that a passage did exist about three-quarters of a mile broad. This led into Port Moresby and Fairfax Harbour, and its importance may

be imagined when we state that up to that time the exposed anchorage of Redscar Bay had been the only known shelter for ships on the entire south coast of New Guinea east of Torres Straits. After this discovery the boats returned to the ship to pilot her outside the reef to the channel which was to be called after her name; and so the good ship was conned by her commander through Basilisk Channel, and passing over the still waters of Port Moresby anchored in five fathoms of water in the land-locked Fairfax Harbour, much to the wonder of the natives, who flocked on board in hundreds, chattering like monkeys. Their arms were of stone and wood, and they would not look at hoop-iron, the common article of barter with savages in the South Seas. The women started back at the reflexion of their faces in a looking-glass, and, very unlike their civilised sisters, refused to look a second time. As for a watch, they regarded it as something alive—an insect probably, and would not touch it. All their agriculture, which was considerable, was done with stone adzes, only capable of penetrating the soil for about four inches. Very different indeed these from Captain Lawson's natives, whom he found smoking tobacco-pipes and wearing trousers; nor was the grass at all equal to his, though Captain Moresby describes it as 'shoulder high,' and says, 'if we had possessed an army of Irish scythes and an English market, we might have cut down our fortune;' a remark in which we quite agree with him, judging from the price which meadow hay is fetching, and is likely to fetch in England this year. Having completed the survey of the east coast for 100 miles to Cape Hood, Captain Moresby succeeded in bringing the 'Basilisk' back to Redscar Bay by the inner passage. It was an anxious experiment, but the ship never touched. With pardonable pride the discoverer of Port Moresby contrasts the insecurity of Redscar Bay with the safety of his new harbour, and adds, 'was it any wonder that we were all inclined to exult a little?' After making a second unsuccessful attempt to penetrate into the interior of the island by another stream which runs into the estuary in Redscar Bay, Captain Moresby returned to Somerset on March 5th. Here he had expected to receive orders from the Admiral as to his further movements, but none came. Two months, till June 1st, now lay at Captain Moresby's disposal, and these, as we shall see, he made use of to very good purpose.

After visiting the pearl-shelling stations, and finding all right in them, under the working of the Kidnapping Act, Captain Moresby again made for New Guinea, part of his instructions, as we have seen, having been to ascertain the fate

of the Russian naturalist. It was rather like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay to seek for a lone man in one of the largest islands in the world; but Captain Moresby did ultimately find him, though not till he had discovered much more. His first point on the New Guinea Coast was Yule Island, a little to the west of Redscar Bay, and where, from the mass of drift wood off the coast, it seemed likely that a large river—that Eldorado of New Guinea discoverers—flowed into the sea. On April 7th they anchored off Yule Island, between which and the mainland they soon discovered a sheltered harbour, where hundreds of vessels might lie, and which they named Robert Hall Sound, 'after the Secretary of the Admiralty.' It lies in lat. 9° N. and long. 146° 3' E. At the head of the harbour two rivers issue, one the Hilda, a rapid stream, with too swift a current to be ascended by row-boats; the other, Ethel River, is a sluggish stream, 80 or 100 yards wide, and twelve feet deep, flowing through a continuous mangrove swamp for ten miles, where it divided into several arms leading to nowhere in particular. Its banks were monotonous in the extreme, and flying foxes and a few parrots the only animals seen. Here they found the natives friendly though shy, and very jealous of letting the strangers see their women and children. They had no conception of the use of iron, and would not barter their handsome stone implements for axes, and when the superiority of metal to stone was shown by cutting and chopping branches, they smiled incredulously and preferred their own rude instruments. When a gun was fired and they beheld the hole made by the ball, their fear increased, and they made signs that they wished such dangerous strangers to depart. They are of the Malay type, but less in stature, coarser in feature, thicker lipped, and with less hair, which the men wear frizzed out into a mop, while the women cut theirs short. On the whole they were not such interesting savages as those at Port Moresby, and evidently more suspicious and less friendly in their dispositions. Perhaps they had already some acquaintance with what is called 'civilised man,' that type of humanity who is often so uncivilised in his dealings with savages.

And now we have reached the great feature of Captain Moresby book, to which all that we have already narrated was preliminary. He seems to have been drawn towards New Guinea by a kind of fascination; and not he alone, but what may be called the Australian public, by which, before the 'Basilisk' left Sydney, the exploration of the unknown south-east coast of that island had been publicly discussed. Rightly

or wrongly, the Antipodean mind seems to consider that the possession of New Guinea is a necessity to Australia, and that Russian, French, and Italian travellers are exploring an island which, from its proximity and strategical importance, if occupied at all, ought to be occupied by Great Britain. In these views Captain Moresby frankly tells us he agreed. 'I deeply felt,' he says, 'the importance of forestalling any attempts of other nations to establish a claim to this great island, knowing that foreign possession might lead to complications, and feeling that the development of the Great Australian Empire would be cramped in the future should its progress be arrested in the North.' These were Captain Moresby's political and international views; whether they are sound remains to be proved, and also whether Australia has not enough already on her hands, without stretching them out to grasp one of the longest and most straggling islands on the face of the globe; not to mention the fact that the Dutch at one end of it at least have long since asserted a right of occupation. It is probable that the political necessities of Australia may be satisfied by the occupation of the south-east extremity of New Guinea, which is situate so close to Cape York, which, colonially speaking, belongs to Queensland. To this portion we may be said to have a claim of discovery after the explorations of Captain Moresby; and if that healthy region be occupied on account of its strategical importance, we may very well leave the mangrove swamps of the south-west coast, and even Captain Lawson's fabulous Houtree, to the tender mercies of the Dutch and other nationalities. Having disposed of this rather questionable subject, we return to another reason given by Captain Moresby for his operations, and one which strikes us as much more legitimate for the commander of a British ship sent out on a surveying expedition. 'I desired,' he says, 'to secure for England the honour due to a country which had sent Cook, and Dampier, and Owen Stanley to these seas, by filling in the last great blank remaining in their work, and laying down the unknown outlines of East New Guinea on the map of the world.' This was a great object, but the means at his disposal were very small. He had barely two months in which to accomplish it, besides finding the Russian naturalist, and he was cramped by his orders, which confined him to the eastern limit of 148° E. long., just the longitude of Port Moresby. It was fortunate that his own good sense, and a paragraph in those orders, which allowed him under certain circumstances to break them, enabled him after all to carry out his purpose. We have no doubt that some

people, who, reckoning up the various surveying expeditions in the South Seas and Australian waters, will say, 'Why, has not New Guinea been long since explored? Is there any part of its seaboard still to be discovered?' The exclamation may be natural, but the inference implied in it is false. Borgainville, D'Entrecasteaux, D'Urville, and Captain Owen Stanley, had all seen what they took to be the eastern extremity of New Guinea, but they gave its coral reefs too wide a berth, and did not approach near enough to define the outline of the land. Even the 'Blanche,' the year before, had approached the eastern shore of New Guinea from ENE., but, falling on dangerous shoals, had anchored thirty-four miles from the nearest point of the mainland, and retraced her steps the following day, reporting that the south-east extremity of New Guinea was formed of a number of high islands. It is the glory of Captain Moresby, that by resolutely grappling with the land he has really discovered the geographical configuration of the east end of New Guinea and its adjacent islands. Some of these islands had been previously laid down as the mainland, while portions of the mainland appear on charts as islands. The reader who wishes really to see what the state of geographical knowledge was before the explorations of the 'Basilisk' should look at the map contained in this volume. He will there see how completely the configuration of this portion of the island had been mistaken by previous discoverers. Indeed we know of no greater instance of false surveying, except that Antarctic continent, discovered by the American Commodore Wilks, which was sailed over by the 'Challenger' on her recent voyage.

It is to the credit of Captain Moresby that he has now accurately laid down several hundred miles of a coast which before only existed in imagination; nor is this the case with New Guinea alone. It is equally true of the D'Entrecasteaux Islands beyond the South-east Cape, which, though named after that navigator, were never visited by him, and were so unknown to the scientific world, that in the sailing directions supplied to the 'Basilisk' it was suggested that they would probably be found not to be islands at all, but an integral part of New Guinea. If we ask why it is that previous navigators have left the geography of the south-east end of New Guinea in such a nebulous state, it will be found in the fact that the approach to the island from that quarter is guarded by the enormous coral barrier called the Louisiade Reef, which extends from Teste Island to the east for 200 miles, and is beaten by continual surf, and exposed for eight months in the

year to the S.E. monsoon, besides being beset by strong and baffling currents. Then, again, the natives were supposed to be peculiarly ferocious, so that Borgainville, even in his distressed condition, preferred to beat to windward, round the entire Louisiade group, rather than seek a passage round New Guinea on his way to the Dutch settlements. Should such a passage be found through the Louisiade Reef, the navigation between Australia and North-east New Guinea would be opened up, and a far shorter route between Australia and China would be discovered. Captain Moresby had a conviction that such a passage existed, just as he had found Basilisk Passage through the reef off the south coast of New Guinea; and strong in this feeling, he steered on April 9th for Teste Island, twenty-two miles from the then supposed south-eastern extremity of New Guinea. This island had been sighted, but not visited, by Captain Owen Stanley. It was found to be fertile, and inhabited by a race who, though cannibals, were not otherwise offensive. They had never seen white men, and when coaxed on board were ludicrously afraid of sheep, which they thought a ferocious animal. Hoop-iron here was in great demand, but even cocked-hats, manufactured out of newspapers, for a time had their value. 'The good feeling shown 'to us by these poor savages,' says Captain Moresby, 'was an 'unspeakable comfort to me for every reason; not the least 'being that any hostility on their part would have hindered, 'or even stopped, our work.' That work was more serious than the contemplation of any savages, however interesting, and Captain Moresby now prepared to accomplish it by climbing to the top of Teste Island, 600 feet high, and taking a good survey of the New Guinea coast. Here he had an experience something like Captain Lawson's. The hill seemed covered with a velvet sward of emerald grass, but on closer acquaintance the grass turned out to be coarse, sharp-edged, and prickly; it was also from ten to fourteen feet high. Through this the party had to force their way, the leader throwing himself bodily forward and pressing down the grass by his dead weight, while the rest followed, each becoming leader in his turn. This was such hard work that one, at least, of the party gave in; the rest, after two hours' toil, stood at the top, with clothes torn to tatters and lacerated skins. But what of that? a glorious prospect rewarded them! There lay the south-east end of New Guinea, with its great mountain chain, cleft suddenly in twain by a bright blue thread that lay across it. That was enough to indicate that water lay between them and the true south-east extremity of

the island. This happened on Good Friday, and resulted in the discovery of Fortescue Straits, cutting off nearly fourteen miles of New Guinea, and forming them into Moresby Island. Thus one channel round the great island was opened, but more remained behind. By a boat-expedition it was discovered that between Fortescue Straits and the main there was yet another island, and another and safer channel. The island was named after the 'Basilisk,' and the channel, the future highway to Asia, China Straits. To these discoveries were added Hayter Island and Heath Island, the latter of which affords a fine prospect of a great rounded bluff, which dips from a height of 2,000 feet into the blue waters of the strait. This is the majestic termination of the Owen Stanley Range, called after that enterprising and lamented discoverer, and, at the same time, the south-easternmost foreland of New Guinea. Feeling all the importance of these discoveries, Captain Moresby resolved to occupy the new territory in a formal manner, and thus to annex them to the British dominions. On April 24th, 1873, the British flag was hoisted on the trunk of a tall coconut tree, on Hayter Island, under salutes and a guard of honour, while the following proclamation was read:—

'I, John Moresby, Captain in the Royal Navy, commanding H.M.S. "Basilisk," having discovered three considerable islands, from henceforth to be known as Moresby, Hayter, and Basilisk Islands, off the east coast of New Guinea, together with various groups of detached islets; and deeming that the possession of these islands may hereafter prove of considerable importance, do hereby, by right of discovery, take possession of all the aforesaid islands and islets within the parallels of 10° 25' and 10° 40' south latitude, and between the meridians of 150° 35' and 151° 20' east longitude, in the name and on behalf of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors; in token whereof I have hoisted and saluted the British Flag on the shores of these islands.'

While these important proceedings were going on, the few natives, the aboriginal lords of the soil, looked on with amazement, little guessing how much they were concerned in them. The salute and cheers of the 'Basilisks' drove them off in terror to the bush, whence they will one day emerge to find that the ownership of the soil passed away from them on that memorable day. When the 'Basilisk' doubled the grim foreland which looks down on China Strait, she opened a great bay, which was named Milne Bay, after a well-known Lord of the Admiralty, and beyond that arrived at the true East Cape of New Guinea. By this time the term allotted to Captain Moresby by his instructions had more than expired, and

geographically he had far exceeded his limits. The 'Basilisk' therefore returned to Somerset, whence she started on May 24th, bidding that unpromising settlement, what everyone on board thought would be an eternal farewell. On June 21st she reached Brisbane, and on July 2nd was safe at Sydney, where the ship was thronged with the curious anxious to hear the last news of New Guinea, the golden island of their expectations. No wonder the sailors found a ready bargain for their lumber dead and alive. A New Guinea pig in particular was sold at once for 5*l.*, immediately shaved by its new owner, painted in stripes of many colours, and otherwise decorated. It was then exhibited as the 'wonderful New Guinea Pig,' brought by 'H.M.S. Basilisk,' at a charge of six-pence a head, with a result, adds Captain Moresby, which answered the most sanguine expectations of the spirited purchaser.

But besides the ignorant public, others in authority took an interest in Captain Moresby's discoveries, and his wish to return to England by the route which he claimed to have discovered was agreed to with the somewhat niggardly stipulation that his surveys on the New Guinea coast were not to exceed *six weeks*. This leave came to the 'Basilisk' while she was at New Zealand, and whence she could scarcely be spared; but at last, all obstacles overcome, the 'Basilisk,' now accompanied by the schooner 'Sandfly,' sailed from Sydney, whither she had gone to refit, on February 1, 1874. Their first week at sea was delayed by contrary winds and strong currents, and it was not till February 17th that they neared Teste Island, which they reached on the 20th; the only accident on the way being that Mr. Mudge, the cheery boatswain, fell overboard in a heavy sea, and was nearly drowned, being only rescued by the exertions of a gallant boat's crew. Though six weeks were all that the instructions allowed Captain Moresby to spend on the prosecution of his survey round the East Cape of New Guinea and along its unknown northern shore, he wisely resolved to begin his operations by a trigonometrical survey of the space between Teste Island and East Cape, and to decide, once for all, whether an available entrance to the new route existed both for large steamers and sailing vessels. The year before we have seen that he first thought Fortescue Strait was the real road to China; then he changed his preference to China Strait; but the result of his survey in 1874 convinced him that the true channel was round the east end of Moresby Island, between Grant and Shortland Islands, as may be seen more clearly on the map. This fact established, Captain Moresby paid his first visit to the D'Entrecasteaux

group, the existence of which as islands he settled beyond all doubt. They culminated in mountains 7,000 feet high, and though hitherto untrodden by civilised man, the 'Basilisks' found the inhabitants friendly and communicative. The rest of the time allowed by the Admiralty was spent in surveying and laying down the accurate position of several bays and headlands and islands at the east end of New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux group. On April 27th the 'Basilik's' head was turned towards the westward to complete a running survey of the unknown north-east coast of New Guinea. This was also the way home, and was welcomed by the crew, who had undergone great hardships, and were for the most part attacked by fever of a mild type, which, though not positively dangerous, was prostrating.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the northern and the southern shores of New Guinea. On the latter there is no outlying barrier reef; the shores, instead of shelving outwards, are steep to, and the mountains run down to the coast. There are few harbours, but several open anchorages. Speaking generally, the coast here, from East Cape to Cape Cretin, a distance of 300 miles, is a series of bold headlands running out from twenty to forty miles into the sea, with deep bays between; a configuration which much increased the labour of the exploration. Thus in succession the 'Basilisk' discovered and named Goodenough Bay, Ward Hunt's Strait, and Cape Vogel, after the enterprising premier of New Zealand. In succession followed Bentley Bay and Cape Ducie and Chads Bay, and Cape Frere and Cape Bartle, all discovered and named. After Cape Vogel the land trends away WNW. for nearly fifty miles, when another lofty promontory runs out for forty miles, and above it a double-peaked mountain rises 4,000 feet high. These features were so striking that Captain Moresby resolved to honour them with great names. The cape therefore is Cape Nelson, and the two summits of the mountain are Mounts Victory and Trafalgar, while the great bay above which they culminate is Collingwood Bay. Rounding Cape Nelson they came in contact with the natives, who were quite naked, repulsive-looking beings. They were dark, and wore their hair in long ugly ringlets like pipe stems. West of Cape Nelson another large bay was discovered, and named after the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The western extremity of this bay, dimly seen by D'Entrecasteaux, figures in his chart as Cape Sudest, and was supposed to be the south-east extremity of New Guinea, a fact which in itself is sufficient to show what a flood of new light has been thrown on

this portion of that island by the voyage of the 'Basilisk.' On May 7th they reached a point of land in lat. $8^{\circ} 10'$ S. and long. $148^{\circ} 12'$ E., which, on account of the uncertain soundings, was named Cautious Point, but it was worthy of that appellation for another reason; here they fell for the first time on decidedly hostile natives, who met them with war-songs and defiance. Worse than this, they tried to cut off a wooding party which had landed from the ship, and would probably have turned their hands to massacre had not Captain Moresby, with great presence of mind, fired a snap shot at the leading savage. The bullet took effect on his shield, and spun him completely round, but did not wound him. There was no need to fire again, for the whole body of warriors turned at once in consternation, and ran for their canoes, chased down to the beach by the sailors. This bay, which will prove to be one of the best anchorages on the north coast, was named Traitors' Bay on account of the perfidious attempt of the natives.

After Traitors' Bay their surveying work was nearly done; but the 'Basilisk' continued her running survey of the coast for 250 miles further, as far as Astrolabe Gulf, as it was but slightly known. Between Cape Cretin and Dampier's Cape a grand range of mountains was revealed, which, though not equal to the Mount Hercules of Captain Lawson, lift their heads 11,400 feet above the sea. Two of the grandest peaks close together were named, the one Gladstone and the other Disraeli, and Captain Moresby, in spite of the impartiality with which he assigns his names without respect of party, adds the pious 'wish that one of these great antitypes may emerge 'ere long from the clouds in which he has veiled his lofty brows 'and front his rival as of old.' So they ran along the north coast until, on May 27th, the 'Basilisk' reached the eastern extremity of New Guinea, and was only a week's sail from Amboyna. By this time the old ship was in a very rusty condition, and it was necessary to put her into a better state to meet the Dutch men of war at Amboyna. These repairs were done in Threshold Bay, forty-six miles south of the Equator, in the dominions of the Rajah of Salvatti, who is the supreme ruler in those parts. He appeared before the new arrivals in a twofold capacity, once as a Rajah in great pomp, and again later on in the day as a dealer in bird skins, in which capacity he made such keen bargains that the officers of the 'Basilisk' repented of them at their leisure. He was very glad to see the English, as under all the circumstances he well might be, and held the Dutch in small esteem, possibly because they were as keen in their bargains as himself.

On the 30th of May the 'Basilisk' finally quitted New Guinea, and on the 2nd of June reached Amboyna, where her officers and crew met with every attention from the Dutch. Captain Moresby had now accomplished all his instructions except one. He had suppressed kidnapping, surveyed Torres Straits, and in spite of the Admiralty, turned over an entirely new page in the discovery of New Guinea; but he had not discovered the Russian naturalist, Miklucko Macklay, concerning whose fate he had been ordered to make all possible inquiry. We have already alluded to the difficulty of such a quest. Miklucko Macklay was not found by Captain Moresby in New Guinea, but he fell upon him at Amboyna, whither he had been brought by a Russian frigate sent specially for the purpose from Astrolabe Bay. He was in a deplorable state of health, and had not penetrated into the interior. He described the Papuans of that part of the island as quiet and inoffensive. He had never heard of wars or fightings, and in this respect his experiences seem to confirm those of Captain Moresby.

Of the remaining voyage of the 'Basilisk' little remains worthy of narration. On the 29th of June she reached Singapore, and on the 19th of December her pennant was pulled down at Sheerness, after an eventful commission which had lasted thirty-three days short of four years.

The remainder of Captain Moresby's book is devoted to a supplementary chapter on 'our duty to New Guinea,' and to another exposing the fallacies of Captain Lawson. The latter we may leave to confute himself. It is twice slaying the slain to anatomise his statements with the cruel particularity which Captain Moresby's experiences enable him to bring to bear on that geographical romance. But as for 'our duty to New Guinea,' we have already intimated that we do not agree with Captain Moresby as to the paramount necessity of immediately seizing and occupying that immense island. So far from there being any fear that other nations will rush in, this very voyage of the 'Basilisk,' which has circumnavigated about three-quarters of the island, shows that there is absolutely no foreign interference in the affairs of the Papuans. Even the Dutch, who have been for centuries trying to establish themselves at the western end close to their settlements in the Spice Islands, have accomplished nothing, and the Rajah of Salwatti is independent in Threshold Bay, under their very noses. All that their interference has brought about is to bring them rather into disrepute. We observe by the latest maps that they still claim about half the island, but it is easy to claim, and very hard to occupy. As for the journeys of naturalists like the

Russian Miklucko Macklay and the Italians d'Albertis and Beccari, they are purely scientific, and not connected with any dynastic influences. If we add to this that a great portion of the south coast is little better than a continuous mangrove swamp and proverbially malarious, while the natives in the north, as in 'Traitors' Bay, are ferocious and hostile, besides being numerous, we think, that for some time to come, our duty to New Guinea is to let it alone. The 'Challenger' when she touched a year ago at Port Humboldt on the north-east coast, found the savages 'in all their native and naked grandeur,' armed with spears and bows, and standing with arrows drawn to the head against landing parties. The day may arrive when, as the Tyber overflowed into the Orontes, so Australia, filled with a superabundant population, will throw herself for sheer want of room on New Guinea; but that day is, humanly speaking, ages off; and it will be time enough to consider the question when it arises. We say this with the highest respect for Captain Moresby's geographical discoveries, and for the patience with which he has carried out his explorations in the New Guinea waters in the face of many obstacles. It is only with his political and annexing notions that we are inclined to quarrel; let him be content with having advanced geographical knowledge, not one step, but many steps. Those steps of science can never be retraced. They never lead back, but ever onward. But political speculations on the future destiny of New Guinea are uncertain and likely to prove illusory, for the very good reason that they are based on hazy speculations and ardent anticipations which rest on no surer basis than the lively imaginations out of which they have sprung. It will be quite enough for England and Australia if the new highway to China, which Captain Moresby has undoubtedly discovered, be made secure by the occupation of a cape or an island or two which command the channel through the Louisiade Reef; but as for the colonisation and occupation of New Guinea, they are likely to burn the fingers of any Power that attempts them.

ART. X.—*Memoir of Viscount Althorp, Earl Spencer.* By the late Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart. 8vo. London: 1876.

THIS is a book of great merit. Avoiding the fault of modern biographers, that of flooding their pages with correspondence which has lost its interest, Sir Denis Le Marchant has compressed within a single volume the life of one of the most prominent statesmen of modern times, and has not omitted, or unduly abridged, a single circumstance of interest which the subject comprised. The work was long retained in an incomplete state by its late accomplished author, and we were permitted to quote from the then unfinished fragment some years ago in reviewing the autobiography of Lord Brougham. The present editor, Sir Henry Le Marchant, is responsible for a small portion of the latter part of the book, and he has executed his part with care and fidelity.

The subject of this memoir was best known by his courtesy title of Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons in the memorable Government of Earl Grey. Lord Althorp was the son of the Earl Spencer whose administration at the Admiralty during the earlier years of the revolutionary war distinguished him as one of the few statesmen of capacity who served under Mr. Pitt. Earl Spencer was moreover a scholar, and a man of science; he read Cicero with Gibbon in the library at Althorp, and would have succeeded Sir Joseph Banks in the chair of the Royal Society, had not his modesty led him to decline the honour. 'He had lived,' says Lord Brougham, 'with the very best society all his life, foreign as well as English. He was full of anecdote accordingly, and his mode of relating was excellent, being both succinct and accurate, and so were all his political recollections, of which he had the richest store of almost any man I have known.' Lord Althorp's mother is described by Gibbon as 'a charming woman, who, with sense and spirit, has the playfulness and simplicity of a child.' At Spencer House, men eminent in literature and science, mingled with statesmen and courtiers, formed a society not less attractive than that of Holland House in the next generation.

John Charles, Viscount Althorp, and third Earl Spencer—the subject of this memoir—was born at Spencer House on May 30, 1782. It had once been the intention of Lord Spencer to be his own biographer. 'My intention,' he says, 'is to write down literally my own recollections. . . . I intend to state,

‘ without any reserve, my opinion of the characters and motives of those whose actions will be brought under view; and among others, I shall most unreservedly state my opinion of myself, and avow all the motives, as far as I know them, which have operated on my conduct. In doing this, I shall endeavour to divest myself of all partiality, and I hope that the temper of my mind is such that I am not likely to put a worse construction upon the motives of others than their apparent conduct requires. I shall begin with my earliest recollections. These, of course, will apply to a period of life which can be but little interesting; but even this may be useful, as it will lead to a better appreciation of my own character, and may perhaps point out why it has been, that a man without education, and possessed of such very slender natural abilities, should have risen to such high eminence as I have, and should have possessed the power, which up to the period of my quitting the House of Commons it was my fate to enjoy.’ This plan, however, for some reason which is unexplained, was not carried into execution. Two brief paragraphs containing the writer’s recollections of his grandfather and grandmother follow the passage we have quoted, and with them the intended but unexecuted memoir abruptly terminates.

Sir Denis Le Marchant has endeavoured to supply the place of the work thus abandoned at the commencement. His long friendship with Lord Althorp, and his personal knowledge of the political transactions in which Lord Althorp bore so conspicuous a part, rendered Sir Denis peculiarly qualified for such a task; while the judgment and good taste with which it has been executed remove the objection which sometimes exists to the publication of contemporary political memoirs. The events which form the principal subject of this memoir are precisely the same, in point of time, as those which are described with even greater minuteness in Mr. Charles Greville’s Journals; but as forty years or more have now elapsed since they occurred, we cannot regard such disclosures as premature, and they may now be discussed without any of the passion and prejudice, from which more remote periods of history are not yet free. There is probably more difference of opinion at this day about the Revolution of 1688 than the Revolution of 1830.

The family papers placed at his disposal enabled Sir Denis to furnish many particulars of the early years of Lord Althorp. According to the custom of the times, his childhood was much neglected. He was taught to read by a Swiss footman;

in his eighth year he was sent to Harrow, and after remaining there ten years without distinction, he was sent to Cambridge. At that time young men of rank entered the University under great disadvantages. They were entitled to their degrees without examination; they were not required to attend college lectures; they were not permitted to compete for honours; and they were practically exempted from discipline. Nevertheless, with the aid of an able tutor, Mr. Allen, afterwards Bishop of Ely, in his second year of residence, our young Viscount obtained the first place in the first class at Trinity with such competitors as Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale, and Mr. Pryme. Having achieved this distinction, Lord Althorp closed his books. The last year of his residence at the University was given up to hunting, racing, and betting; and when he left college on taking his master's degree in 1802, his debts amounted to several thousand pounds. During the short peace of Amiens, he was sent upon the ordinary Continental tour; but from an almost rustic indifference to polite company, he refused to avail himself of his introductions, and even boasted, on his return to England, of being unable to speak French.

In 1804, at the instance of Mr. Pitt, Lord Althorp was returned to Parliament for the close borough of Okehampton; but he seemed to have as little taste for public life as for fashionable pursuits. He took no part in debate, and seldom attended a division. Yet his father's efforts to push him forward were unabated. In 1806, when the Whigs returned to power with Lord Grenville on the death of Pitt, Lord Spencer, having joined the new administration as Secretary of State, obtained for his son the place of a Lord of the Treasury, and induced him to stand for the vacancy in the representation of Cambridge University. It is a notable example of the loose cohesion of the several parties which contributed to the formation of the broad-bottomed Government that a Cabinet Minister should send his son, also a member of the administration, to oppose his principal colleague; the other Whig candidate for the University being Lord Henry Petty, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such a proceeding in these days would be considered hardly consistent with decency or good faith, even under the most casual and temporary coalition of parties; but in the last century it was a common practice for members of an administration to oppose each other, not only on the hustings, but in Parliament. Mr. Fox, indeed, in defending the appointment of the Chief Justice, Lord Ellenborough, to this very Cabinet, vehemently denied the responsibility of the

Cabinet Council as a collective body for the measures of administration. The contest for the University ended in the return of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a majority of more than two to one over his official subordinate. At the general election which took place a few months after, Lord Althorp was returned for Northamptonshire, a seat which he retained until his succession to the Upper House. The Ministry scarcely survived their first year of office. The death of Mr. Fox in the autumn of 1806 had disclosed the inherent weakness of the Coalition; a feeble and hesitating attempt on the part of the Whigs to deal with a fragment of the Catholic question afforded the King, with the assistance of the Tory section of the Cabinet, the opportunity which had been eagerly watched of putting a period to its existence. The Ministers were required by his Majesty to pledge themselves in writing, not only not to renew the measure of partial relief which they had abandoned, *but never more to propose anything connected with the Catholic question.* A demand so inconsistent with the duty of constitutional advisers of the Crown was only an offensive form of dismissal; and the Whigs retired, after having rendered their single year of office for ever memorable by the abolition of the Slave Trade.

The first occasion on which Lord Althorp took an active part in the proceedings of the House of Commons was the inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, when, at the instance of Mr. Whitbread, he moved and carried a resolution that in consequence of the Duke having resigned the command of the army, the inquiry, so far as it referred to the conduct of his royal highness, should not be pursued. The speech, in which he dealt with a subject which had given rise to so much scandal and controversy, was short, sensible, and moderate. Up to this time Lord Althorp had formed no party attachment. He had been educated as a Tory, and his father had been a staunch adherent and faithful colleague of Mr. Pitt. When he went to Cambridge, he had been enjoined by his mother to 'beware of Whigs;' but it so happened that his friends and associates at the University were connected with the Opposition; and Lord Spencer himself, after the death of his great chief, inclined to the sect of latitudinarian Tories who rejected the infallibility of the Addingtons and the Percevals. Mr. Fox became an occasional visitor at Spencer House; and the charm of the Whig leader could hardly fail to make an impression on a youth of unfixed opinions and candid temper. Among Lord Althorp's contemporaries and friends who inherited the traditions of the old Opposition

were Lord Henry Petty, Lord Archibald Hamilton, Lord Folkestone, and Sir Francis Burdett. Impatient of control, high-spirited and gifted young men of this stamp followed, for the most part, their own ardent impulses towards reform and change; and in the absence of recognised leaders, Mr. Whitbread and Sir Samuel Romilly had the greatest influence with the party of progress. But the times were not yet ripe for concerted action on the great question of Parliamentary Reform, and the other changes which followed in the track of that measure. The Opposition therefore soon fell back upon their old divisions. The party Whigs, whose leading doctrine was to displace the Tories, were averse to organic changes; while the reforming Whigs looked forward to power as the means of effecting radical reforms. It was with this latter section that Lord Althorp connected himself.

For some years, however, Lord Althorp took little interest in politics. He seldom addressed the House, and still more rarely with effect; nevertheless, he was gradually acquiring a reputation for good sense and knowledge of affairs, and became known by the appellation of 'honest Jack Althorp.' His time was mostly passed in agricultural pursuits and field sports, towards which his temperament and tastes vehemently inclined him. Many years after he had given up hunting, he said that his leading passion was 'to see sporting dogs hunt.' He was a hard rider, and if he never became a good shot, it was not for want of practice. He kept an account of every shot he fired; and his hunting journals contained regular and minute details of each day's sport. For some years he was master of the Pytchley hounds.

Lord Althorp had attained the age of thirty-two before he thought of marriage; and so little disposed had he been to change his condition, that he wished to delegate to his brother Robert the duty which devolves upon the heir of a great estate to perpetuate his line. Within a year, however, his feelings had undergone a change.

'In that interval he had made the acquaintance and gained the affections of the only daughter of Mr. Acklom, of Wiseton Hall, Nottinghamshire, a young heiress, about ten years his junior, whom he married on the 14th of April, 1814. A singular dispensation from the ordinary laws of courtship alone brought him this piece of good fortune. The love, I may now venture to say, without a serious breach of confidence, was, at first, all on the lady's side. Having become on a very slight acquaintance deeply interested in Lord Althorp, she contrived to let him know it—a hazardous experiment, only to be justified by the result, which in this instance was a very satisfactory one, for a more

attached and united couple than Lord and Lady Althorp perhaps never existed.' (*Memoir*, p. 148.)

Lord Althorp's marriage to Miss Acklom was the one romantic incident of his life; but it threw over it a tinge of enthusiasm and devotion which remained with him to the end. His biographer has, therefore, done well to supply us with some characteristic details of the young lady who inspired a plain simple-hearted country gentleman with so pure a passion and such lasting regret. Sir Denis relates that she was a person of great energy and spirit, and that, when still a girl, she contrived to obtain from Marshal Mortier, commandant of Vienna after the battle of Wagram, a pass which rescued herself and her family from the danger of being consigned to a foreign prison. The anecdote is interesting, but unfortunately Sir Denis must have been misinformed as to all the particulars of it. Marshal Mortier was not at Vienna at that time, for in July 1809, when the battle of Wagram was fought, he was serving under Suchet in Spain. Mr. Acklom and his daughter found themselves at Vienna in 1805, during the campaign, not of Wagram, but of Austerlitz. We happen, by a curious coincidence, to have in our possession the journal of an English gentleman, who was a fellow-traveller with Mr. Acklom at that time, and spent that memorable winter with him and his family in Vienna. They descended the Danube together, and reached the Austrian capital on October 28th. War immediately afterwards broke out, and the position of British travellers in 1805, in a capital threatened, and eventually occupied, by a French army under Napoleon, was somewhat perilous. Nevertheless they resolved to stay in Vienna. The invasion came; the battle of Austerlitz was fought and lost on December 2nd; but the little English party held on, and Mr. Acklom gave them their Christmas dinner. In fact they did not leave Vienna at all until some time after the French troops were withdrawn; and on January 28th, a little ball was given by one of the party, which he opened with Miss Acklom herself, who was then a little more than sixteen. She must, therefore, have been five-and-twenty when she married Lord Althorp nine years afterwards.

Lord Althorp's married life was passed mostly at Wiseton, a homely manor-house, which had been the family-seat of the Ackloms for many generations. Lady Althorp had travelled a great deal with her father on the Continent, but in England her life had been that of a country gentlewoman, a character far more suited to the simple and manly tastes of her husband than that of a lady of fashion. And she was passionately

attached to her own estate, to which she succeeded on Mr. Acklom's death. The domestic happiness of this well-assorted pair, which had every quality of endurance, was unhappily short-lived. In the fourth year of their union, Lady Althorp died in London after giving birth to a still-born son. 'When he had deposited her remains in their last resting place,' says Lord Althorp's biographer, 'he seemed as if left without an object on earth. Shrinking even from the affectionate attentions of his family, he went at once to Wiseton, where he passed several months in complete retirement. His chief occupation was in reading the Bible. At first he was perplexed with doubts and difficulties, the natural result of a previous (comparative) neglect of religion, but these gradually yielded to a humble and earnest search after truth.' In answer to a letter of inquiry from his old tutor, Mr. Allen, some time after his bereavement, he writes :—

'I cannot say that I am in a state at all resembling happiness; yet I cannot either say that I am miserable. Sometimes I am one, and sometimes the other. If I was confident that I should be able to persevere—so as to go to Heaven and again be with Esther—I should feel much happier; but I have no confidence in myself from my past experience, if my time of trial here is to be a long one. You see by what I am saying that I really do not know how to answer you as to whether my mind is really recovering its tone or not. If by recovering the tone is meant that it is to get into the same state in which it was before, I should be very sorry that it should. Of all my former pursuits, the only one in which I now take any interest is farming—that is, breeding of stock; it is the only one in which I can build castles in the air. I have been reading, of course, a good deal—my two lines of reading are divinity and political economy; the first to do myself good; the other to enable me to do good to others. I read them alternately—first, a treatise on one, then a treatise on the other; and, if you can recommend me any book on Divinity, I shall be obliged to you to do so, because the habits of my life render me ignorant as to what are the best books to read.' (P. 169.)

Though left a childless widower at thirty-six, Lord Althorp never sought to repair the loss which he had sustained. His grief was lasting, and ever after his favourite residence was the Nottinghamshire manor-house, which had few attractions beyond those which were associated with the memory of its former mistress.

The general election of 1818 drew him from his retirement, and he was returned to the new Parliament by his former constituency without opposition. His marriage, instead of withdrawing him still more from public life, seemed to have had the effect of fixing and methodising his political action. The

death of Mr. Whitbread in 1815, according to our author, left a void which has never since been filled up; but we should rather say that it was filled up, and that too very shortly, by Lord Althorp himself. Mr. Whitbread, since the death of Mr. Fox, had been the leader of that more earnest section of the Whig party which appealed to public opinion with a bold and definite policy in contrast to the negative opposition of discontented politicians, and the fading traditions of the great Whig families. It was to this party of progress and reform that Lord Althorp had attached himself with the honest warmth of conviction. Whitbread had been his friend as well as his political guide; and when he saw the party dwindling away for want of a leader, public spirit, prevailing against a too modest sense of his capacity and a want of ambition, impelled him to take up a cause which never stood in greater need of honest champions. The Tory administration was secure of a majority in a packed Parliament, which instinctively regarded the people as its natural enemy, met commercial distress and popular discontent with suspensions of the Habeas Corpus, the curtailment of trial by jury, and the persecution of the Press. Against these arbitrary and short-sighted measures, Lord Althorp vehemently insisted that the true remedies were to be found in retrenchment, an improved system of administration, and Parliamentary Reform. These views were denounced by the party in power as seditious and dangerous, and were even regarded by many of the Opposition as wild and exaggerated. But far from being discouraged by denunciation from one side and cold support from the other, Lord Althorp became more determined in his course; he cast aside his natural reserve and indolence; he became a constant attendant at the House; he studied public business; and during the following sessions he spoke with knowledge and often with effect upon the most important questions.

The depression caused by his great bereavement somewhat impaired his energy; but after a time he sought the refuge from sorrow which a healthy mind seldom fails to find in active employment. He took in hand the Insolvency Laws, which had been long undermining the commercial credit and morality of the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer frankly avowed his inability to cope with the difficulties of the subject, and readily adopted the usual resource of a weak government—a select committee of inquiry. It was a significant admission of his growing political weight that Lord Althorp was called to preside over this committee; and the selection was amply justified; for though the majority of the committee were against

him, he succeeded at length in obtaining their assent to a report, which, if it did not contain all the chairman desired, formed the foundation of a substantial and salutary amendment of the law. The next subject he took up was a question of cognate character, but one of still wider range. The cheap and speedy recovery of small debts should be an elementary part of every system of jurisprudence; but the law of England made no distinction between a debt of ten pounds and one of a thousand pounds. The want of a summary jurisdiction for petty debts was injurious both to the debtor and the creditor. To the one it was often practically a denial of justice; to the other it was oppressive, and frequently ruinous. Lord Althorp's repeated efforts to provide a remedy for this palpable evil were thwarted by the opposition of the lawyers on both sides, notwithstanding the powerful assistance of Mr. Peel; and it was not until 1846 that adequate legislation on this subject was effected by the establishment of county courts throughout the kingdom.

Lord Althorp took a prominent part in resisting the policy of repression, with which alone the Tory Government were, as usual, prepared to meet the portentous disturbances which agitated the country in 1819-20; and in the committee on the Corn-Laws, he was the only county member who supported Mr. Huskisson in recommending the withdrawal of the protective duties. We pass on to a critical period—the illness and retirement of Lord Liverpool in 1827. This event revealed the decay into which the old Tory party had fallen; and what was of still more gravity, the growing discredit of the principles upon which the country had been governed for the last forty years. So long as the energies of the nation were absorbed by the great war in which its imperial pride and security were involved, questions of domestic policy were neglected and left to vulgar and violent democrats, who adopted the extreme principles of the French Revolution; and thus the nation passively acquiesced in the suppression of opinion by penal enactments and the strong arm of the law. But after twelve years of peace trade had revived, a new generation had arisen, and questions of reform were discussed with practical earnestness by men of character and ability, who could neither be silenced nor intimidated. Among the leading politicians were Canning, Huskisson, Peel, Brougham, Tierney, Lord John Russell, and Lord Althorp, all of a cast of thought more or less liberal. The three former were members of Lord Liverpool's administration; and when Lord Liverpool became incapacitated, overtures were made to the Whigs to assist in

the formation of a new Government under Canning. It is generally supposed, although the secret history of the Coalition is still untold, that the scheme originated with Brougham. If so, it must be acknowledged, as has been remarked by Lord Brougham's latest biographer, that the combination was a disinterested one; for the Attorney-General of Queen Caroline could never be a Minister of George IV.; but unquestionably Brougham did give the Canning Administration an active and efficient support, the more remarkable as this partial junction of the Whigs with Canning certainly did not obtain the general approval of the Opposition. The Whigs were divided. Lord Grey attacked it; Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell did not join it. Lord Althorp distrusted Canning, and could see no advantage, either to the party or the cause, in the admission of three Whigs to a Cabinet which was not to include Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and the Repeal of the Test Act, as cabinet questions. 'What good,' he asked, 'can the country derive from our accession to office, if we give up the measures which formed our best title to the public support? The result of these concessions will be a divided and do-nothing Government, followed very soon by what I dread most of all, the dissolution of the party.' He declared that Mr. Canning's unqualified hostility to Parliamentary Reform would alone prevent his crossing to the ministerial side. There was, no doubt, great force in Lord Althorp's objections, in which many of the leading Whigs concurred. If party interests only were to be consulted, they might have been better served by standing aloof than by supporting a Government founded on the exclusion of some cardinal points of their policy. But there were other considerations which might actuate an Opposition taking a large view of its duties and responsibilities. His old Tory colleagues had refused to serve under Canning; his friends were not their friends, nor were his views their views. He might be sound upon the subject of rotten boroughs and restricted suffrage; but they had no toleration for a statesman who was for relaxation of Catholic disabilities and freedom of trade. They dreaded and disliked the liberal sympathies of his foreign policy. Without the assistance of the Whigs, Canning could not stand for a moment against these people; with their support, he might be able to hold his own. The question was, whether this opportunity should be lost of getting rid of the old Tories at once, and probably for ever, by supplying their places even temporarily with Whigs? The formation of a pure Whig Government was impossible, and the country was

not prepared for large measures of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation; but an important step would be gained towards those ends by removing from the government of the country an incumbrance, and an obstruction to every measure of reform. We think therefore that in this instance, the majority of the Whigs who followed the counsels of Mr. Brougham, and the example of Lord Lansdowne, took the best course. Lord Althorp, with his usual candour and public spirit, supported the decision of the party on the broad ground that there was no choice between a government generally actuated by liberal and enlightened principles, and one of Toryism in its most odious form; a declaration which removed the scruples of many of the independent Whigs.

Although Mr. Canning died in the first year of his troubled administration, and though a weak attempt to reconstruct its heterogeneous elements ended in the return of the Tories, it soon became evident that the country could be no longer governed on the principles of Lord Liverpool's administration, and no Tory of the Eldon school has ever since held a place in the Cabinet. A complete change had already come over the spirit of the times. The immediate cause of the failure of Lord Goderich to supply the place of Mr. Canning was a difference between Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Herries upon the nomination of Lord Althorp as chairman of the Finance Committee. The Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer was alarmed by the prospect of a searching inquiry into the whole fiscal system of the country under the guidance of a reformer who had so frequently exposed its abuses and defects. The Prime Minister, with an irresolution bordering on imbecility, could not bring himself either to insist on the appointment or to withdraw it. He only wrung his hands, calling God to witness that he had no wish that the government should not go on, that he wished to heal and not to excite differences! The King, eager for an opportunity to disperse the Coalition, promptly acted upon the Minister's indecision, and summoned the Duke of Wellington to his relief. The great soldier, who had just said that he should be mad to think of being Prime Minister, obeyed his Majesty's commands with prompt and characteristic loyalty. Most of the members of the old administration were recalled, with the significant exception of Lord Eldon, the head and heart of the ultra Tories. Three of the most eminent of Canning's friends, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Grant, and Lord Palmerston, remained in office.

The three great measures which the Whigs demanded were, the Repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, and Par-

liamentary Reform. Mr. Canning was certainly not strong enough to deal with measures of such gravity during the four months he remained in office, although he was deeply committed to one of them. But the work which awaited him was reluctantly carried on even by his antagonists and successors. In the first year of the Duke's administration the Test Act was given up after a faint resistance on the part of the Government. 'The first successful blow,' to use the words of an annalist of the day, 'that had been aimed at the supremacy of the Established Church since the Revolution.' In the following year Catholic Emancipation was unconditionally granted. The last and greatest of the Whig measures remained. But here the Ministers were firm; and after abandoning their exclusive Protestant principles, which might have been a rock of defence, they determined to take their stand on the rotten parts of the Constitution. A petty borough having been convicted of malpractices, it was proposed to transfer the franchise to Birmingham; but the Government, fearing the consequences of making any concession to the unrepresented manufacturing towns, insisted on extending the area of the corrupt constituency. Huskisson, having voted against his colleagues for the more just and rational alternative, thought it necessary to tender his resignation, but without any idea that it would be accepted. The Duke, however, who understood only straightforward action, took him at his word, and after a correspondence, which did not redound much to Huskisson's credit, the resignation was enforced. The other members of the Cabinet, who were known as Canning's friends—Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. C. Grant, likewise resigned upon this quarrel, and their places were filled up by four gentlemen, who with the exception of Lord Aberdeen were of little note in political life.

Under these circumstances Parliament re-assembled in 1830. While the Government had lost some of its ablest members, it had to face a new Opposition, consisting of the old Tories, who had been betrayed, as they said, and deprived, as they certainly were, of their policy and their cause. It would have been easy for the Opposition, with the aid of these infuriated allies, to drive the Ministry from office. But though such a combination was too absurd to be thought of, the rapid growth of liberal opinions, both in Parliament and throughout the country, together with the declining state of the Government, led the Whigs to consider the expediency of collecting their scattered forces, with a view of agreeing upon some concerted action under an acknowledged leader. There were several

men of eminence who took a prominent part in opposition—Tierney, Brougham, Sir James Graham, Lord John Russell, and Lord Althorp himself; but none of them had the requisite authority to speak for the party, or to direct its counsels. The consequence was that the Opposition could seldom or never be mustered in force. Sometimes a few members met and consulted at Lord Althorp's chambers in the Albany; but such meetings being of a somewhat exclusive character, were little calculated to promote united action. 'You are a mere loose bundle of sticks,' said Mr. Dawson, the Secretary of the Treasury, to Mr. Portman, the Whig member for Dorsetshire, 'and will always be beaten.' These words were repeated by Mr. Portman to other gentlemen of standing and influence; and the result was an agreement to propose to Lord Althorp to undertake the lead of the Opposition. It was not the first time such an offer had been made to him, but he had always shrunk from assuming the responsibility. He wished to see Brougham in that position; but at length he was convinced that the objections to that arrangement were insuperable, and that he alone could unite the suffrages of the largest number of the Opposition. He consented, therefore, to act, if forty-five members would join in the request. More than this number waited on him a few days after, and elected him as their leader with acclamation. The party generally approved of the choice; and Lord Althorp took the first opportunity of intimating to the House of Commons that he had assumed the position of leader of the Opposition. 'I give notice,' said he, with reference to a statement of Sir Robert Peel, 'that *we* intend to take the sense of the House on this question.' Lord Portman told the author that he could not forget Sir Robert Peel's start when Lord Althorp uttered the word '*we*.'

The death of George IV. took place in the summer of 1830, and it was resolved by the Government that the session should be ended by an immediate dissolution. There was no valid objection to this course, since the law requires that a new Parliament should be summoned within six months after the demise of the Crown. The Opposition, however, fearing that the Government would acquire strength from the conjunction of a new reign with a new Parliament, made a vigorous effort to delay the elections. But they were signally defeated, and Parliament was dissolved within a month after the accession of William IV. Both parties were wrong in their anticipations of the results of this measure. The Government, who had thought to strengthen their position by a prompt appeal to the country, under the vague hopes which follow a new reign; and

the Opposition grudging the Government the accession of strength usually acquired by the party in power at a new election, were equally mistaken. A feeling pervaded the country far beyond the fleeting influence of a change from George to William. There was a general weariness of Tory government; a revolt of the Tories themselves against their leader, who had treacherously surrendered Protestant ascendancy; and above all, the French Revolution of July in the midst of the general election, gave fearful impulse to the floating elements of opinion. Central associations, under the name of political unions, with organised local committees, were formed with admirable skill for the purpose of concentrating the public discontent upon a definite object, and it was decided that the object should be a reform of the representation. Up to that moment Parliamentary Reform had been advocated by radical enthusiasts or patriotic philosophers, but it had not become the rallying cry of the popular party in the nation.

The new Parliament assembled on November 2nd, and the subject of Parliamentary Reform was broached in both Houses by the leaders of Opposition. It was a memorable day, for it decided at once and irrevocably the fate of the Government. The Duke of Wellington, in answer to Lord Grey, declared, in the most distinct and emphatic terms, his unalterable adherence to the representative system as it then existed, and his determination to resist any and every change that might be proposed. The effect of these words was instantaneous. The haughty defiance of the Minister was answered by a roar of indignation. Meetings were held all over the country, and the rage of the people found vent in language which alarmed even many of the firmest friends of reform. A few minutes before the Duke of Wellington spoke, Mr. Brougham had given notice of his intention to bring in a Reform Bill on that day fortnight—an announcement which was somewhat coldly received; but when Lord Althorp, at a later period of the evening, declared 'that the country was in a most serious situation, that the Ministers were not fit and equal to it, and 'that he was prepared to support any measure which should 'dispossess them of their places,' the assent of the majority of the House was signified by loud and protracted cheers. Lord Althorp himself told the author of the memoir that a few days before the opening of Parliament not more than twenty members attended the meeting at his rooms; but in the following week, after the Duke's declaration against reform, the rooms were crowded to suffocation. The public commotion was so great that the Ministers were advised that it would be

unsafe to let the King attend the Lord Mayor's dinner in the month of November. Sir Robert Peel, indeed, believed the country to be on the verge of revolution.

However exaggerated such an apprehension might be, it was felt that steps must be promptly taken in the direction of Parliamentary Reform, and that a change of Ministry must previously take place. The decisive vote was expected on the 16th of the month, when Brougham was to move for leave to bring in his Bill. But the House, impatient to bring matters to a crisis, outvoted the Government upon an amendment moved by Sir Henry Parnell to refer the Civil List to a select committee. Neither party had made the usual preparations for a trial of strength on this occasion; but an adverse majority of twenty-nine in a House of four hundred and thirty-seven members afforded a fair opportunity to a government willing to escape a more formal and decisive condemnation.

As Lord Althorp walked home after the division with his friend Lord Tavistock, the latter very naturally remarked that next day he would be in office, and leader of the House of Commons. But Lord Althorp shrank with dismay from the prospect of filling a situation so foreign to his tastes and habits; nor was he convinced by the obvious argument that having accepted the leadership of Opposition, he had contracted an obligation to accept office of which he could not divest himself. The friends walked up and down the streets for some hours on that cold November night arguing the question; and it is said that Lord Althorp was at length so far impressed with his friend's arguments that he went to bed in a very melancholy frame of mind.

As we have occasion to mention Lord Tavistock (afterwards seventh Duke of Bedford), we pause for a moment to quote the just and pleasing tribute paid by Sir Denis Le Marchant to the memory of that acute and honourable man:—

'No friend stood higher in Lord Althorp's estimation than Lord Tavistock. They had played together in childhood, and when they grew up they lived together as brothers. With many of the same tastes and pursuits, they also entertained the same views of politics. Lord Tavistock told me that he made Lord Althorp a convert to Parliamentary Reform: but their mutual confidence was such as to make it very difficult to say who most influenced the other. Lord Tavistock, however, was one of the oldest Reformers among the Whigs, with whom he had, at one time, the character of going too fast, for he had connected himself with Mr. Whitbread when the latter broke loose from party ties, and he was often found supporting Sir Francis Burdett. Not that Lord Tavistock acted from any hot impulses, for he was of a

thoughtful turn of mind, and remarkable for the soundness and coolness of his judgment. This made him a valuable counsellor, and there could not be a more honest or disinterested one. He entered much into society, and had friends among men of different politics, and so thoroughly did they trust him that, notwithstanding his ultra-Whiggism, he had been consulted, at critical periods, both by the Duke of Wellington and Earl Derby. The late lamented Prince Consort was on the most confidential terms with him. He invariably declined office, although Whigs and Tories united in pressing upon him the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, at the death of Lord Besborough. He had a noble estate, which he managed very ably. It had descended to him frightfully encumbered, with most of the farmhouses dilapidated, and an impoverished peasantry. At first he thought of shutting up Woburn and living in retirement; but, on reflection, he met his difficulties boldly, and overcame them. His name will long be mentioned with veneration and gratitude in Bedfordshire and Devon, as a just and liberal landlord; and not only farmhouses, but whole villages, all erected by him, attest his wise administration of rural affairs, and especially his attention to the comforts of the poorer classes. No landed proprietor of his day built so many cottages, or had taken greater pains for their improved construction. He married, soon after he came of age, the beautiful Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, a daughter of Lord Harrington, whose death cast a gloom over his latter years. He died in 1861.'

But we must return to the Reform Ministry. The next day the Duke of Wellington tendered his resignation, and the King sent for Lord Grey; and Lord Grey having undertaken to form a Government, after consulting Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, sent for Lord Althorp. They had a long interview, 'the particulars of which,' says our author, 'might furnish a wholesome lesson to young aspirants for office. Lord Grey was deeply dejected. He had gained the great object of his life, but the prize had been too long deferred; and at his advanced age, and with his disgust at the altered condition of the Whig party since their league with Mr. Canning, he found strong reasons against quitting his retirement at Howick, which of late years he had come thoroughly to enjoy.' (P. 259.) He went even so far as to propose that Lord Althorp should be at the head of the Government, but the latter at once said that no consideration should induce him to accept the post. He pleaded hard indeed to be excused from taking office altogether; but Lord Grey insisted that he must not only take office, but that he must be Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. The alternative of his refusal would have been an abandonment of the attempt to form a Whig Government. Lord Althorp therefore was forced to yield, but on the dis-

tinct understanding that in the event of Lord Grey's retirement, he should not be asked to succeed him. This arrangement was not made a moment too soon. The same afternoon Lord Palmerston offered to take the lead of the House of Commons; a fact of which we were not previously aware. It is pretty certain that Lord Grey would never have been brought to accept a proposal so distasteful as the appointment to the second place in the Government of one of the friends of Canning; it was a bitter necessity that compelled him to include within the comprehensive basis upon which his Ministry was formed, any of the partisans of a statesman whom he had recently denounced in a memorable invective 'as the principal supporter of every invasion of civil liberty for the past thirty years.*' Lord Palmerston readily acquiesced in the preference given to Lord Althorp, and accepted the office of Foreign Secretary. Lord Goderich and Mr. C. Grant were also members of the Cabinet; and the high Tories who had revolted from their party were represented in the reforming Government by the Duke of Richmond. It is remarkable how many statesmen of different antecedents and a different shade in politics were included in what is regarded as the essentially Whig Cabinet of Earl Grey. Earl Grey even wished to retain the services of Lord Lyndhurst as Chancellor, but the difficulty of dealing with Mr. Brougham rendered this arrangement impracticable. Brougham had indignantly rejected the subordinate post of Attorney-General; he was not unwilling to be made Master of the Rolls; but Lord Althorp sagaciously observed, 'If Brougham is left in Parliament with an irremovable office, the Ministry will not last three months, and I certainly will not belong to it.' This was conclusive; and the Great Seal was given without farther hesitation to the most formidable though the least trusted member of the Whig party.

Although the Government was formed on a broad basis, the Whigs greatly predominated; yet a few months before the general election, the Whig party proper, or the old Opposition as they were styled, numbered only forty members in the Lower House. And even this diminished band would only pledge themselves to united action upon one or two questions. In the spring of the year, they had agreed to act with Lord Althorp upon matters relating to retrenchment and reduction of taxation; but on all other points they were 'to continue as much disunited as ever,' and on no pretence were they to act

* Speech in the House of Lords, 1827.

in concerted opposition with the malcontent Tory and Canning parties. It was with difficulty that even this limited and temporary compact could be effected! It may be conceded without discredit to the party—and this truth is strikingly exemplified by the narrative now before us—that the Whigs do not owe the great influence they have exercised over the parliamentary history of this country to their numbers. They owe the power they have enjoyed to their principles, to their consistency, to their unflinching attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, to their social position, their eloquence, their wit, and to the manly spirit of independence of which Lord Althorp was an illustrious example. The actual number of the band of statesmen united by these ties may have been small. We have just seen that on the eve of the Reform Bill they barely exceeded forty. But when a great popular impulse was given to the Liberal cause in the country, the nation found in that small body of men, who had weathered the blasts of unpopularity and opposition for five and twenty years, its most trustworthy and capable leaders. It is not amiss to lay this observation to heart at a moment like the present when the Whig party is again contending against a powerful numerical majority in the House of Commons. The time will come when more liberal opinions and more generous sympathies again assert their power over the people of England; and we may venture to predict, in the words uttered not long ago by the most staunch and venerable leader of the party, that whenever the Liberal Party is thoroughly reconstituted, it will be reconstituted by Whig influence. The strength of the Tories under Lord Liverpool's government lay, as we have just seen, in a divided and disorganised opposition. When discipline and union were restored in the Liberal army, by the authority of such men as Lord Althorp, it became master of the field.

The demand for Reform had been of slow growth, and might have been satisfied by moderate concessions at an earlier period. With a love of freedom deep and invariable, the people of England have ever been averse to sudden and violent change. It would be an exaggeration to attribute the vehement cry for Reform which arose throughout the country in 1830 wholly to a sense of Tory misgovernment. The discontent among the more intelligent classes of the community, coinciding with distress among the lower orders, had given rise to ominous rumours; and probably Catholic Emancipation, a measure urgently pressed by the educated friends of Liberal principles, but repugnant to the prejudices of the people, had more to do

with the clamour for reform than any other specified grievance. The French revolt happening at this juncture kindled the various elements of disaffection, and produced a state of things which had not been paralleled in England since the Great Rebellion.

The general election of 1830 closed the long reign of Tory ascendancy. In a large majority of the open constituencies Liberals were chosen. Brougham was returned by acclamation for the great county of York; and Hume was brought in for Middlesex. Reform and retrenchment were thus represented by the two largest constituencies in the kingdom. Many men of family and fortune who had occupied their seats in successive Parliaments were forced to give way to strangers and adventurers. This sudden and unexpected change in the temper of the nation spread alarm among the higher classes; and even statesmen who should have read more clearly the signs of the times gave expression to gloomy forebodings. Sir Robert Peel told his tutor, Bishop Lloyd, that he believed the monarchy would only last five or six years longer; and even Lord Grey was uneasy lest Reform should go too far.

The new Ministers, however, were not so strong in Parliament as in the country. The Tories, though fearfully beaten, still held most of the counties and the close boroughs. Dismayed and terrified as they were, they nevertheless determined to make a stand in Parliament, and they fought with desperation. The first three months of the new Government were not promising. They attacked the Budget with such success that Lord Althorp, who had not managed his financial business with much skill, was forced to give up the greater part of an elaborate scheme for relieving trade and industry by a shifting of taxation. He would have adopted an income tax, as Sir Robert Peel did with such signal success in 1842, but being overruled by the Cabinet, he had recourse to a tax on the transfer of funded property, which was received with great applause by the country gentlemen, but met with a very different reception in the city, where it was denounced not without reason, both as a breach of the Loan Acts, and as an impolitic restriction on commercial transactions. The tax was abandoned; and as the failure of the Budget in its main principle would, under ordinary circumstances, have been fatal to the Government, the Tories looked forward to an early return to office. But these short-sighted hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Government rested on a foundation too wide and deep to be seriously affected even by a grave financial miscarriage.

A committee of four members of the Government was

appointed to prepare the heads of the Reform Bill. These were Lord Durham, Sir James Graham, Lord Duncannon, and Lord John Russell; all staunch members of the Whig party. It is well known that the measure so prepared underwent various changes before it was finally adopted by the Cabinet; and it was owing in a great degree to the firmness of Lord Althorp, who insisted on a large and comprehensive measure based on popular principles, that the Bill assumed the bold and striking form in which it was submitted to the House of Commons.

The 1st of March 1831 was fixed for the introduction of the Bill; and Lord John Russell, though not a Minister of Cabinet rank, was chosen for the high honour of opening the greatest debate of modern times. But the choice was well made. Lord John bore a name which had in evil times been associated with the popular cause; he had, with the courage and constancy which have distinguished him throughout his public life, frequently urged Parliament to reform itself in times when such proposals were met with insolence by the Tories, and coldness by the Whigs. He had already rendered an eminent service to religious liberty by carrying the Repeal of the Test Act. In fact it was remarkable, not that Lord John Russell should bring in the Reform Bill, but that a man of his rank and talents, who had sat in Parliament for eighteen years, should not have been included in the first Whig Cabinet. The reason was, we believe, that his health and strength were supposed at that time not to be equal to the conduct of a laborious office. Yet since then he has filled almost every great office of State, and he still lives the honoured and sole survivor of the Ministry of 1830.

If the Government had misgivings as to the fortunes of Reform, the Tories, though much alarmed, were still fain to persuade themselves that the cause had no real support in the country; and without such support its defeat in the House of Commons would be an easy task. Accordingly on March 1, they thronged the Opposition benches prepared to listen to a proposal for some mischievous innovations, such as the enfranchisement of the larger towns, and the extinction of such nominal constituencies as Gatton and Old Sarum. But when Lord John Russell calmly unfolded the provisions of the great Bill, astonishment and terror were quickly succeeded by rage and scorn. One hundred and nineteen nomination seats to be absolutely abolished! Forty-seven small boroughs to be deprived of half their representation! The great democratic towns to be enfranchised! A legion of petty householders to become voters! Shouts of derisive laughter hailed these

monstrous proposals. Lord Althorp said that the Bill would undoubtedly have been thrown out had Sir Robert Peel at once desired its rejection; and Lord Brougham expressed the same opinion. But the Tory chief was better advised, and though in a subsequent stage of the debate, he spoke against the measure, he admitted the necessity of Reform—to the consternation and disgust of many of his uncompromising followers. The Bill, which far exceeded the expectations of the most ardent reformers, was received with enthusiasm out of doors; and these demonstrations were not without effect upon the House; insomuch that the adverse decision which had been calculated on the first night, was after a debate of seven nights converted into a majority of one. The Bill, however, was virtually lost, for it was certain that the Opposition would take the earliest opportunity of inflicting a wound upon it in a vital part. Accordingly on the motion for going into Committee, General Gascoigne, member for Liverpool, carried an amendment against a diminution of the members for England and Wales, the weakest part of the Bill, and which was subsequently given up. The Government, however, wisely and promptly accepted this vote as a defeat, and determined upon an immediate appeal to the country. The Tories were in a transport of rage. The Peers nearly came to blows when the guns announced the approach of the King to prorogue Parliament as a preliminary to dissolution. Even Sir Robert Peel is said to have lost his temper, and to have declared that the time was coming when no man of honour could serve the Crown.

The answer of the constituencies was decisive. ‘The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill’ was the test applied to candidates, and no other pledge or profession of opinion was required. Such a general election was without precedent; it showed that the mind of the country was concentrated upon one object; and no man who had studied the temper of the people of England could doubt the result. A clear majority of one hundred and thirty-six was ascertained; a majority far larger than has been obtained by any Ministry before or since; and when it is considered that the minority consisted in a large proportion of nominated members, and that most of the lawyers and almost all the parsons were on their side, it becomes manifest that the real strength of the Government, or rather of Reform, far exceeded what was indicated by the Division Lists. The Tories, however, with the recklessness of despair worried the Bill in Committee upon every detail, and it was mainly to the patience and fine temper of Lord Althorp that the Bill was

conducted safely through this perilous stage. This was warmly acknowledged by both sides of the House.

On September 22nd, 1831, the Bill was carried up to the House of Peers by Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell. London was illuminated, and dinners and meetings in celebration of the event were held all over the country as if the triumph of Reform was assured. In the midst of this rejoicing a terrible check occurred. The Bill was rejected in the Lords by a majority of forty-one. The crisis was one of extreme gravity. An adverse majority in the Hereditary Chamber could not be broken down like an adverse majority in the House of Commons by an appeal to the country. There was but one mode of bringing the House of Lords into harmony with the representative body, and that was to change the minority into a majority by violence. But the elevation to the Upper House of fifty men for the express purpose of overbearing the independent action of that assembly, disguised and justified as it might be, would be nothing less than the extinction of one branch, and that the most ancient branch, of the Legislature. If fifty Peers had been made to carry the Reform Bill, the House of Lords could never again have held up its head, and the support of many of the Peers who were favourable to reform would have been lost by a measure savouring of revolution. Every man outside the swollen and turbid current of popular opinion saw this. Lord Grey saw it, so did Lord Althorp; and, ardent reformer as he was, no man saw it clearer than the Lord Chancellor. Lord Althorp said, 'that if it was clearly proved that a revolution would be the consequence of not taking this step, and that not only the House of Lords but every other thing of value in the country would be overturned, it would be a very strong thing to say that it ought not to be taken.*' He described it, however, as 'a desperate expedient,' but he was inclined to think that if the King put the power in their hands, 'the possession of it would render the use of it unnecessary.'

On December 12th, the third Reform Bill was introduced in the Commons. It contained a few modifications of the original draft with the view of conciliating the Opposition; but Sir Robert Peel put an end to the hesitation which had become apparent among some of his followers by declaring his unabated hostility to the measure. The second reading was carried by a majority of two to one. The Bill remained in committee

* Letter to Earl Grey, Nov. 23, 1831.

twenty-two days, and left the House of Commons for the last time on March 19.

'Lord Althorp's capacity as a leader had been severely tested throughout this tremendous struggle, and it extorted the praise even of his political opponents. I recollect Sir Henry Hardinge saying: "It was Althorp carried the Bill. His fine temper did it. Once, in answer to a most able and argumentative speech of Croker, he rose and merely observed 'that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honourable gentleman's arguments, but unfortunately he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment'—which they did accordingly. There was no standing against such influence as this." The Whigs ascribed Lord Althorp's influence not to his temper alone, but to the confidence felt by the House in his integrity and sound judgment—an opinion so universal that Lord Grey was induced by it to press upon him a peerage, that he might take charge of the Bill in the Committee of the Lords; and the design was abandoned not from any hesitation or unwillingness on the part of Lord Althorp, but from the difficulty of finding a successor to him in the Commons.' (P. 400.)

Meanwhile a certain number of Peers, led by Lord Wharncliffe and Lord Harrowby, had resolved to vote for the second reading of the Bill, in order to avert a catastrophe. They entered into negotiations with Lord Grey, which have been related by Mr. Greville, who, as Sir D. Le Marchant states with truth, was one of the chief promoters of the compromise. Lord Althorp, however, had little faith in it. He therefore reluctantly came to the conclusion that a large creation of peers was absolutely necessary, and that this step should be taken at once. In a long letter to Lord Grey, he set forth the reasons for adopting this extreme measure. Lord Grey's reply was, we think, complete. He denied the practical urgency of the measure. He was assured that the Bill would pass the second reading, and that though amendments would be made in committee, it was probable that its main provisions would be respected. The Tory Lords, who were now disposed to moderate counsels, would relapse into uncompromising opposition if coercion was resorted to; and the attempt to compel the vote of the assembly by a creation of peers would, if successful, inevitably lead to a repetition of the remedy, until this branch of the legislature was entirely destroyed. The event proved the soundness of Lord Grey's views. The Lords yielded, as they must have ultimately yielded, to the determined will of the nation; but they vindicated their dignity and independence as a branch of the legislature within constitutional limits; and they retired at last

from the struggle beaten, but not dishonoured. The people of England respect a manly and resolute opponent. They were accustomed to carry on their local contests at the poll without animosity; and the struggle with the Lords was only a contest on a wider scale. We pass over the political convulsions which attended the last stages of the Reform Bill, the temporary resignation of the Ministry, the inability of their opponents to form a government, and the closing scene when the Royal assent was given to the Act. Parliament was dissolved in December; but before the new Parliament assembled, the Reform Ministry had nearly separated upon grave questions of Irish policy. Lord Althorp disapproved both of the coercive and remedial measures proposed by Mr. Stanley—the former as going too far, and the latter as not going far enough; and it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to remain in office.

We have seen that Lord Althorp's first essay as a Financial Minister was not very successful. The Budget of 1833 was more carefully adjusted. Its leading feature was a reduction of expenditure in conformity with one of the pledges upon which the Government had taken office. The estimates were lower by three millions than the average estimates of the three preceding years; and Lord Althorp especially gained credit for resisting the various claims to a remission of taxation raised by new members representing merely their own crotchets, or the particular interests of their constituents. The Budget of 1834 was a still greater success; its principal feature was a reduction of the 4 per cents. to a 3½ per cent. stock, by which a great saving was effected; while the house and window duties were reduced by 1,200,000*l.* This was a concession to the newly enfranchised householders; it was nevertheless a measure justified by sound principles of political economy. But the Poor Law Bill was the great measure of this session—a measure second only in importance to that of the Reform Bill itself. It was founded on the Report of a Commission which laid bare with convincing force the vicious and dangerous system upon which the poor laws had been hitherto administered. It was a measure for the emancipation of the working classes from the degrading and depressing thralldom in which they had been held by the abuse of the Act of Elizabeth; and it therefore encountered violent opposition, not only from the country gentlemen and farmers and other great employers of labour, but from radical sciolists, who inveighed against the policy as oppressive to the poor. It was the first great contest between the doctrines of ignorant and scientific legislation, and established

for ever the ascendancy of the latter. Lord Althorp had the conduct of the Bill in the Commons, and Lord Brougham in the Lords, and it was mainly due to their persistence and authority that it was carried unimpaired through the perils of Committee.

We now come to a series of measures which caused first the dislocation, and subsequently the dissolution, of Lord Grey's Government. In the former session, the critical state of the Irish Church had demanded a prompt and searching remedy. The magnitude of the Establishment out of all proportion to the Protestant minority had long been a crying grievance with the Catholic people, and had been stigmatised as a scandal and an oppression by the whole Liberal party of the United Kingdom. The Irish Catholics at length refused the payment of tithes, and the clergy of the Establishment were reduced to a state of destitution. Public grants were made for their relief; a temporary expedient, until the whole question could be dealt with by Parliament. Accordingly in 1833 Lord Althorp introduced a Bill for the settlement of the Irish Church, and the redistribution of its revenues. The details of the measure have now become obsolete; but one important provision was the reduction of the episcopate by nearly one-half, and the application of the surplus temporalities to secular purposes. This part of the Bill was given up, and the Bill passed in a modified shape. In the following session, however, the question of secular appropriation was brought to a distinct issue by the motion of Mr. Ward, member for St. Albans. The Government were greatly embarrassed. They had committed themselves to the principle of Mr. Ward's motion in the preceding year; but a powerful section of the Cabinet were determined in their resistance to the principle of secular appropriation. The Chancellor devised a mode of evading the difficulty by the appointment of a Royal Commission of inquiry into the revenues of the Irish Church, and Mr. Ward's motion was got rid of by a dilatory amendment. The dissentient Ministers, however, were not satisfied. Sir James Graham and Mr. Stanley resigned; and were followed by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Ripon. This was the beginning of the end. The disturbed state of Ireland bordering on anarchy had justified a temporary suspension of constitutional rights in that country; and it was necessary that the Coercion Act, as it was called, should be renewed. The Repeal party, with Mr. O'Connell at its head, had denounced the Coercion Bill with unmeasured violence; but even O'Connell tacitly admitted that some measure of restriction was necessary. The clause to which he

chiefly objected was the one which gave power to the Lord-Lieutenant to suppress public meetings—a power, in other words, to put a stop to the agitation by means of which the Irish leaders swayed the people. The secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant was at this time Mr. Littleton, an accomplished and high-minded English gentleman, who had recently succeeded Mr. Stanley in that difficult post. Mr. Littleton felt, as any man of sense would have felt, that in performing an unpleasant duty it was desirable to avoid giving unnecessary offence, and to do no more than was absolutely necessary. Accordingly after consulting Lord Brougham, to whom he had been expressly referred by the Lord-Lieutenant, he wrote to the latter urging the abandonment of the meetings' clause, and requesting Lord Wellesley, if he concurred in this view, to communicate his opinion to Lord Grey. Lord Wellesley immediately expressed his entire concurrence, and on June 21, the day after the receipt of Mr. Littleton's letter, he wrote to Lord Grey fully on the subject, distinctly stating that 'the renewal of the powers would only serve to furnish new grounds for agitation and violence.' After an interval of nearly forty years this celebrated and mysterious letter was published by ourselves ('Ed. Review,' cxxxiv. p. 299) for the first time, and all the incidents connected with the transaction have been so fully discussed in these pages, in our reviews of the posthumous Memoirs of Lord Broughton and Lord Hatherston, and in the letter addressed to us by the present Earl Grey, that we do not intend to weary our readers with a repetition of them. We adhere to the opinions previously expressed in this Review, and we find nothing in the volume before us to alter that view of the case, although Sir Denis Le Marchant attempts to withdraw from Lord Althorp a greater share of the responsibility, and to cast it on Mr. Littleton. Mr. Littleton's opinion was, that Lord Althorp should either have compelled the omission of the obnoxious clauses at the Cabinet of June 29th, or should have *then* resigned. Lord Althorp himself declared in writing to Mr. Littleton that 'if he had known the full extent of the communication made to O'Connell, he would have stood firm and 'smashed the Government at once.' Sir Denis Le Marchant observes on this point that Mr. Littleton must have been ignorant of the fact that 'Lord Althorp *did* write to Lord Grey on the evening of June 29th, declining to move the clauses in the House of Commons,' but, he adds, '*eventually yielded* only to Lord Grey's urgent representations.' If he yielded, his previous remonstrance amounted to nothing at

all. Our astonishment is mainly excited by Lord Grey's pertinacious adherence to a part of the Bill which several of his colleagues thought mischievous, and which was subsequently omitted by them without the least inconvenience. However, our only object in reverting to the subject now, is to introduce two letters, now first published by Sir Denis Le Marchant, the one from Lord Brougham on Lord Althorp's resignation, and the other from Lord Althorp himself. Both are extremely characteristic and curious.

'The Lord Chancellor to Viscount Althorp.

'July 9th, 1834.

'MY DEAR ALTHORP,—I enclose a copy of my letter to the King. I stated the same thing in my place. Your step of resigning has, I fear, sealed the fate of this country. Rather than be plagued by two or three speeches addressed to a House of Commons which has more confidence in you than ever, you have done your best to dissolve the only Government the country will bear, and I hear that Abercromby and Rice are afraid to remain.

'I regard them, next to you, as the cause of all the mischief which may ensue; they, too, are resolved to fly from their posts and deliver us over to the Tories and the mob, in succession, because they don't like being badgered.

'I shall do all I can to ward off the calamity; but how can I if every one in the House of Commons is afraid to keep his ground? At least I am resolved that the country shall see who it has to thank for whatever is to happen.

'I really must say, I look upon all of you as answerable, and most deeply answerable, for the event.

'One thing, of course, you must make up your minds to. As you and your companions in desertion will most probably prevent a Liberal Government from being made, you are, of course, prepared to give your cordial support to a Tory one. Surely you don't mean we should have no Government?

'Yours ever,
'H. B.'

'This letter gave Lord Althorp an opportunity of expressing his sentiments to the Lord Chancellor, which he did in a dignified remonstrance, reviewing all the circumstances without the reserve necessary to an official explanation in Parliament.

'Downing Street, July 10, 1834.

'MY DEAR BROUGHAM,—I admit that I am answerable as the proximate cause of the dissolution of the Administration, but the situation in which I was placed was not by any act of my own. I wish you would look a little at the share you have taken in the business. Without communication with one of your colleagues, with the view, I know, of facilitating business in Parliament, you desired Littleton to write to Lord Wellesley, and you wrote to him yourself, to press him to express

an opinion that the three first clauses of the Bill might be omitted. He did express that opinion, and I thought, and still think, that when the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland said that any circumstance of expediency would induce him to carry on the Government of that country by the ordinary law, to whatever extent he made that admission, it was the duty of the Government here to agree with him. He had said, he did not want the Court-Martial clauses; we properly omitted them. He then said, he could go on without these three clauses, and I think we ought to have omitted them also; but you, having originally produced the difficulty by writing to Lord Wellesley, gave your decision directly against what you had advised Lord Wellesley to do. The consequence of all this was that I got placed in a position which rendered it impossible for me to go on. This impossibility was mainly produced by Littleton's communication to O'Connell, but even without this the difficulty was likely to be enormous.

'I am aware that the man who by his resignation produces the dissolution of an Administration takes a great load upon his shoulders, and more especially when there is so much difficulty in forming another; this load is increased greatly when he cannot explain the causes which compelled him to take such a step without involving others, whom for every reason he is determined not to involve. That load I must bear; but it never can compel me to support measures of which I disapprove, though, if no other than a Tory Government can be formed, it may render it incumbent upon me not to give them a factious opposition.

'Yours most truly,
'ALTHORP.'

It was due to the promptitude and energy of the Chancellor that the Tories were disappointed in their expectation of returning to power. Lord Brougham persuaded the King to entrust the reconstruction of the Government to Lord Melbourne; and the first condition which Lord Melbourne made was that Lord Althorp should resume office. At the instance of Lord Grey he reluctantly consented, stipulating in his turn that Mr. Littleton should continue Chief Secretary on the ground that they were in the same position, and must stand or fall together. 'It was a noble act,' says Lord Hatherton, 'dictated by a fine sense of honour.' The only measure of importance carried by the new Government before the prorogation was the Coercion Bill in the form proposed by Lord Wellesley. The result showed that the obnoxious clauses might safely be dispensed with.

Lord Melbourne's first administration was not destined to meet another session of Parliament. In the recess, Lord Althorp was called to the House of Peers by the death of his father; and the King expressed his opinion that the Government was so much weakened by this event as to be incapable

of conducting the business of the country. His Majesty therefore determined to send for the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Spencer's public life was now closed. It is hardly necessary to say that he was pressed to return to office in Lord Melbourne's second administration. But his decision was irrevocable, and the remainder of his life was passed at Althorp and at Wiseton. Agricultural pursuits were his favourite occupation, and there were few better judges of stock. Occasionally, however, he took a part in public affairs; notably when the Whigs were in adversity by the general election of 1841, Lord Spencer came from his retirement to move the address and vindicate the policy which appeared to have fallen into disrepute. In 1843, he seized the occasion of a public dinner at Northampton to declare for Free Trade and the repeal of the Corn Laws. This remarkable speech coming from a statesman who reminded his audience that he was 'a landed proprietor, and an occupier of land, with no other means of subsistence,' caused a great sensation throughout the country. It was followed by a manifesto from Lord John Russell, his successor in the lead of the Whigs, to a similar effect. In the following year Sir Robert Peel, as Minister, amplified and fulfilled the great commercial policy sketched by his opponents. The Northampton speech was Lord Spencer's last political utterance. In the same year his health began to fail, and he perceived his end approaching. He died in the autumn of 1845 in his sixty-fourth year.

In place of any reflections of our own, we shall conclude this article by a masterly portrait of Lord Althorp from the impartial pen of Mr. Charles Greville, which was not known to Sir Denis Le Marchant, and has not before been published. This fragment has a vigour of touch and a warmth of feeling in it, honourable alike to the writer and to the subject of it, and we know of few compositions of the kind at once more finished and more true.

‘October 7th, 1845.

‘After a very short illness, Lord Spencer died a few days ago at his house near Doncaster. My own acquaintance with him was not intimate, but I had a great respect and esteem for him, and no man ever died with a fairer character, or more generally regretted. In his country he was exceedingly beloved and respected, not less by those who differed from him, than by those who agreed with him in politics. His personal friends and former colleagues, who were warmly attached to him, highly valued his opinions upon public matters, and on all important occasions anxiously sought and placed great reliance on his advice. The career of Lord Spencer presents few materials to the biographer, for he had neither the brilliant, nor even plausible

exterior which interests and captivates vulgar imaginations, but he had sterling qualities of mind and character, which made him one of the most useful and valuable, as he was one of the best and most amiable, men of his day; filling with propriety the station in which fortune had placed him, and making the best use of the abilities which nature had bestowed upon him. Modest without diffidence, confident without vanity, ardently desiring the good of his country, without the slightest personal ambition, he took that part in public affairs which his station and his opinions prompted, and he marched through the mazes of politics with that straightforward bravery, which was the result of sincerity, singleness of purpose, the absence of all selfishness, and a true, genuine, but unpretending patriotism. His tastes, habits, and turn of mind were peculiarly and essentially English; he was a high-minded, unaffected, sensible, well-educated English gentleman, addicted to all those rural pursuits and amusements which are considered national; a practical farmer, and fond of field sports, but enjoying all things in moderation, and making every other occupation subordinate to the discharge of those duties to his country, whether general or local, the paramount obligation of which was ever uppermost in his mind. In his political principles he was consistent, liberal and enlightened, but he was too much of a philosopher, and had too deeply studied the book of life to entertain any wild notions of human perfectibility, or to countenance those extravagant theories of popular wisdom and virtue, which are so dangerous to peace, order, and good government. He observed, therefore, a just proportion, and a perfect moderation in his political views and objects, firmly believing in the capacity of the Constitution to combine the utmost extent of civil and religious liberty with the predominance of law and a safe and vigorous administration of public affairs. His whole life, therefore, was devoted to the object of widening and strengthening the foundations of the Commonwealth, of abrogating exclusive and oppressive laws, of extending political franchises, of giving freedom to commerce, and by the progress of a policy at once sound and safe, to promote the welfare and happiness of the mass of the people, and the power and prosperity of the country. Lord Spencer came into office as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons with Lord Grey's Government in 1830; on the death of his father in 1834, his elevation to the House of Lords obliged him to relinquish that office, upon which (as is well known) King William dismissed the Whig Government, on the pretext that it was so weakened as to be unworthy of public confidence, and incapable of carrying on the business of the country. This was, indeed, only a pretext for getting rid of an obnoxious Ministry, but the King's venturing upon so bold a step upon such grounds, affords a convincing proof of the high consideration which Lord Spencer enjoyed in the House of Commons, and in the country. Nor, indeed, was it possible to exaggerate that consideration. The greatest homage that ever was rendered to character and public virtue, was exhibited in his popularity and authority during the four eventful years, when he led the Whig Government and party in the House of Commons. Without one showy accomplishment, without wit to amuse

or eloquence to persuade, with a voice unmelodious, and a manner ungraceful, and barely able to speak plain sense in still plainer language, he exercised in the House of Commons an influence, and even a dominion, greater than any Leader either after or before him. Neither Pitt the father, nor Pitt the son, in the plenitude of their magnificent dictatorships, nor Canning in the days of his most brilliant displays of oratory and wit, nor Castlereagh, returning in all the glory of an ovation from the overthrow of Napoleon, could govern with the same sway that unruly and fastidious assembly. His friends followed this plain and simple man with enthusiastic devotion, and he possessed the faculty of disarming his political antagonists of all bitterness and animosity towards himself; he was regarded in the House of Commons with sentiments akin to personal affection, with a boundless confidence and a universal esteem. Such was the irresistible ascendancy of truth, sincerity, and honour, of a probity free from every taint of interest, of mere character, unaided by the arts which captivate or subjugate mankind. This is the great practical panegyric, which will consecrate the memory of Lord Spencer, and transmit it nobly to the latest posterity; but it is a panegyric, not more honourable to the subject of it than to the national character which is susceptible of such impressions, and which acknowledges such influences. We may feel an honest pride and a happy confidence in the reflection, that it is by such sterling qualities, by the simple and unostentatious practice of public and private virtue that men may best recommend themselves to the reverence, the gratitude, and the affection of their countrymen, and be remembered hereafter as the benefactors of mankind.'

No. CCXCVI. will be published in October.

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,
OCTOBER, 1876.

N^o. CCXCVI.

ART. I.—*The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. 5 vols. 8vo. London: 1875-76.

THERE is no field of inquiry more fascinating to the student of human progress than that offered by the great continent of America, in which the native races, shut off from contact with the old-world civilisation for an untold number of centuries, have found room for development in various directions. In it the theories of civilisation, as propounded by Mr. Buckle and others, may be brought to a practical test, for it presents us with peoples in each of the different stages which connect the rude savage with the culture of Mexico and Central America. Man may be studied as a hunter, fisherman, farmer, as a rude and unlettered worshipper of fetishes, or as the possessor of an elaborate literature, burdened with as complex a ritual as that of the Egyptians, and bound fast by strict rules and observances in every phase of social life. In that vast continent, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, there was represented every phase of progress through which man in Europe has passed, in emerging from a condition of the rudest savagery to the comparatively high culture exemplified in the bronze age of the Etruscans. The subject has excited the imagination of many writers, and many have been the speculations regarding the derivation of the native tribes and of the American civilisations, in which, for the most part, each writer has accommodated his facts to his prejudices. It has been reserved for Mr. Bancroft to collect together for the first time, in the five bulky volumes before us, the facts necessary for a preliminary inquiry into these questions. His work is a most laborious encyclopædia of all that is known up to to-day of

the native races of the Pacific States, and it embraces all the inhabitants of the region to the west of the Mississippi from the Arctic Sea to the Isthmus of Panama. His aim, as he tells us in his preface, is not so much to write history as to provide materials out of which it may be eventually written by others. With infinite trouble he has brought the ore to the surface, and piled it up in full faith that it will undergo eventually those processes by which the dross is purged away, and pass current as the bright metal of history. His aim is modest, and implies true nobility of mind.

The book is remarkable in many ways. Its author, a bookseller in San Francisco, when he set himself to his work in 1859, found that the necessary books and manuscripts existed in no library in the world, and he therefore began with characteristic energy to secure everything within his reach in America. He then spent two years in obtaining all available materials in Europe, being singularly favoured by fortune in his enterprise. On the dispersal of the library of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, he obtained three thousand volumes; in 1869 his library had developed into sixteen thousand books, manuscripts, and pamphlets, irrespective of maps and newspapers, in English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, and Mexican; and he soon discovered that the materials for history which he sought 'were so copiously diluted with trash, 'that it would be impossible to follow his different subjects in 'the manner in which he proposed with but one lifetime to 'devote to the work.' In this emergency he devised a system of indexing the facts in such a manner that all the authorities could be brought to bear on any given point. This was done by employing a large staff of assistants to read the books and write down references on little cards labelled according to the subject. When we visited him in San Francisco, in 1875, we saw the work in full operation, and were struck with astonishment at the 'fact-catalogue' of the library, which consisted of packs of cards, each under its own heading, and each giving a bird's eye view of the whole subject with the necessary references. In this manner Mr. Bancroft has collected materials which would have taken one man, so he tells us, about sixty years to bring together, and these he has used in the books before us, which are remarkable not merely for the vast number of facts which are recorded, but for the singular manner in which they have been collected together by the indomitable perseverance of one man. From his method of work it was impossible that dross should not be mingled with the ore, but this can easily be removed by the hot fire of

criticism. Indeed, he purposely records not merely those facts which are indisputably true, but the larger class of facts which have not been proved to be untrue.

It is scarcely necessary for us to call attention to the opportuneness of this work. The red man is swiftly passing away before the face of the white, and every day destroys some trace of the former. The westward advance of the frontier of the Eastern States is estimated by Professor Wilson to average nine miles per annum;* and the trapper and woodsman, the advance guard of European civilisation, are steadily marching onwards to the setting sun, followed closely by the ranchero and tiller of the soil. The Pacific coast affords another base for the approach of the Europeans from the east. From 'the Golden Gate' and other places which have sprung up as it were by magic, the banners of civilisation have steadily passed forward to the east, until the lands of the red man, from the British possessions in latitude 40° down to the frontiers of Mexico, are to be found mainly between the Sierra Nevada and the Mississippi; beyond these boundaries, if he exist at all, it is as a servant, and even in this tract the lines of railway, which may aptly be termed the iron bonds of civilisation, are bases of attack. The vast mineral wealth of Nevada, Utah, Colorado, and California offer irresistible allurements to the gold and silver miner; the buffalo—the great staff of life—is rapidly perishing under the rifles of the trapper and English sportsmen, and consequently the red hunter, listless and incapable of adapting himself to the changing conditions of life, has the choice of dying of starvation, of living by plunder and being eventually shot down, or of submitting to the charity of the white man, exposed to the unutterable evils which flow from the contact of civilised with uncivilised peoples. Their history must be seized now, or it will be lost for ever. 'To us,' says our author, 'the savage nations of America have neither past nor future, only a brief present, from which we may judge somewhat of their past' (ii. 81). The stone implements, tumuli, and rude rock sculptures are rapidly becoming as non-historic as similar relics of barbarism in Europe, and in many regions the memory of the ancient inhabitants is preserved only in the names of the mountains and of the rivers. At this time, therefore, such a work as this, done by a man living in the great metropolis of the West, and personally conversant with many of the rude tribes about which he writes, is singularly opportune. Its subject-matter, indeed, is not accurately expressed in its title, for it embraces

* Prehistoric Man, ii. 302.

not merely the native races of the Pacific States, but also the Eskimos of the Arctic Sea, and the inhabitants of the British territories. It includes, as well, the history of Mexico and Central America.

The interest which Mr. Bancroft's book has for us does not lay so much with the rapidly vanishing savage tribes as with the evidence as to the origin of the American peoples, and of that extraordinary civilisation which was crushed in Mexico, Central America, and Peru under the heel of the ignorant and bigoted Spaniard. In discussing these points we shall use the materials collected together by Professor Wilson in his last edition of 'Prehistoric Man'; an admirable work, in which the history of the American tribes and civilisation lies hidden under a misleading title.

The first point which offers itself for examination is the vexed question of the origin of the American peoples:—

'The problem' (writes Mr. Bancroft) 'of the origin of the American aborigines is, in my opinion, enveloped in as much obscurity now as it ever was; and when I consider the close proximity of the north-western and north-eastern extremities of America to Asia and Europe; the unthought-of and fortuitous circumstances that may at any time have cast any people upon the American coasts; the mighty convulsions that may have changed the whole face of the earth during the uncounted years that man may have dwelt upon its surface; and lastly, the uncertainty, perhaps I might say improbability, of the descent of mankind from one pair; when I think of all these things it seems to me that the peopling of America may have been accomplished in so many ways that no more hopeless task could be conceived than the endeavour to discover the one particular manner of it.' (Vol. v. p. 6.)

We agree with Mr. Bancroft that it would be hopeless to ascertain the precise manner in which man first arrived in America, but we believe that the evidence as to the ancestry of the present tribes is as clear as such evidence could possibly be under the circumstances. In discussing this question, Mr. Bancroft is influenced by the view that man was created in several regions, and that America was one of the primeval centres of creation—a view which has met with greater favour in America than among the naturalists of Europe. The unity of the human race, that all mankind sprang from one pair, is to our mind as indisputable as the fact that all horses and cows sprang from a single pair; and when we consider that the main features traceable in the American races, the Eskimo excepted, are those of the Polynesians, of the Japanese, Chinese, and Samoides, the conclusion that they are of Asiatic extraction, held by Humboldt, Prescott, Tschudi, and Wilson,

seems altogether satisfactory. Mr. Bancroft points out that the north-eastern districts have been peopled at least in part from Asia. Since 1782, according to Mr. Brookes, there have been forty-one wrecks of Japanese vessels on the American coast, twenty-eight of which date from 1850. Only twelve of these were deserted, and the survivors of the rest remained in the district where they were landed. These vessels are merely those which happen to have been recorded. They have been swept across the Pacific by the great current, which brings them from the Japanese seas at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We are therefore justified in the belief that during the untold centuries in which this current has been setting towards America, it has borne upon its bosom a constant supply of emigrants from Asia, either willingly or unwillingly. Traces of the Japanese language are to be found in the dialect of the Chinooks. The population round the region of Behring's Straits is indisputably Mongoloid (v. 38).

The physical barriers imposed by the wide stretch of ocean, or by the severity of winter in the northern latitudes, are certainly not greater than those which have been overcome by the Mongoloid races in finding their way to New Zealand, or to the Society or the Sandwich Islands. We are in a position to say, after coming fresh from the first two of these places into contact with the Piutes of Nevada, that there are no differences between the two which cannot be explained by the fact of the one living in a maritime and insular region, while the other lives merely by hunting. The distribution of the Mongoloid type of mankind as defined by Professor Huxley is in harmony with the distribution of other types of mankind, and we may add, with that of some of the wild animals also. On the north-east it touches the Baltic, and sweeps on uninterruptedly through Asia to Behring's Straits, and to the south and east it is met with in most of the islands of the Pacific; and if identity of physique be of any value in classification, and man be treated simply as a wild animal would be treated, the two Americas must be added to the enormous area over which the Mongolians have wandered. Professor Wilson has proved that the so-called American type is altogether mythic, and that among the native tribes there are diversities of complexion, hair, feature, skull-form, and physique decidedly analogous to those of Asia.

The spreading eastward of the Mongolian peoples from Asia may have been largely aided by geographical conditions which no longer exist. The elks, reindeer, foxes, wolves, bears, and other animals common to Euro-Asia and North America, pro-

bably crossed over from one region to the other on a bridge of land. The researches of Mr. Darwin into the coral reefs prove that there are large areas in the Pacific which are now gradually sinking, and the clusters of islands are merely the higher parts of a submerged continent. America may have been peopled, and probably was, in three different ways, successively or possibly simultaneously; the most obvious route being that by way of Behring's Straits; another is offered by the Japanese current; and lastly, the same kind of enterprise which led the Sandwich Islanders to find their way to Tahiti, would surely lead some of the bold sailors of the Pacific to the shores of the New World. The idea of any people whatever being autochthones, in our opinion must be given up, in the face of the continual migrations and drifting to and fro of peoples revealed by the modern school of ethnology. The Mongoloid origin of the American peoples is proved by an appeal solely to natural history, without reference to the relics of the civilisation of Mexico and Central America, which we shall discuss in another place.

Man must have inhabited America for a very long period to allow of the observed diversities in language.

'On any theory of human origin' (writes Professor Wilson), 'the blended gradations of America's widely diversified indigenous races demand a lengthened period for their development; and equally, on any theory of the origin of languages, must time be prolonged to admit of the multiplication of mutually unintelligible dialects and tongues in the New World. It is estimated that there are nearly six hundred languages, and dialects matured into independent tongues, in Europe. The known origin and growth of some of these may supply a standard whereby to gauge the time indicated by such a multiplication of tongues. But the languages of the American continents have been estimated to exceed twelve hundred and sixty, including agglutinate languages of peculiarly elaborate structure, and inflectional forms of complex development.' (*Prehistoric Man*, vol. i. p. 12.)

To pass over the idle speculations of American colonies of Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and Welsh—we think that our author might have omitted the book of Mormon from among his authorities—the evidence that the Scandinavians found their way to the New World in pre-Columbian times seems to us conclusive. It has, however, been disputed by no less authorities than George Bancroft, the historian of American colonisation, and Washington Irving, who have summarily disposed of their claims to the discovery of America, without any critical analysis of the historical value of the Icelandic Sagas, on which they are based. These Sagas are known as

the Codex Flatoiensis, a manuscript dating from the close of the fourteenth century, supposed to have been lost for many years, eventually found in the library of the island of Flatøe, and now preserved in the archives of Copenhagen. The antiquity of this work has never been seriously disputed, and the story of the voyages of the Northmen to America is proved not to have been an interpolation in an old work, by the fact that they form the framework of the narrative, which would be utterly destroyed by their omission. They cannot therefore be viewed as post-Columbian interpolations into a record of pre-Columbian events. They are a plain straightforward account of the doings of certain adventurers, who set forth, not for purposes of discovery, but for purposes of gain; and there is not the least intimation that the writers had any idea of the magnitude of the discoveries which they relate. Had these been mere echoes of the discoveries of Columbus, it seems to us impossible that the narrative would have been so artless and simple as we find it. Their style, we may add, is distinctly that of the heroic age of Scandinavian enterprise, such as the *Heimskringla*, or the *Orkneyinga Saga*. It would have been impossible for a writer of the sixteenth century to have imitated successfully the older Sagas without being detected by his contemporaries, or betraying himself by the insertion of some detail belonging to his own time. We therefore believe that the Codex is genuine, and accept the narrative to be as truly historic as the pages of Froissart, or the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. We are quite aware that there is a prejudice against the historic value of these Sagas among some modern critics, the grounds for which we have never been able to discover. It is very generally urged against their credibility that the statements of the wintering in Greenland, and of the fruits of Vinland are not consistent with the present climate in those regions. To our mind they give the stamp of genuineness and antiquity to the narrative, because now we have evidence from other quarters that the climate of Greenland, and consequently that also of the adjoining coast of America, has become more severe than it was when the deserted Danish settlements were founded. A similar change has also taken place in the climate of Iceland. The story of the discovery of America by the Northmen is not generally known to English readers, and we will therefore give it in some little detail.

Eric the Red emigrated from Iceland to Greenland in the spring of 986, along with Heriulf Bardson. In the autumn Biarne, a son of the latter, set sail from Iceland to join his father, and after having been driven out of his way by fogs and winds into

unknown seas, found himself in sight of shore, which was left to larboard. After two days' sail he again sighted land, and once more, after standing out to sea for three days, saw land again, which proved to be an island. From this he bore away, and reached Greenland after four days' sail. The island has been identified with Newfoundland, which is distant from Heriulfness (Ikigeit), in Greenland, about 150 miles; so that these distances fairly agree with the ship's log. The next voyage from Greenland to America was made by Leif, a son of Eric the Red, about the year 1000, who set sail, with a crew of thirty men, to verify Biarne's discoveries. The first land they sighted was the island, which they named Helluland. They then came to another land which they named Markland (probably Nova Scotia), and passing westward they went on shore at a point where a river issued from a lake and fell into the sea. They brought their vessel up into the lake, and finding vines in the country, termed it Vinland (New England). In the spring they returned to Greenland. Two years after this voyage, Thorwald, Leif's brother, borrowed the ship which had made the voyage, and set sail for Vinland, where he perished in a fray with the natives. The news of his death reached Greenland in 1005, and Thorstein, accompanied by his wife Gudrida, set sail to obtain the body, but after tossing about for the whole of the summer, they landed again on the coast of Greenland, where he died. His widow married Thornfinn Karlsefne, who was the most successful of the Norse adventurers in America.

In 1007 he set sail, accompanied by his bride, and Biarne Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason joined him with a ship, as also did Thorward and Thorhall 'the hunter.' These three ships first made Helluland, following the old track, and thence to Markland. From this they sailed to Kialarnes (Kiel Cape = Cape Cod); they then passed some deserts and reaches of sand, and some inlets. There they put on shore two swift-footed Scots, named Hake and Hekia, who returned in three days with some grapes and ears of wild wheat. They then continued their voyage until they came to a place where a fjord (Vineyard Sound) penetrated the coast, with an island at its entrance (Egg Island), so covered with the nests of the eider ducks that they could scarcely walk without treading on the eggs. The country which they explored was extremely beautiful. Here Thorhall the hunter left them with eight men and a ship, and set sail northwards, and was driven by westerly winds to the coast of Ireland, where according to the accounts of some traders they were enslaved. Karlsefne, however, proceeded

with the rest of the expedition, numbering 151 (131) men, to the south-west, to a place where a river fell into the sea from a large lake, into which they steered and wintered. Here they fell in with the natives (Skraelings), 'who had large eyes and 'broad cheeks.' No snow fell, and the cattle which they had with them found their food in the open country. In the spring of 1008 the Skraelings returned in their canoes, and a barter sprang up of cloth, food, and milk for peltries, which was interrupted by the bellowing of a bull, which terrified the Skraelings to such a degree that they sailed away. It is important to note the fact that we have cattle mentioned in this expedition, for it is one of the few cases where we have historical evidence of their putting cattle on shipboard. We have already mentioned in the pages of this review the fact that the larger breeds of cattle make their appearance in this country simultaneously with the arrival of the Angles and Saxons; here we have proof that the Northmen had in this expedition all the elements necessary for introducing their breeds of cattle into America. The idea, however, of establishing themselves was rudely dispelled by the hostility of the Skraelings, who returned in great force in the following winter, and were defeated after a most desperate fight, which resulted in the break-up of the expedition. Karlsefne took one of the two remaining ships, and sailed in quest of Thorhall to Vinland and Markland, and thence to Greenland, where he arrived about the year 1011. He brought with him two natives whom he taught the Norse language. Biarne Grimolfson with the other ship was driven into the Irish Ocean, where his ship was destroyed by the ship-worm, some of the crew being saved in a boat. The rest of the voyages of the Northmen are not sufficiently important to be mentioned in this place.

It seems to us impossible to condemn such narratives as these, which are mere records of facts, to be non-historic and mere idle tales. Their truth is proved not merely by their style, but also by the exact correspondence of the places mentioned with the distances which they record. If a settlement were once founded in Greenland, the bold seamen who found their way thither from Iceland would meet with little difficulty in exploring the unknown seas which separated Greenland from America. The traces left behind by the Northmen in Greenland, such as the famous Runic inscription on a slab of stone found in an island in Baffin's Bay, and now in Copenhagen,* lend independent testimony that the ancient Northmen had penetrated

* Wilson, *Prehistoric Man*, ii. 88.

into that region before the arrival of the modern Danish colonists. Nevertheless, although the honour of the first discovery of the New World must be given to the Northmen, those wanderers in every sea, it would be absurd to attribute to them any share in the peopling of North America, since their physique differs so completely from that of the Red Indian. Mr. Bancroft forgets this point when he draws a parallel between the so-called 'Tartar theory' and the Scandinavian. There is no proof, historical or otherwise, that any of these settlements were permanent; as the record stands they were destroyed by the natives, or by internal dissensions.*

Mr. Bancroft's first volume is devoted to a history of the wild tribes, which are divided, without any attempt at ethnological classification, into seven geographical and artificial groups, beginning with the far north. In treating of the first, or Hyperborean group, whose territory lies north of the fifty-fifth parallel, his account of the burial customs of the Eskimos requires some modification. He tells us that the corpse is doubled up and put into a plank box, being sometimes elevated on a platform, and covered with planks and trunks of trees. This applies merely to the western Eskimos, for in the eastern regions round Baffin's Bay, Melville Sound, and Banks' Land, the dying and the dead are often left walled up in a snow hut, after being plundered of everything worth taking, without any precautions against the attacks of the gluttons, wolves, foxes, and bears. To this singular want of reverence for the dead may be referred, as we have pointed out in a former article,† the absence of human skeletons in the caverns and river deposits of Europe, in association with the extinct animals of the Pleistocene age. Mr. Bancroft considers that the Aleuts, as well as the Koniagas, are more closely allied to the Eskimos than to the North American proper. The Tlinkeetes, however, inhabiting the coast from Mount St. Elias to the river Nass, he classifies with the latter. All these are seafaring peoples equally at home on sea or land, and all of them are remarkable for cleverness in carving, none of them are acquainted with the potter's art. Of the Tinneh, which constitute the last division of the Hyperborean group, ranging from Hudson's Bay through the great Lone Land to the Pacific, we would merely remark that one of their tribes, the Kutchins, has a peculiar division into castes; there are three castes, and no man is allowed to marry into his own. The mother gives

* Bancroft, v. 113.

† 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1870, p. 454.

caste to the children, and consequently there can never be intertribal war without ranging fathers and sons against each other. When a child is named the father receives his name from the child, and not the child from the father.* All these people lived by hunting and fishing before they were influenced by contact with Europeans; the only evidence of a rudimentary knowledge of agriculture among them are the few small plots of tobacco, observed by Vancouver among the Tlinkeetes.

The Tinneh, which have passed under British dominion, are escaping to some extent the fate of the native races of the United States; the hunters and trappers of the fur companies having found it more profitable to employ them in obtaining peltries than to destroy them. The Scotch and French adventurers have very generally married Indian wives, and the number of half-breeds is rapidly increasing, with the practical result of the native races being absorbed into the mass of civilised whites. We would remark that the colonisation of the British possessions in America differs from that of the United States in this particular. In the inhospitable climate of the Great Lone Land and Hudson's Bay the European has come mainly as a hunter, competing with the natives for the same animals, and often living the same kind of life. As a rule the hunter is unmarried when he arrives, and gradually becomes fascinated with the wild life which he leads, and ends by marrying a native woman. In the more genial regions of the United States, the settler has generally come with his wife and family, and relies more particularly on agriculture. He drives away the wild animals, which are the staff of life to the Indian, who has the choice of three alternatives—either to migrate to regions as yet unpenetrated by white men, which are already occupied by tribes for the most part hostile to him; or to starve on the Indian reservations, defrauded of his just rights by the Indian agents;† or to subsist by the plunder of the settlers. While these pages are passing through the press the news has arrived of the terrible slaughter of General Custer and his whole command in the Black Mountains by the Sioux, and of the preparations for vengeance by General Sheridan. In that

* L. 117.

† On this point we would call attention to the 'Statement of Affairs' at Red Cloud Agency, made to the President of the United States by 'Professor O. C. Marsh, July 1875,' and to the evidence brought before a Committee of the Senate in the autumn of the same year.

region at least the bloody drama will soon be over ; for the Indians are determined to die arms in hand, as the writer was informed by the General who has been among the first to fall. In any case it is impossible for him to escape ultimate extermination. It thus happens that the native races are rapidly perishing in the United States, while in the British dominion the Indian blood is to be recognised in the veins of some of the leading inhabitants. Neither Mr. Bancroft, who writes from the point of view offered by the United States, nor Professor Wilson, from that offered by his Canadian experiences, take into account this important distinction in treating of the future of the wild tribes of America.

The Pueblos, or townspeople, including under that head the Moquis, Pimas, and other cognate tribes which inhabit Arizona and New Mexico, are the first peoples which we meet with, in passing from North to South, living in villages and by agriculture. They are possessed of a civilisation and social order which is by no means despicable. The towns of the Pueblos are well built, sometimes they are planted on elevations almost inaccessible and reached only by steps cut in the solid rock ; sometimes they consist of one or more squares, each enclosed by three or four buildings, from three to four hundred feet in length, about a hundred and fifty feet wide at the base, with from two to seven stories, each eight or nine feet high. These stories are built in a series of steps, so that the roof of the story below forms a terrace for that above. Sometimes these terraces are on both sides of the building, at others they face to the outside or inside only. The only means of communication between the terraces is by ladders which stand at convenient distances and can be drawn up at pleasure. The terrace is divided into a suite of rooms, each of which is inhabited by a family, while some are set apart for cooking, others for grinding corn and preserving winter supplies. In all these towns there is the estufa, a large room, half buried in the earth, which is at once bath house, town house, council chamber, club room, and church, and in which aromatic plants are constantly kept burning. We may remark in this place that the estufa, in some form or another, is to be traced among all the North American tribes with the exception of the Eskimos. It seems to us to be one of those habits brought by the Mongolians into the New World, just as they brought it into Europe. The stove of the Russian peasant is the representative of the estufa of the Americans. These towns are built of dried mud, or ' adobe,' or of cut stone, and are obviously intended for defence against the nomad tribes to

whose incursions they are exposed, such as the Comanches, Appaches, Navajos, and the like.

The farming operations of these people are carried on with considerable skill, the land being irrigated by common conduits or ditches which convey water to the property of the community. Cotton, corn, wheat, beans, many kinds of fruit, such as peaches and melons, are grown; all the farming utensils are made of wood; their pottery is well made, and ornamented with paintings or enamel, and their baskets of willow twigs are woven so tightly as to contain water. The estufas are sometimes ornamented with well-painted figures of birds and animals. In the seven confederate pueblos of the Moquis the office of chief governor is hereditary; it is not, however, necessarily given to the nearest heir, as the people have the power to elect any member of the dominant family, like that exercised by Teutonic nations in Europe in early times. Among some of the Pueblo tribes the usual order of courtship is reversed. When a girl is disposed to marry she selects a young man to her own liking, and consults her father, who visits the parents of the youth, and tells them his daughter's wishes; the father of the bridegroom has to pay the parents of the bride for the loss of their daughter. Altogether the Pueblos present a marked contrast in civilisation to the surrounding tribes, and may lay claim to rank with the civilised rather than with the wild peoples with which they are classified by Mr. Bancroft.

The recent exploration of Utah and southern Arizona, published last March by the Geological and Geographical Survey of the United States, has revealed that the Pueblos formerly inhabited an area considerably to the north of their present habitation. Their houses, and especially those which have been built into the cliffs which border the cañons of the Rio San Juan and La Plata, are the same in plan as those which we have just described, variously modified to suit the varying requirements of the site. The pottery is of the same kind, and the corn and implements and weapons imply the same mode of life as the Pueblos. These cliff-houses are obviously built for defence, and according to the legends connected with them for defence against the tribes now in possession of the country. One structure, described by Mr. Holmes,* built on the edge of a cañon of the San Juan resembles the round towers explored by Mr. Laing in Caithness. It forms part of a group of buildings which extend into the caves below, and present us with the

* Bulletin of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, Vol. ii. No. 1, p. 9, pl. 3.

most advanced forms of cave-habitation which have yet been discovered in any part of the world. They are met with in arid districts, while they are not found in others that are fertile; from which we may infer that the hydrography of this region has changed since the time it had sheltered a dense agricultural population. The fragments of pottery, coloured red and black, imply a considerable artistic skill, the ornaments being generally in right lines; among which may be observed the step pattern, considered by Dr. Wiberg to be characteristic of Phœnician art in Europe, as well as various modifications of the key pattern, which are quite classical in their general application. These designs have been obviously handed down to the present Moquis, who use pottery of the same kind though of inferior workmanship. Some of the larger vessels for storage have been built up of coils of clay moulded by the hand, which has resulted in the surface being corrugated. None of the pottery has been turned in the lathe.

Mr. Bancroft devotes the whole of his second, and the greater part of his third, fourth, and fifth volumes to the history of the civilised nations, and begins by attempting a definition of the term civilisation as distinct from 'savagism.'

'That which we commonly call civilisation is not an adjunct nor an acquirement of man; it is neither a creed nor a polity, neither science, nor philosophy, nor industry; it is rather the measure of progressional force implanted in man, the general fund of the nation's wealth, learning and refinement, the storehouse of accumulated results, the essence of all best worth preserving from the distillations of good and the distillations of evil. It is a something between men, no less than a something within them; for neither an isolated man nor an association of brutes can by any possibility become civilised.

'Further than this, civilisation is not only the measure of aggregate human experiences, but it is a living working principle. It is a social transition; a moving forward rather than an end attained; a developing vitality rather than a fixed entity; it is the effort or aim at refinement rather than refinement itself; it is labour with a view to improvement, and not improvement consummated, although it may be and is the metre of such improvement.' (Vol. ii. p. 4, 5.)

The progress of civilisation is not the effect of volition any more than the growth of plants or animals. Societies, like individuals, come to maturity, grow old and die; 'they may pause in their progress and become diseased, but they never turn round and grow backwards, or ungrow.' The good which they have accumulated is handed on to their successors, so that nothing is lost to civilisation in general. It is not our intention to follow Mr. Bancroft in his wanderings through the maze of this philosophical inquiry. We think

that with regard to the special question in point, the American civilisation before the arrival of the Spaniard, he has demonstrated the absurdity of Mr. Buckle's view that man's development is wholly dependent upon his physical surroundings, and that heat and moisture inevitably engender civilisation. 'In America,' writes Mr. Buckle, 'as in Asia and Africa, all the original civilisations were seated in hot countries, the whole of Peru proper being within the southern tropic, the whole of Mexico and Central America within the northern tropic.' Cuzco, the capital of the Incas, is 11,000 feet above the sea, and enjoys a cold and dry climate, while the Aztecs dwelt on an elevated table-land in a cool and dry atmosphere about 7,000 feet above the sea. Mr. Buckle's generalisation is founded upon an ignorance of the physical geography of the Americas which is very remarkable. He actually speaks of the sandy plains of California as being 'scorched into sterility,' and therefore offering obstacles to civilisation in that direction, while, as a matter of fact, it is fertile as the garden of Eden, well-watered, and enjoying every condition favourable to the well-being of civilised man.

The home of American civilisation in historic or traditional times is to be found between latitudes 11° and 22°, between Honduras and Tamaulipas on the Atlantic, between Nicaragua and Colima on the Pacific. Within its boundaries the singular conformation of the country offers every variation of climate, from the extreme of cold to the intensity of tropical heat. On the borders of the ocean, and rising up to a height of about 1,500 feet, is the *Tierra caliente*, in which the climate is deadly to Europeans, and the vegetation of the densest tropical growth, and the birds and insects of the most brilliant and gorgeous hues. Above this a series of slopes, to a height of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, constitute the *Tierra templada*, in which luxuriant tropical vegetation is strangely mingled with that more usually found in a temperate region. The great central plateau towers above all to a height of from 6,000 to 7,000 feet; the *Tierra fria*, from which rise lofty volcanic peaks crowned with everlasting snow. It supports a growth of oak and pine, while wheat, barley, and all European cereals flourish side by side with the maize, maguey, and cactus. In the centre of this table-land a wall of volcanic cliffs and peaks surrounds the famous valley of Anahuac, about 160 miles in circumference, enclosing a lake, on the shores of which rose the capitals of the three confederate states of Mexico, Tezcuco, and Tlacopan, whose armies extended the common domain to the shores of either ocean. Of these the first, or the Aztec,

was by far the most prominent at the time of the Conquest, in the extent of its domain and the magnificence of its buildings, and the desperate resistance that it offered to Cortes. Hence Mexico became to Europeans the representative of the civilisation of Anahuac. In this work Mr. Bancroft uses the term Mexican to include all the inhabitants of the valley and their dependencies.

The numerous nations inhabiting Mexico and Central America at the time of the Conquest fall naturally into two groups, differing from each other in language, art, traditions, and many other points which indicate 'either a separate culture from the beginning, or a progress in different paths for 'a long series of ages; the one, the Mayas of Central 'America, the other, the Nahuas, represented chiefly by the 'Aztecs and the cognate dwellers in Mexico.' In treating of these two races Mr. Bancroft keeps the traditions, language, and general culture separate from the history, to which he devotes his fifth volume. It seems to us that the materials for the history of these peoples prior to the Conquest are singularly scanty; up to this time the hieroglyphics of the Mayas defy interpretation. It is undoubtedly true that numerous records exist of the Nahuas, but the question for us is whether these satisfy the requirements of modern criticism. There is no evidence that one of the original picture-writings of the Mexicans, written before the Conquest, is now extant. When Cortes invaded the country there were numerous records stored up in the archives, and especially in the great centre of culture Tezcuco, which to the ignorant fanaticism of Spanish priests and soldiers seemed magic scrolls, and the symbols of a pestilent superstition to be stamped out at once. They were collected from every quarter by the first Archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga, a name to be remembered with that of the Caliph Omar, and piled up into a mountain heap, in the flames of which the ancient history of the Nahuas was lost to the world for ever. The events recorded in the destroyed picture-writings are supposed by Mr. Bancroft to have been kept in the memories of the educated classes until they ultimately reached the writers of history under Spanish rule through 'the talk of the old men.' Such information orally handed down cannot be considered exact or valuable, so far as relates to details. The general outlines of the ancient history may be fairly represented, but even these have been coloured by non-contemporaneous writers, consciously or unconsciously, by the promptings of fanaticism or the pride of family.

The conditions under which Spanish writers published their

works in Mexico may be gathered from the history of Sahagun, and the fate of his manuscripts. Bernadino Sahagun, one of the missionaries who arrived in Mexico in 1529, after mastering the Aztec language, spared no pains to get materials for his history from the natives by whom he was surrounded. He will relate his story in his own words, iii. p. 231-2 :—

‘I made in the Spanish language a minute or memorandum of all the matters that I had to treat of, which matters are what is written in these twelve books . . . which were begun in the pueblo of Tepeapulco, which is in the province of Culhuacán or Tezcuco. The work was done in the following way. In the aforesaid pueblo, I got together all the principal men, together with the lord of the place, who was called Don Diego de Mendoza, of great distinction and ability, well experienced in things ecclesiastic, military, political, and even relating to idolatry. They being come together, I set before them what I proposed to do, and prayed them to appoint me able and experienced people with whom I might converse and come to an understanding on such questions as I might propose. They answered me that they would talk the matter over and give me their answer on another day; and with this they took their departure. So on another day the lord and his principal men came, and having conferred together with great solemnity, as they were accustomed at that time to do, they chose out ten or twelve of the principal old men, and told me that with these I might communicate, and that these would instruct me in any matters I should inquire of. Of these there were as many as four instructed in Latin, to whom I, some few years before, had myself taught grammar in the college of Santa Cruz, in Tlaltelolco. With these appointed principal men, including the four instructed in grammar, I talked many days during about two years, following the order of the minute I had already made out. On all the subjects on which we conferred they gave me pictures—which were the writings anciently in use among them—and these the grammarians interpreted to me in their language, writing the interpretation at the foot of the picture. Even to this day I hold the originals of these. . . . When I went to the chapter with which was ended the seven years’ term of Fray Francisco Toral—he that had imposed the charge of this work upon me—I was removed from Tepeapulco, carrying all my writings. I went to reside at Sant Tagodel Tlaltelolco. There I brought together the principal men, set before them the matter of my writings, and asked them to appoint me some able principal men, with whom I might examine and talk over the writings I had brought from Tepeapulco. The governor, with the alcades, appointed me as many as eight or ten principal men, selected from all the most able in their language, and in the things of their antiquities. With these and with four or five collegians, all trilinguists, and living for the space of a year or more secluded in the college, all that had been brought written from Tepeapulco was clearly emended and added to, and the whole was re-written in small letters, for it was written with much haste . . . (iii. p. 232). The clear

copy being fully made out, by the favour of the fathers above mentioned, and the expenditure of hard cash on the scribes, the author thereof asked of the delegate, Father Francisco de Rivera, that the work be submitted to three or four religious, so that they might give an opinion on it, and that in the provincial chapter, which was close at hand, they might attend and report on the matter to the assembly, speaking as the thing might appear to them. And these reported in the assembly that the writings were of much value and deserved such support as was necessary towards their completion. But to some of the assembly it seemed that it was contrary to their vows of poverty to spend money in copying these writings; so they commanded the author to dismiss his scribes, and that he alone with his own hand should do what copying he wanted done; but as he was more than seventy years old, and for the trembling of his hand not able to write anything, nor able to procure a dispensation from this mandate, there was nothing done with the writings for more than five years.'

Eventually his work was completed in 1569. It was sent over to Spain, where it lay hidden for more than two centuries, until its discovery by Signor Muñoz, in a convent library at Tolosa in Navarre. Singularly enough it was published nearly simultaneously in 1830-1, by Lord Kingsborough in England, and by Bustamante in America. A work which has been written under these conditions cannot be expected to give a true record of ancient history. Indeed Bustamante writes that the twelfth book, relating to the Conquest, has been destroyed, and a spurious account inserted 'because 'Sahagun wrote with a frankness proper to truth, and as this 'was not pleasing to the heads of the government, nor even to 'some of his brother-friars, he was despoiled of his writings.' Under circumstances such as these the sources of American history merit a most careful criticism.

Nor are the records compiled by the converts more valuable than those of the priests. Fernando di Alva Ixtilxochitl, a grandson of the last king of Tezcuco, from whom he inherited what was saved of the public archives from the flames, has left behind a narrative which is in hopeless confusion, and certainly traditional rather than historic. The third class of witnesses is, if possible, less satisfactory than the other two. Cortes Diaz del Castillo, the 'Anonymous Conqueror,' and other adventurers, wrote merely from the point of view by their contact with a people utterly strange to Europe; and their writings seem to us to offer an exaggerated and distorted picture of the country which they conquered. It was to their interest to make their victories appear as great as possible to their countrymen, who were too far away to ascertain the facts for themselves; and to that end we believe that the power, wealth,

and magnificence of the Mexicans, so graphically pictured by Prescott, have been greatly magnified. The more bloodthirsty the worship of the Mexican gods was represented to be, the less sympathy would there be excited by the ruthless manner in which the Conquest was carried out. The sturdy Spanish freebooters, fighting for gold, and ignorant of the significance of the picture-writings, could not be expected to possess any of the qualities necessary for an historian of the conquered, and their ideas of ancient Mexican history must have been obtained second-hand. We, therefore, take it that the accounts handed down to us by the priests, by their converts, and by the conquerors, are untrustworthy and to be largely discounted by anyone who wishes to get at an approximation of the truth. Mr. Prescott has not done this in his charming narrative, and Mr. Bancroft expressly tells us that his object is to lay all his sources of information before the reader, rejecting only what may be proven false and valueless rather than what may possibly be so. For our part we entirely distrust the chronology and the minor details of events which happened, say 100 years before the Conquest, and we only feel inclined to believe those portions of the records which are borne out by an appeal to relics still extant, or which would not be likely to be exaggerated by the three classes of witnesses. On the other side of the Atlantic Mr. Morgan, in the 'North American Review' (April 1876), goes much further than this; for he considers the elaborate accounts of the social habits of the Nahuas, the government, and the like, to be fictions based only on simple manners and customs and institutions, resembling those of the wild tribes.

The Nahuan civilisation as presented to us by the documentary evidence and that of the art and architecture, was as complicated as that of ancient Egypt. In his treatment of it Mr. Bancroft leaves the wheat and the chaff designedly together on his threshing floor, and tells the would-be historian to winnow out of it what he can. Without this preliminary it seems to us that a true idea of Mexican and Central American civilisation would be impossible. He has, in our opinion, met with scant justice at the hands of the North American reviewer, who invades Mr. Bancroft's threshing floor, and finds fault with the chaff upon it, just as if it were possible to thresh without chaff, and as if the author had professed to put the wheat into his garner. The latter course would have saved the reader a great deal of trouble, but it is not adopted by the author, who, therefore, is not to be judged in the same way as the writers of history, such as Prescott. We go a

long way with Mr. Morgan as to the exaggerated picture usually given of Mexican civilisation, but we cannot go to the whole length of his scepticism. We fully allow that the details of Montezuma's dinner, as related by Cortes and other eye-witnesses, are obviously overdrawn, but we do not take that to be a fair example of the evidence which is offered as to Mexican civilisation in general. With the victory of the Spaniards all means of verifying their accounts of the dinner disappeared, but it is not so with the manners and customs, which were recorded by men who got them first-hand in the manner we have described in the case of Sahagun. The grandson of the last king of Tezcucio may fairly be presumed to have known something about the manners and customs of his own people, and is stated to have inherited some of the picture-writings. Mr. Morgan rejects in a wholesale fashion nearly the whole of the evidence, on the grounds that it is inconsistent with his ideal of the Red Indian. He affirms that 'there was neither a political society, nor a state, nor any civilisation in America when it was discovered;' and that a democracy was the only form of government possible to the Nahuas. He supports this startling conclusion by the analogies presented by the institutions of other American tribes with those of Mexico, and he assumes that the culture of the Red Indian must stop short at a confederacy of tribes without the further development into a monarchy. We cannot follow him in this. After stripping away a great deal of the Spanish setting, the story of the reigns of Montezuma and his predecessors represents to us the natural development of the kingly power from that of the war-chief of the usual Red Indian type, analogous to the development of kingship among the Germanic tribes and the Aryans generally. We believe that there was a political society and a civilisation, mainly the outgrowth of ancient tribal divisions and customs, and that the whole organisation of the body politic can be proved to have been far in advance of the Pueblos and Moquis, Creeks, or Iroquois, with which it is compared by the reviewer. We would remind Mr. Morgan, when he says that the Nahuas were merely 'a breech cloth people, wearing this rag of barbarism as the unmistakable evidence of their condition,' that the ancient Greeks and the Romans, down to the age of Augustus, were also 'breech cloth peoples.' Were Cicero or Thucydides barbarians because they wore no breeches? So far from these being any sign of culture, they are defined by Tacitus as 'tegmen barbarum,' and were not allowed to be worn in Rome by a law of the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius. Mr. Car-

lyle may be right in viewing man as to a large extent modelled on his clothes; but it is simply ridiculous to associate the idea of civilisation with the idea of breeches. All the great writers and heroes of antiquity were sans culottes. The dress of the higher classes among the Nahuas was at least as elaborate as that among ourselves.

Montezuma, the war chief of the Aztecs, appears naturally enough in the pages of the Spanish chroniclers as the imperator, the emperor, and the evidence seems to be clear that he was as absolute in Mexico as Philip II. in Spain. He was at the head of a body of chiefs of various grades, analogous to the orders of nobility in feudal Europe. The power of these chiefs in Tezcuco was curbed by a most ingenious device of Techotlalatzin, their overlord, who divided twenty-six provinces of his kingdom into sixty-five departments, governed by his own officials. He also divided the inhabitants of each province into six sections.

'They were then changed about from place to place, in number proportioned to the size and population of the territory. For example, from a division containing six thousand people, two thousand were taken and transported into the territory of another lord, from the number of whose vassals two thousand were also taken and placed upon the vacated land in the first lord's possessions; each noble, however, retained his authority over that portion of his vassals which had been removed. By this means, although the number of each lord's subjects remained the same, yet as a large portion of each territory was occupied by the vassals of another, a revolt would be difficult. Nor could two nobles unite their forces against the crown, as care was taken that the interchange of dependents should not be effected between two estates adjoining each other.' (*Bancroft*, ii. 190.)

This is recorded on the authority of Torquemada, one of the first Spanish missionaries, and as well as that of the grandson of the last king of Tezcuco. There seems to have been a very marked division between the chiefs and the common people; the former either inherited their rank or obtained it on the battle-field. There are stated to have been three military orders open to all, 'the Princes, Eagles, and Tigers.' Each soldier attained his rank according to his merits, which were measured by the number of captives he had secured. In battle they fought in divisions, each with its standards.

The priesthood formed an important class in the body politic. From the day of his birth to his death, the Aztec was obliged to observe forms and ceremonies, which in their minuteness are remarkable among the religious institutions of civilised peoples. Almost every occurrence had a tinge of that stern and dreadful superstition which led them to appease the wrath or to

obtain the favour of the gods by human sacrifices ; and these were offered on what would seem to us the most trivial occasions ; for example, at the feast given on the return of a successful caravan, the festivities, which sometimes extended over several days, culminated in the sacrifice of slaves and the eating of human flesh, as a religious duty, and not as a mere question of appetite. The obtaining of slaves for these sacrifices affected the whole character of the people, from the necessity which it imposed upon them for making forays in order to meet the requirements of their ritual. Even if we discount the numbers given by the prejudiced Spaniard of human victims offered on the consecration of temples or on the accession of a king, we must believe that the destruction of life purely from religious motives must have been enormous. Indeed, it was the aim of every Aztec warrior to bring home with him as many captives as possible, to be used on the altars as occasion might require, and he took his rank from the number of captives which he had made.

The priests are stated to have formed a well-disciplined ecclesiastical body, governed by a supreme pontiff, in each of the three states of the Mexican Confederation. In Mexico, however, it was united with the office of commander-in-chief, and with the temporal sovereignty. The spiritual king was consecrated with the same sacred unguent as that used in the consecration of the temporal sovereign. The supreme pontiff, or divine master, as he was termed, was 'the head of the church,' and had absolute authority over all priests and all colleges throughout the empire. The ministers of the various temples were obliged to take their degree at the schools to which they had been sent during their youth, and among their duties was the education of choristers who were to sing at the principal feasts, and the superintendence of studies in the schools. In Mexico and the other towns of the empire there were as many sets of priests as there were temples, each having jurisdiction in its own section, which corresponded to our parish, and the priests and their pupils lived in a school which adjoined the temple. There was a complex ritual, fixed and movable feasts, fasts also and penances, which consisted in abstinence from food, mutilation of the body, drawing of blood, and passing sticks, varying in thickness from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, through a hole cut in the tongue. They even discriminated their penances to such an extent as to punish the part of the body which had sinned ; blood was drawn from the ears for inattention, from the tongue for bad language, and eyes, arms, and legs all suffered for any

infringement of the ecclesiastical laws. Incense was used in their worship as well as sacrifices of men and animals. The human victims were sacrificed by an incision made through the breast with a knife of obsidian, through which the throbbing heart was torn by the priest, and offered to the idol in the sight of the multitude; the blood also was offered; sometimes the victim was flayed, and the priest dressed up in the skin represented the incarnation of the god. Human sacrifice seems to have extended throughout the Nahuan peoples, but in Mexico it was far more abundant than anywhere else; as many as seventy-two thousand captives are said to have been offered up at the consecration of the great temple of the God of War. These numbers are obviously exaggerated.

The common people were oppressed by the chiefs and priests in the time of Montezuma, although they enjoyed considerable freedom under the earlier kings, as in the parallel case in the history of the development of the Roman or Greek empires. The slaves were of three classes; first, those taken in war and doomed to sacrifice; second, those that were condemned for crime to forfeit their freedom; third, children sold by their parents. They seem to have enjoyed considerable liberty, they could marry and bring up families, hold property, including other slaves to serve them, and their children were born free.

The lands were divided between the king or overlord, the chiefs, the clans or tribes of the people, and the priestly order; there was also a share set apart for the supply of food in time of war. The lands of the people belonged to the community and not to the individual. The soil was carefully irrigated, and water was conveyed to a considerable distance by aqueducts. Agriculture and horticulture flourished; paper was manufactured from the pulp of the maguey. Besides the ordinary necessities of life such as maize, beans, cotton, and maguey,—which last supplied them with food, pulque, thatch for their houses, pins, and needles,—articles of luxury were cultivated. There were two sorts of tobacco, chilli, vanilla, and cocoa, for the enjoyment of which, as well as for turkeys, we ourselves are indebted to this singular people. On the lake of Mexico were large floating gardens.

One of the peculiar features of Nahuan civilisation was the respect which was paid to merchants in the body politic. They formed a guild, and were represented in the council of the king until they were degraded by the folly of Montezuma II. For purposes of trade they formed large caravans, perfectly armed, composed of numerous slaves, in the place of animals

of draught, which they did not possess. They were specially educated for their calling, and in many regions the highest nobles thought it no disgrace to engage in commercial pursuits. They had tribunals of their own, to which they were alone responsible in all matters relating to trade. Trade was carried on in the main by barter. In the absence of regular coined money there were several standards of value, amongst which the chief were nibs or grains of cocoa, small pieces of cotton cloth, gold dust kept in translucent quills, and small pieces of copper cut into a T shape. Tin cut in the same shape was found in circulation in some districts by Cortes. In the chief towns there were markets regulated under the direction of officials, which excited the admiration of the Spanish invaders. Broad roads, in our sense of the term, there were none, but the paths connecting one place with another were repaired every spring, and the flying bridges made of rope and twisted bines across some of the rivers were most admirably constructed, and are still in use in that region. We may remark that bridges of this kind are also to be seen in Thibet.

According to Las Casas each of the two market-places in the city of Mexico would contain two hundred thousand (?) persons, one hundred thousand being present every fifth day. Flowers were sold as well as fruit, precious stones and an infinite variety of pottery, implements, weapons, and ornaments of metal, stone, and wood. The feather-work of Mexico is famous for its beauty, and the skill with which the gold and silversmiths exercised their craft was certainly not to be surpassed in Europe at that time (ii. 476).

All the branches of art among the Nahuas were placed under the control of a council of arts, which was instituted to develop poetry, oratory, history, painting, sculpture, and working in gold, precious stones, and feathers. In Tezcuco it was known as the council of music. The emperor Nezahualcoyotl, the Tezcucan Solomon, was himself a poet of great renown, and fragments of his poetry have been preserved.

' O thou my friend, and beloved,
Enjoy the sweet flowers I bring thee;
Let us be joyful together,
And banish each care and each sorrow;
For although life's pleasures are fleeting,
Life's bitterness also must leave us.

I will strike, to help me in singing,
The instrument deep and sonorous;
Dance thou while enjoying these flowers,
Before the great lord who is mighty;

Let us grasp the sweet things of the present,
For the life of a man is soon over.

The fame of a race that is mighty,
And worthy a thousand fair kingdoms,
Will not in the future be heeded;
The nations will only remember
The justice with which they were governed
In the years when the kingdom was threefold.

I would that those living in friendship,
Whom the thread of strong love doth encircle,
Could see the sharp sword of the Death God.
For, verily pleasure is fleeting,
All sweetness must change in the future,
The good things of life are inconstant.*

The poems from which these stanzas are quoted were written from memory in Aztec, with Roman letters, after the Conquest, and translated into Spanish by Ixtlilxochitl, a lineal descendant of the royal author. We believe them to be valuable fragments of the literature of a highly cultivated class among the Nahuas. Events were recorded among the Nahuas by a system of picture-writings, in which colour was employed to represent ideas as well as form, and many conventional symbols were used. They were painted in bright colours on strips of cotton cloth, prepared skins of maguey paper, either rolled up or folded like a fan into convenient books furnished with wooden covers.

The strongest proof, however, of the advanced civilisation of the Nahuas is offered by their method of computing time, which was equal in correctness to any then known. They had observed the heavenly bodies with sufficient success to become well acquainted with the movements of the sun and moon, as well as with those of some of the planets. They had divided the day into fixed periods corresponding with our hours. The year consisted of eighteen months of twenty days, or four weeks, of which every fifth day was a market or public fair. To make their reckoning correct they added five additional days to the 360, and they provided for the additional six hours by an intercalation, not every fourth year, like ourselves, but at the end of every fifty-two years, when they interposed twelve and a half days. The intercalation, indeed, of twenty-five days in every 104 years, as Mr. Prescott observes, shows a closer adjustment of solar to civil time than is presented by any European people. They also possessed a lunar calendar,

* Vol. ii. p. 494-95.

which was used by the priests for the adjustment of religious feasts and ceremonies.

We might, perhaps, have doubted these accounts of this most extraordinary people, were they not supported by evidence other than that derived from Spanish records. Their artistic skill is proved by the articles of metal and precious stones stored up in various museums, as well as by their sculptures. The organisation of the priesthood and the complexity of ritual are corroborated by the number of *teocallis* which still remain, and by sculptures and other works of art figured by Mr. Bancroft in the fourth volume, as, for example, the basaltic figure of a priest clad in the skin of a human victim (iv. 522). If the priests obtained such a hold over the people as these remains imply, it is in the highest degree probable that the kingship had obtained a corresponding hold. Just as the priestly caste in Mexico was higher than the medicine-man of the Red Indian to the north, so the office of kingship may reasonably be supposed to have been higher than that of war-chief. We cannot believe that so elaborate a religious system could have been devised without a corresponding organisation of the body politic in other lines, and we therefore accept the main outlines of the organisation of the civil power as handed down to us. Montezuma's palace probably was, as Mr. Morgan contends, a joint-tenement house, but there can be no doubt as to its being a magnificent structure; and, in like manner, many terms applicable to the civilisation of the old world may have been used in a slightly different sense for the strange customs and manners in the new. This, however, does not affect the credibility of the records. The possessors of an arithmetical method by which the highest numbers could be recorded, of sufficient astronomical knowledge to make sun-dials, of a literature and of a complex religious system, constitute sufficient grounds for the classification of the Nahuas amongst civilised peoples. The history of their civilisation as yet remains to be written. Mr. Prescott was carried away by his vivid imagination, and errs in excess. Mr. Morgan errs in the opposite direction. Without such preliminary work as that which has been done by Mr. Bancroft, a history would be impossible.

The confused legends which profess to give the most ancient accounts of the Nahuas, relate that the Olmecs, one of the many primitive tribes, on their arrival in Anahuac found the Quinames, a race of giants, in possession of the land, whom they conquered. To them is assigned the building of the great pyramid of Cholula, the Nahuan Mecca; and among

them the great Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent, appeared from beyond seas, half divinity and half hero; a white, bearded, venerable man, just and holy; a prophet, priest, and king. According to some writers he came into Anahuac at the head of the Nahuas. He ultimately departed, predicting great calamities, and promising to return when his worshippers were to rule over the land. This prediction was regarded by Montezuma to have been fulfilled by the landing of Cortes. He is considered by most of the Spanish writers to have been St. Thomas, while Mr. Tylor looks upon him as a sun myth, the sun of to-day, born of his father Camaxtli, the sun of yesterday. Next the Toltecs appear on the scene, and the Chichimecs. According to all accounts the Toltecs were the great builders up of the Nahuatl civilisation, and to them is universally assigned the raising of most of the large structures, the ruins of which still astonish the traveller in Mexico. They probably absorbed into themselves all the tribes which they found in possession. The duration of their dominion is uncertain. Of their three capitals, Tolan was the most magnificent, and Culhuacan the only one which survived the overthrow of their power. The traditional date of the overthrow of the Toltec dominion by the Chichimecs is the eleventh century. Warlike tribes, more or less barbarous, established themselves within the borders of the weakened empire, which is stated to have been rent asunder by rival religious sects and by civil war, followed by famine and pestilence. The popular account pictures the whole population as migrating southwards, but it is incredible that so fair a land would be abandoned by its possessors except under the pressure of invasion. Very probably, however, the chief men were driven into exile, and they may possibly have found a refuge in Central America, among the Maya and Quiché nations, just as in modern times the leaders of the frequent revolts and faction fights are in the habit of doing. There is, however, no proof that they were the founders of the Mayan civilisation of Central America.

The sceptre of the Toltecs passed into the hands of the Chichimecs, and with it all trace of the latter as a people disappears, from which may be inferred that the two were closely related to one another, and that the change was rather that of dynasty than of a displacement of population, analogous in some respects to those changes in names which are met with in the history of the ancient Germanic tribes. The Chichimecs seem to have absorbed the Toltecs into their mass; it is nevertheless probable that some new tribes may have entered into Mexico about this time. Under the Chichimecs Cul-

huacan recovered its old position as the centre of culture and power, and along with the city of Tezcuco, that of the Chichimecs *par excellence*, and Azcapuzalco, the capital of the Tepanecs, formed a confederation somewhat analogous to that of the Aztecs. Wars and intrigues, however, between them ended in the destruction of the first-mentioned of these cities, and the subjugation of the Tepanecs, who for a time were masters of Anahuac.

While, however, these events were taking place another of the tribes in Anahuac had gradually been gaining for themselves a place among the nations. The Aztecs, formidable for their fierce and warlike nature and bloody religious rites, had founded the city of Mexico in the marshes adjoining the great lake, after long wanderings and many reverses. It is said to have been founded in the year 1325. At the fall of Culhuacan, Mexico ranked next to Tezcuco, and the Aztecs were the most powerful of all the tribes who sprang to arms against the Tepanecs. The war resulted in the destruction of the capital of the latter, and in the establishment of an empire, or confederation, in which Mexico and Tezcuco had dominions of equal extent, while Tlacopan, belonging to the conquered Tepanecs, was admitted to the alliance with a smaller share of territory. This event is said to have happened in the early part of the fifteenth century. The terms of this confederacy seem never to have been openly violated. But just before the arrival of Cortes the Aztecs had increased so much in power that they aimed at a supremacy over the confederacy, and a desperate struggle was imminent, which was only averted by the total overthrow of the confederation by the Spaniards. It was to this jealousy of the Aztecs, and to the fear of their obtaining absolute power, that we may attribute the comparative ease with which the destruction of the Mexican empire was brought about.

The ignorant fanaticism of the Spaniard has left only a few uncertain legends as to the ancient history of the Mayas and Quichés, of Yucatan, Honduras, and Guatemala. The key to the hieroglyphs engraved on the monuments of Palenque and Copan is utterly lost. Both these cities were apparently in ruins at the time of the Conquest; others, however, according to Mr. Stephens, were conquered and destroyed by the Spaniards. They are undoubtedly the outward signs of a civilisation resembling the Nahuan, but not identical with it. The great stone idols which they worshipped were different from the snake-adorned divinities of the Mexicans, and were of a milder and higher type. In the former we find groups of

figures with their feet folded under them, a posture which is rarely observed in Mexican figures. Mr. Bancroft believes that the Mayan power was the first to be developed in Central America, and that alongside of it the Nahuatl gradually rose up with its capital Tulan in Chiapas, and that ultimately the former was overthrown by the latter. This view seems to us purely mythical, for it is incredible that the centre of Nahuatl greatness should have been shifted from Central America to Anahuac without adequate cause; and had the affinity between the two peoples been as great as Mr. Bancroft believes, their languages and hieroglyphs would hardly have been so distinct. Whether the analogies which exist between the institutions and monumental remains of Mexico and Central America be due to the latter region being the ancient home of the Nahuas, or whether they are the result of subsequent intercourse, seems to us doubtful. That, however, the two peoples came into close contact is proved by the legend of the plumed serpent being common to both, as well as by many common points in their architecture and sculpture.

Mr. Bancroft tells us very little of the relation of the Peruvian civilisation to the Mayan and Nahuatl. The most remarkable monuments of Peru are generally considered the work of a people which preceded those found by Pizarro in possession of the country, and bearing about the same relation to them as the Toltecs to the Aztecs. The great military roads, aqueducts, and other cyclopean structures prove that they were far advanced in the engineering arts. They kindled their sacrificial fire with a concave mirror of polished metal, their records were kept by means of knotted strings or quippus and picture-writings, which were not so far advanced as those of the Nahuas, nor was their method of computing time so elaborate. The possession of the llama distinguishes them from the Mayas and Nahuas, among whom the dog was the only domesticated animal. On the whole we feel inclined to believe either that this Peruvian civilisation is distinct from the Mayan or Nahuatl, or that it is derived from a common source so remote that, for all practical purposes, we may consider it to have been distinct.

We must now inquire into the relation which exists between the mound-builders of the Mississippi, and the copper-workers of Lake Superior, with the Mayas and Nahuas. Throughout the great valley of the Mississippi are numerous earthworks and mounds, and other relics of a civilisation which had disappeared before the present races of Indians had occupied the country. They centre more particularly in the State of Ohio, from which

they decrease in number and importance northwards, eastwards, and perhaps westwards. To the south the temple-mounds (teocallis) are more numerous than the rest. The embankments are generally connected with mounds, and form earthworks for defence like those on the South-downs explored by Col. Lane Fox, and have their entrances sometimes protected by overlapping works. Sometimes they enclose perfect circles or squares. One long ramp in Northern Ohio is seventeen miles long, and similar in appearance to the Wandsdyke near Avebury, or Offa's dyke on the borders of Wales, and was probably crowned with palisades for defensive purposes.

'Other enclosures are classed as sacred, or pertaining in some way to religious rites, because no other equally satisfactory explanation of their use can be given. That they were in no sense works of defence is evident from their position, almost invariably on the most level spot that could be selected, and often overlooked by neighbouring elevations. Unlike the fortifications, they are regular in form, the square and circle predominating, and generally found in conjunction, but the ellipse, rectangle, crescent, and a great variety of other forms being frequent, and several different forms usually occurring together. A square with one or more circles is a frequent combination. The angles and curves are usually, if not always, perfectly accurate, and the regular, or sacred, enclosures probably outnumber by many the irregular ones, although they are of lesser extent. Enclosed areas of one to fifty acres are common. The groups are of great extent; one at Newark, Ohio, covers an area of nearly four square miles. A remarkable coincidence was noticed by Mr. Squire in the dimensions of the square enclosures, five or six of these having been found at long distances from each other, which measured exactly ten hundred and eighty feet square. Circles are, as a rule, smaller than the squares with which they are connected, two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet being a common size. The largest of the enclosures, with an area of some six hundred acres, are those reported in the far west and north-west by early travellers, whose reports are not confirmed.' (Vol. iv. p. 757.)

The temple-mounds, which sometimes were terraced, are often ninety feet high, and cover eight acres, and probably supported wooden temples on their summit. According to Mr. Bancroft they contain no relics, which however have been found in abundance in the smaller mounds, known as altars and tumuli, with which they are intimately associated.

Another class of mounds is found in greatest abundance in the north-west, those in the shape of animals; some of which represent a human figure a hundred feet long, others birds and reptiles. One in Adam's County, Ohio, on the summit of a hill, is said to be a serpent in the act of swallowing an oval mound a hundred and sixty feet long by eighty feet wide; its

body is more than a thousand feet long. These are considered by Schoolcraft to be the totems of different tribes, but their use has not as yet been satisfactorily explained.

These people were tillers of the ground, and a dense population centred in the most fertile spots. Their pottery was of a high order, and that figured by Mr. Bancroft (iv. p. 780), is Mexican or Central American in design, like the tablet discovered in Cincinnati, figured by Professor Wilson (i. 177, fig. 1). The same may be remarked of the terra cotta figures of men. They used also elaborately carved pipes of stone, on which every indigenous bird, beast, and reptile is faithfully delineated, and among them are some creatures now only to be found within the tropics, such as the lamantin and toucan. They obtained also mica from the Alleghanies, and pearls and various marine shells from the Gulf of Mexico. Obsidian knives have also been met with, and copper in native lumps, or hammered into various implements and weapons. They were ignorant of the arts of casting, welding, and alloying, contrasting in these respects with the Mexicans. They used silver in small sheets wrapped about ornaments of copper or shell. Both these metals are native, and the natural alloy of the former points out that it was derived from the ancient copper mines of Lake Superior. Thus we are driven to believe that these people either worked the mines themselves or obtained their copper through barter from the miners. The magnitude of the operations carried on in these mines may be gathered from the fact that one block of copper, weighing upwards of six tons, was discovered in the Minnesota mine, mounted on an open frame preparatory to its being got out. We cannot accept Mr. Bancroft's view that the extreme difficulty of clearing forests and carving stone with implements of stone and soft copper, lends any weight to the supposition that the mound-builders were acquainted with the use of iron.

The mound-builders are proved to have been a numerous people by the magnitude and geographical extent of their works. They are considered by Mr. Bancroft to have been composed of tribes living under similar laws and religion, and possessed, on the whole, of the same habits of life; such variations as are observed being probably those which might be expected to be local. They lived by agriculture rather than on the chase, possessed considerable skill in the art of fortification, and sufficient mathematical knowledge to lay out perfect circles and squares. Their monuments imply a widespread religious system under a powerful priesthood. Private devotion manifests itself on a scale less magnificent, one involving

'less hard work. The altar-mounds suggest sacrifice,' and the burnt human bones may indicate human victims, but they may be the result of the custom of cremation. They were probably erected by a race that lived long in the land, and which is not represented by any of the tribes now to be found in those regions. Mr. Bancroft concludes that—

'The monuments are not sufficient in themselves to absolutely prove or disprove the truth of any one of the following theories: 1. An indigenous culture springing up among the Mississippi tribes, founded on agriculture, fostered by climate and unknown circumstances, constantly growing through long ages, driving back the surrounding walls of savagism, but afterwards weakened by unknown causes, yielding gradually to savage hordes, and finally annihilated or driven in remnants from their homes southward. 2. A colony from the southern peoples already started in the path of civilisation, growing as before in power, but at last forced to yield their homes into the possession of savages. 3. A migrating colony from the north, dwelling long in the land, gradually increasing in power and culture, constantly extending their dominion southward, and finally abandoning, voluntarily or against their will, the north for the more favoured south, where they modified or originated the southern civilisation.' (Vol. iv. p. 787.)

Of these theories Mr. Bancroft adopts the last, and holds that 'they were probably a colony of the ancient Mayas who settled in the north during the continuance of the great Maya empire of Xibalba in Central America several centuries before Christ.' It seems to us, however, that the absence of bronze, used by the Mayas and Nahuas for implements and weapons, among the traces left behind by the mound-builders, is fatal to that view. Had they advanced northwards they would have left behind more distinct traces of their culture. The view which suggests itself more forcibly to our minds is that the mound-builders gradually extended their borders in very remote times from north to south, and that during the long centuries of their migration they developed a civilisation of comparatively high order. It is indeed possible that the pyramid mounds may have been the prototypes of the teocallis, and the germs of the religion which was so highly organised in Mexico originated in this area; but whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that the Nahuas or Mayan influences, as proved by works of art, occur as far north as Cincinnati. The coiled rattlesnakes, emblematic of royalty among the Mexicans, have been found in Tennessee and Ohio.

The proof that the mound-builders disappeared from this region in remote times is tolerably clear. The fertile plains of the Mississippi and its tributaries consist of three terraces, the one extending on each side of a river, and the two others

rising one above the other. None of these works stand upon the last-formed terrace, some of those on the second bear marks of having been invaded by the current, at that time flowing near their level, while most of them are on the oldest and highest of the three. We may therefore infer that they disappeared before the formation of the last terrace. The fact that some of the monuments were covered with primeval forests in the seventeenth century, and that some of the trees growing on them are from four to five hundred years old, while others were met with in all stages of decomposition at their feet and under the ground, implies that the works were abandoned about one thousand years ago; and even this estimate must be extended when we reflect that cultivated land in reverting to the condition of a forest has to support several generations of trees of different species before it returns to the condition of primeval forest, which was destroyed in the ancient clearings. It is a singular coincidence that the approximate date of the abandonment of these works, arrived at in this fashion, should agree with the date which is assigned by tradition to the arrival of the Nahuas in Anahuac. We may add that the abandonment of the copper mines of Lake Superior is proved to have happened many centuries ago by the large size of some of the trees growing on the old workings. The complete disappearance of all wooden structures from the works of the mound-builders, and the decayed human bones which Mr. Bancroft brings forward as evidence of high antiquity, do not seem to us to have any bearing upon the point, because the preservation of such remains depends upon accidental circumstances varying in each case.

If, however, we attribute any portion of the Mexican or Central American civilisation to the mound-builders, we are bound to admit, with Mr. Bancroft, that by far the greater portion cannot be traced to any particular source in America. Neither in California, nor in New Mexico, or Arizona, are there any traces of a civilisation in any degree analogous to that of Uxmal, Palenque, Copan, Tezcuco or Mexico, the structures in those districts being referable to the ancestors of the present Moquis and Pueblos. It seems therefore tolerably clear that the culture of the Mayas, Nahuas, and Peruvians was not derived from this quarter. Outside the Americas, however, in the art of the Chinese, Japanese, and other Mongolians of Asia, we find resemblances which can scarcely be accidental. The polished bronze mirrors of Peru are, as Professor Wilson observes, remarkably like those of Japan, the plumed serpents and other figures recall to mind the dragons

and other grotesques of the Chinese and Japanese ; and when we find further that the Aztec calendar was constructed on the same principle as the Mongolian, the suspicion that the one was derived from the other becomes almost a certainty. 'A correspondence quite as extraordinary,' writes Mr. Prescott ('Conquest of Mexico,' p. 466), 'is found between the hieroglyphs used by the Aztecs for the signs of the days, and those zodiacal signs which the Eastern Asiatics employed as one of the terms of their series. The symbols in the Mongolian calendar are borrowed from animals. Four of the twelve are the same as the Aztec. Three others are as nearly the same as the different species of animals in the two hemispheres would allow. The remaining five refer to no creature then found in Anahuac. The resemblance went as far as it could. The similarity of these conventional symbols among the several nations of the East can hardly fail to carry conviction of a common origin for the system as regards them. Why should not a similar conclusion be applied to the Aztec calendar, which, although relating to days instead of years, was, like the Asiatic, equally appropriated to chronological uses and to those of divination?'

It would be absurd to suppose that two uncivilised peoples could devise such artificial and cumbrous* methods of dividing time without some intercourse with each other. Such a supposition would push Mr. Buckle's theory of civilisation to the verge of the ridiculous. It is very hard in a great many cases to define what are the results of environment, pure and simple, from those manners and customs which have been inherited ; in this case, however, where a scientific method is concerned, we are driven to believe that the civilisations of Asia and America were connected in remote times. It is very improbable that this knowledge could have been introduced alone without some of the other arts having been brought along with it. We feel, therefore, inclined to hold with Humboldt that the civilisation was to some extent imported from Asia. The Japanese current, as we have already remarked, sweeps straight across the Pacific, and would easily convey vessels from the shores of Japan and China to Southern California and the shores of Mexico. To that daring race which has peopled Polynesia such a current would offer a comparatively easy highway.

The traditions of the ancient civilised peoples of America point towards the view which we have arrived at from an

* See Tylor, 'Anahuac,' 287-41.

examination of the relics of their art and calendar. Manco-capac, accompanied by his sister, appeared among the Peruvians, gave them an admirable system of laws, and then ascended to his father, the sun. The plumed serpent, the Quetzalcoatl of the Nahuas, the Cukulcan of the Mayas, is said to have introduced the calendar, and after a Saturnian reign to have passed to a distant country. These myths imply the arrival of strangers of a higher culture than the natives, and cannot fairly be taken to be wholly without foundation. Mexico and Central America certainly possessed an indigenous civilisation, the result of the experience of man for a long series of ages in those and the neighbouring regions, and this formed the basis on which the new culture was engrafted. We should attribute the differences between the Peruvian and Mexican on the one hand, and Central American civilisation on the other, by ascribing them to the arrival of different bodies of emigrants at different times.

But if this view of the Asiatic origin of a part of the Mexican and Central American civilisation be accepted, contact with Asia must have taken place in the enormously remote period of human progress which is marked by the knowledge of the art of making bronze, coupled with the ignorance of the use of iron. The emigrants must have left Asia not later than the bronze age. It is very generally assumed that the knowledge of making bronze was arrived at in the Americas without any communication with Asia. This is a mere assumption unsupported by any proof. Tinstone is not of a lustre suggestive of metal, and there are many other alloys which might have been made of copper, and which a savage would be as likely to discover. None of the ores of iron so abundant in Mexico, nor the large blocks of meteoric iron, such, for example, as at Cholula, were used before contact with the Europeans. The ignorance of native iron is very singular when we reflect that it was used by Eskimos for the manufacture of implements and weapons. From the identity of the polished stone axes of the American tribes generally, with those of the old world, it may be inferred that the principal emigration took place while the civilisation of Asia was in the Neolithic stage.

We might expect to derive light in these interesting and difficult problems from the study of language, but unfortunately the philologist has not yet arisen to collect together and collate the American dialects with sufficient completeness to allow of their being used in the inquiry; indeed, we may say the same with almost equal justice of the non-Aryan dialects of Asia.

It is almost unnecessary for us to say that the Mexican, Central American, and Peruvian civilisations withered away at the contact with the fanaticism and ignorance of the Spaniard, and was replaced by one of foreign growth, which can scarcely be said to be higher. Probably its destruction would have been no less sure had it been brought into relation with any other European peoples. In dealing with it we cannot fairly compare it with any of those which have flourished within the last two thousand years in Europe. It can only be compared with the civilisation of the bronze age, which was rapidly passing away at the very dawn of history in the region of the Mediterranean; such, for example, as that revealed by the labours of Dr. Schliemann in the mound at Hisarlık.

The general impression left on our mind by the study of the problem offered by the races of the Americas is: 1. That they are, with the exception of the Eskimos, of Mongolian derivation, and that they have inhabited the new world for a sufficient length of time to develop many languages and a peculiar civilisation. 2. That from time to time fresh bodies of emigrants arrived from Asia, probably over sea, bringing with them the knowledge of arts and sciences, which were engrafted into this civilisation. 3. That there is no proof of contact of the new with the old world to be found in the civilisations of Mexico, Central America, and of Peru later than the bronze age. The absence of domestic animals, except the dog in the two first, may be accounted for by the difficulty of their being conveyed in canoes, as well as by the seafaring Mongolians, Malays, Polynesians, &c. not being addicted to pastoral habits. 4. That the migration has been on the whole from Asia to America, and the general drift of the tribes from north to south. We can confidently recommend Mr. Bancroft's book to our readers as a trustworthy and well-edited encyclopædia of all that is known of the 'Native Races of the Pacific States of North America,' and of the most important facts relating to the history, art, and architecture of the civilised peoples of Mexico and Central America.

ART. II.—*Marie Antoinette. Correspondance Secrète entre Marie Thérèse et le Comte de Mercy Argenteau, avec les lettres de Marie Thérèse et de Marie Antoinette.* Publiée par M. le Chevalier ALFRED D'ARNETH et M. A. GEOFFROY. Trois Tomes 8vo. Paris: 1874.

THESE volumes are rather portentous in size, but they form a work of the greatest interest. In 1864, M. d'Arneth, who has for years been the chief superintendent of the Austrian archives, discovered and published a series of letters of the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, and of the ill-fated consort of Louis XVI., which, as many of our readers doubtless know, threw a clear light on more than one passage in the life and conduct of Marie Antoinette, and even on the contemporaneous history of France. This correspondence, however, valuable as it is, was, it would appear, a supplement only of another intimately connected with it, which is now given for the first time to the world, and certainly is of not less importance. On the occasion of the marriage of Marie Antoinette, Count Mercy Argenteau, the ambassador of Austria at the Court of Versailles, was commissioned by his imperial mistress to act as a kind of unavowed Mentor to the youthful Princess in her new position; and, at the same time, he was strictly enjoined to report fully, but with the closest secrecy, the results of his counsels and observations, all that he could say touching the ways and doings of the royal lady entrusted to his charge, and the associations in which her lot was cast. Maria Theresa, in turn, answered her emissary in like manner: with the most perfect confidence, but with such precautions that her thoughts were hidden from third persons; she freely commented on the thousand details of the daily converse of Marie Antoinette which, month after month, were brought under her eye; and, simultaneously, she completely disclosed her estimate of her daughter's character, and openly indicated the line of conduct which, as Dauphiness and Queen, she ought to pursue. In addition, the Empress spoke out her mind unreservedly on the royal family of France, and on the dependents connected with it, who happened to be described to her; she said her say on all kinds of anecdotes of scandal and gossip related to her; and she often pointed out what, in her judgment, should be the policy of France and Austria, then, as is well known, for many years allied, on various questions that chanced to arise. This singular correspondence was regularly carried on from 1770 to 1780—the date of Maria Theresa's

death; and, after the lapse of nearly a century, it has been published under the joint editing of Herr von Arneth and M. Geoffroy—a name celebrated in that class of researches—the letters that appeared in 1864, which properly form a part of it, being inserted to make the collection complete. The work, though overcharged, perhaps, with repetitions and small details, is nevertheless of the greatest value to those who desire to ascertain the truth respecting one of the most striking personages who have played a part on the stage of history. Revealing as it does, even in their minutest incidents, the acts and the life of Marie Antoinette, during the period of youth and early womanhood, it does, for this ill-known part of her career, what the diligence of M. Feuillet de Conches has done for its more conspicuous phase; that is, it gives us a most impressive picture of the Princess and the Queen, as she really was, and equally free from the false colours of romantic flattery or of detracting malice. This book, in short, and that of M. de Conches, place the true Marie Antoinette before us at every point of her eventful fortunes; and the genuine image, we need hardly say, differs widely from the graceful nymph of Campan, the heroic martyr of Breteuil and Fersen, and the unsexed Fury of Hébert and the Mountain. The Queen, too, though their central figure, is not the only object of interest in M. d'Arneth's and Geoffroy's volumes. These letters give us a clear conception of Maria Theresa as a parent and a friend, and as a politician and chief of the state; they lead us into the recesses of Versailles during that period of tragic probation, when the Revolution lay waiting its prey, whilst the Court disported itself in giddy splendour; and they set before us the doomed succession of the house of Bourbon and its attendant satellites, as glittering in luxury and gay with hope they unconsciously stood within the shadow of fate. They also illustrate, at some points, important passages in the history of the age, especially as regards the partition of Poland, the relations of the French and Austrian monarchies, and the Eastern question, even then beginning to menace the world with war and disunion.

The genuineness of these letters cannot be doubted, and we are therefore spared a tedious inquiry, such as that provoked by the evident forgeries abounding in M. d'Hunolstein's work, and occurring even in M. de Conches' volumes. A few words may be said respecting the conditions under which the correspondence took place, and the mode in which it was usually carried on. Mercy, whether as ambassador or as a trusted friend, had access to Versailles almost at will; he had, besides, a faithful informant in the Abbé Vermond, a reader of Marie

Antoinette, who had accompanied her from Vienna and passed his life in her service; and, as he tells us himself, he had gained over more than one domestic of the royal household, who fetched and carried whatever he pleased. The inner life of the French Court, therefore, was laid open to him in all its details; and it must be allowed that he proved himself an accurate and painstaking observer, for if his letters are somewhat diffuse, and are not marked by fine taste or wit, they evidently bear the stamp of truth, and are rich in anecdote and curious facts. As for Maria Theresa, she certainly attached the greatest importance to her envoy's statements; she studied his communications with extreme care; and her comments and replies are often elaborate, and show the intense interest she took in her child, and in everything relating to the policy of France. To ensure secrecy Mercy always wrote his confidential letters with his own hand, and kept them distinct from his official despatches; and though the Empress sometimes employed a secretary for those parts of her answers which she considered as not of special importance, she always sent in autograph—and carefully concealed whatever the ambassador was alone to know. The correspondence, with the same end in view, was not entrusted to the ordinary post, so little respected in the eighteenth century; it invariably passed through the hands of couriers who had made themselves worthy of peculiar confidence. These chosen messengers usually travelled by the same route, and at fixed intervals of time; and these circumstances deserve attention, as they confirm, if proof of the kind were needed, the authenticity of the papers before us, and increase our means of detecting the frauds by which fabrications have been palmed off as genuine letters of Marie Antoinette:—

‘The regulations with regard to the couriers were as follows: one left Vienna at the beginning of every month, and arrived in Paris in nine or ten days, after a stay at Brussels, the capital of the Austrian Low Countries, for the purpose of leaving despatches. The return journey was made from Paris about the middle of the month, and, after passing through Brussels, Vienna was reached about the 25th. . . . Occasionally extraordinary couriers were despatched in the case of circumstances of peculiar interest, that could not be safely committed to the post; but this was of rare occurrence. . . . The importance of these details ought to be understood. Once it has been established that the system upon which the correspondence was conducted was for the most part uniform, it becomes easy to perceive where gaps appear in it, and to be on your guard against apocryphal papers, the concoctors of which, unluckily for themselves, could not even guess at its conditions and rules. Every paper in the series we publish was conveyed by a courier.’

Passing from these details to the text of this work, let us first consider the two personages who thus sate in judgment on Marie Antoinette and the world around her for ten long years. As a mother the Empress shows very well; she evidently loved her child dearly; and she followed her daughter's career from a distance with an affectionate sympathy that is truly touching. Observe, for instance, with what delight and pride she draws the horoscope of the reign of Louis XVI., rejoicing at the prospect of hope and happiness that seemed, alas! opening on the youthful queen:—

'I promised to let you know all that is expected from the auspicious reign of Louis XVI. and his little wife. Here it is . . . ; everybody is in a state of ecstasy; everybody is wild about you; the greatest happiness is thought at hand; you have caused a nation in despair to revive . . . Both of you are very young, and the burden is great, I am sorry, and truly sorry for it. Without your admirable father I never could have endured it; and yet I was older than either of you.'

How the mother's heart comes out in these words, despite the corrupting cares of politics, and the artificial life of the eighteenth century:—'I have received your portrait; it is a 'good likeness; it gives me and all the family delight. It 'stands in the closet in which I do my work; the frame is in 'the bedroom when I work at night; so I have you always with 'me and before my eyes; you always had a place in my heart.'

Maria Theresa was not only an affectionate, but, on the whole, a judicious parent, within the sphere of private duties. Her reverend and commanding figure could, indeed, become too unbending and stern; her wisdom, savouring of a past age, was too rigid and old-fashioned to win its way easily to a youthful heart; and she was not seldom a severe censor beyond perhaps what the occasion required. But she thoroughly understood the nature of Marie Antoinette; and, in fact, her letters bring out its failings and weaknesses with a vivid completeness, that puts critics at second-hand to shame. Though her manner, too, was sometimes imperious, the advice she gave her daughter, in all that relates to domestic life, was for the most part excellent. The following shows how her observant eye had detected, even in earliest youth, the germs of faults in Marie Antoinette that afterwards were to yield bitter fruit, and how early she raised a warning voice:—

'Do not undertake to recommend people; let no one possess your ear if you wish to have a quiet life. Avoid curiosity; that is a point with respect to which I have many fears on your account. . . . Answer everybody with grace and dignity; you can do so if you please. You must also know how to refuse . . . I am very anxious to know by

the next courier how your reading and studies go on. It is allowable, especially at your age, to amuse yourself; but to make amusement your whole occupation, to do nothing that is solid and useful, and to waste all your time in promenades and visits—you will at last discern how hollow and unprofitable is this, and you will regret that you did not employ your life better. . . . You have the art of winning the good will of others; take care not to lose it by neglecting the true means. This gift is not due to your beauty, which is not remarkable, nor to your talents and learning—you have nothing of the kind—but to goodness of heart, frankness, and attentions for others. It is said that you omit to address and take notice of people of distinction; that at table, or at play, you converse with your youngest ladies only, laughing and whispering, to them. I am not so unjust as to wish to deprive you of the conversation of young persons whom you know intimately, and to attach you to those only whom you meet on great occasions; but recognition of dignities is an essential point; take care that you do not neglect them. . . . There is some talk also of your winter amusements. Do not give way to the habit of turning people into ridicule; you are disposed to it; if the foible should be perceived, you will be but too much encouraged in it, and you will lose the esteem and confidence of the public. . . . I cannot help touching upon a matter too often brought under my notice by the newspapers—it is that of your dress; they say your head-dress is three feet high, decked out with masses of patterns and ribbons. You know I always thought you should follow fashion in moderation, but not extravagantly. A beautiful young queen, full of charms, has no need of these fooleries; simplicity in dress would become her better, and be more suited to her rank. . . . I feel deeply that you continue to lead such a life of dissipation, to join in promenades, to appear at races in a way never attempted by queens much beyond your years, though, indeed, young and attended by their husbands. I am most grieved at this last point, that you do all this without the King, and that it is the result of your caprice, and of his too great indulgence. . . . You have never liked study or application; for more than a year reading and music have been set aside; and I hear of nothing but of races and hunting without the King, and in very mixed company. This gives me much uneasiness. I love you too well.'

Maria Theresa did less well in her relations, as a sovereign, with Marie Antoinette. The marriage of her daughter, as is well known, was a mere bargain between two crowns; and from the first moment the Empress-Queen studied how to make the youthful Princess an instrument for extending Austrian influence, and even for furthering Austrian policy. With this object in view she caused the Dauphiness, to the annoyance of the whole royal family, and of the highest nobles of France, to single out for peculiar distinction, what was called the 'Lorraine Party' at Versailles; and she offended the Rohans and La Tremouilles, by requesting that a lady of the

House of Lorraine should have precedence over those haughty names. With the same motive she placed Marie Antoinette in the leading strings, so to speak, of Mercy; she ordered her to give entire confidence to the ambassador, and the ambassador only; and as long as Choiseul, the acknowledged author of the Austrian alliance, remained in power, she adjured her to show him respect and favour. So, too, she had plainly tutored her child to stand jealously on her guard in the circle of Versailles, and to mistrust all not in the Austrian interest; in fact she sent her to France, less as a royal bride than as a pledge of a political union, and a guarantee for its prolonged continuance. Whenever the ends of Austria were to be promoted, this policy of selfishness made itself manifest, and that too, sometimes, in no becoming manner. Take, for instance, what the correspondence shows to have occurred in 1771-72, when, our readers will recollect, Choiseul had fallen, and France had become the prey of his worthless successors. Up to this the Empress had not thought fit to remonstrate with her daughter for writing, concerning Madame Dubarry, in such language as this:—‘It is pitiable to see the weakness of the King for Madame Dubarry—she is the silliest and most impertinent creature that can be imagined.’ She knew that Mercy had described the Aiguillon faction, as ‘a set of rascals who would not stop at anything;’ and she had made no complaint that Marie Antoinette had formed this very proper estimate of the Duke:—‘The Archduchess broke out indignantly against Aiguillon; she sketched his character very justly, both morally and intellectually. . . . She regards him with extraordinary dislike, on account of the opinion she has formed of his evil qualities. Unhappily this notion is perfectly correct.’ The Empress, too, was perfectly aware that the Dauphin thought of Dubarry as she deserved, and had requested his wife to avoid the favourite. Mercy had reported thus:—‘She informed me that the Dauphin had no regard or esteem for the Duke of Vauguyon and his son, and that he felt the greatest contempt for Dubarry and her crew.’

A crisis, however, had become imminent: Austria, carefully withholding the fact from France, had been trafficking for the partition of Poland; and Louis XV., with his fickle minister, was secretly trying to thwart her ambition. The Empress, determined to gain her object, resolved to win Aiguillon and Dubarry over; and she did not scruple to make her daughter a tool in what was an evil intrigue. Mercy lets out the truth in these decorous phrases:—

‘I will avail myself, with discretion, of the permission which your

Majesty has given me, to hold, at the proper place and time, such language as will confirm the King in his hopes from your Majesty's friendship; all that will be needful then will be to calm down the irritation of the Duke of Aiguillon, who is vexed at the poor figure he has made at the outset of his administration. I flatter myself that means will be found to bring him over; the good offices of the favourite ought not, I conceive, to be neglected; and, with this object, it would be of importance, in my judgment, that Madame the Dauphiness should, during the stay of the court at Compiègne, show such attentions to the Countess Dubarry as would enable me to turn to account the ascendancy which that woman has obtained over the King and his minister. The slightest hint from your Majesty will produce the desired result, and influence the Dauphiness in a way conducive to your Majesty's interests.'

While the ambassador left no stone unturned to propitiate Dubarry and her worthy colleague, the Empress pressed Marie Antoinette to address, and to pay court to, the reigning sultana. The language to Mercy is significant:—'To prevent these calamities and injuries to the monarchy and our house, every means ought to be employed; my daughter is the only person who can render this service to her family and her country. Above all, she must, by attention and kindness, gain the favour of the King; she must try to anticipate his wishes, and to cross him in nothing; she must treat the favourite well.'

The Empress, who had hitherto held up the daughters of Louis XV. as models of excellence, began now to find fault with them, because they, and Madame Adelaide especially, regarded Dubarry with proper contempt:—'I do not wish to compare myself with these respectable ladies; I admire their good qualities and private life; but I must repeat that they are not esteemed by the public or liked in their own circle.'

The youthful Princess, knowing what was due to herself, disobeyed for a time her mother's injunctions, and disregarded the smooth words of Mercy. This letter is to her credit:—'I trust you will be satisfied with my conduct. You may rest assured that I will always sacrifice my prejudices and dislikes so long as nothing discreditable and inconsistent with honour is proposed to me. It would be a lifelong misfortune if misunderstandings were to arise between my two families.'

Maria Theresa now became indignant, and insisted on compliance in these angry terms:—'Your notion that my minister, or that I myself, could give you advice inconsistent with honour, or even the most delicate propriety, makes me laugh out. . . . You must not only hear what Mercy has to say; you must follow his counsels in everything, without excep-

'tion; you must by judicious and well considered conduct prove yourself equal to any occasion.'

The Dauphiness at last reluctantly agreed to say a few civil words to the favourite, to the astonishment of all that was decent at Versailles, and to the intense annoyance of 'Mesdames 'Tantes,' as they were commonly called in the young royal family. The Empress, however, had attained her object; Dubarry, charmed at an unexpected favour, exerted herself to gain the minister, and the policy of Austria was successful. Mercy thus exulted over the result:—'Since Aiguillon has become aware that he may expect the kindness and confidence which your Majesty accorded to his predecessor, he has softened on every point, even on that of the affairs of Poland. He dwells on this at present sensibly, and in a moderate tone. Besides my position with respect to the favourite has improved; I have begun enlightening her on some important matters of politics.' He had also brought Marie Antoinette to reason:—'Her Royal Highness the Archduchess listened to me with attention, for more than half an hour, and assured me that she was convinced of the truth of what I had laid before her, and that she would act accordingly.'

It is unnecessary to add that the convenient favourite was thrust aside when she was no longer able to further Maria Theresa's projects. After the death of Louis XV., the Empress-Queen took a high tone of pharisaical virtue with reference to her late agent:—'I hope that I shall hear no more about the unfortunate Dubarry. I never treated her with attention, except so far as respect for your father and her sovereign required. I trust her name will never be mentioned, except to inform me that the King has acted generously towards her, by putting her into confinement, with her husband, at a distance from the court.'

This correspondence gives us another instance how Maria Theresa made her daughter a card in the game of Austrian politics. In 1778, Joseph II. began his ambitious career by making a claim to the Bavarian succession, and declared that he would sustain his rights by force. His pretensions were disapproved at Versailles; the Empress herself did not defend them; and as France was at the moment embarking in the war between England and her revolted colonies, it was not to be supposed she would assist Austria in a project she thought against her own interests. We see from the following how Louis XVI. and Maurepas condemned this scheme of aggrandisement:—

‘There can be no doubt that the measures taken by your Majesty in this business are not regarded with favour here. . . . The Queen spoke to her husband rather vaguely touching the Bavarian affair, the devices of the King of Prussia, and the danger of impairing the alliance, but the King answered: “The ambition of your relations is turning everything upside down; they began with Poland; Bavaria is the second “act—I regret it on your account.”’

The Empress, however, reckoned on Marie Antoinette; and when Frederick the Great interposed to cross the policy of his youthful rival, she addressed her daughter in phrases like these:—

‘The King of Prussia is afraid of you, and of no one else; that, I acknowledge, gives me great pleasure on your account and my own. Our alliance, the only one that is natural, and of use to both monarchies, cemented as it is by such tender ties, and by such identity of policy, and necessary, too, for the good of religion and of millions of human beings, is my dearest object; and I trust that in time, and through Mercy’s teaching, you will appreciate its value and usefulness.’

As is well known, Frederick invaded Bohemia; whereupon complaints of France and entreaties for support were despatched from Schönbrunn in quick succession:—

‘France has done us a great deal of mischief by her underhand dealings with the King of Prussia. We, too, have felt ourselves in the wrong as regards her; but that is not to be compared with the shameful indifference to us she displays. . . . I entreat of you to support Mercy and to save our throne and your brother’s. I will never make any demands upon the King that can draw him into this unhappy war; but he might make an armed demonstration, he might designate and assemble some regiments, he might nominate generals to come to our aid in case the Hanoverians and others declare for our enemies. It is not for the interest of France that we should be conquered by our cruel enemy. She will never find an ally at heart so attached to her as we are.’

Marie Antoinette, who by this time had dabbled a great deal too much in politics, was led by these means to work on the King, who, hitherto, stood coldly neutral. France despatched troops to the Belgian frontier; she negotiated a peace in Austrian interests; and she advanced to her ally a large sum of money, being herself already upon the verge of bankruptcy, and with her resources strained to the utmost. Mercy thus describes the results of the intercession of the Queen on behalf of his sovereign:—

‘I have great pleasure in being able to assure your Majesty that, on this occasion, the Queen has in her attitude and her language been as urgent, and at the same time as prudent, as the nature of the case required. She has contrived to bring over the King to her way of think-

ing, and to play him off, so to speak, against his own ministers. One great point has already been gained; with regard to the safety of the Low Countries, explanations have been made to me from which it will be impossible to recede in the event of danger arising. I flatter myself this is not the only advantage we shall obtain.'

Merçý's account of an interview of the Queen with Maurepas on one of these occasions is characteristic:—'The minister wished to betake himself to his usual subterfuges, but the Queen, raising her voice, said to him, "Sir, this is the fourth or fifth time I have spoken to you about these matters, but you have never given me any other answer; up to this I have borne with you, but things are now too serious, and I will no longer endure being baffled in this way."'

As for the ambassador of Maria Theresa, we need not dwell at length on his part in these volumes. Without faculties of a high order—this is evident from his bewildered terror when the Revolution met him face to face—Merçý Argenteau was a good specimen of the diplomatists of the eighteenth century; adroit, supple, thoroughly versed in drawing-room life and the arts of the closet, a diligent observer, with few scruples, and with a single eye to what he conceived to be his duty. Though rather addicted to crooked ways, he was a sound adviser of Marie Antoinette in all that related to her private affairs; he told her of her faults with delicate tact, and, without teasing his royal pupil, he knew how to preach caution and prudence, the avoiding scandal, and the importance of family union. His reports, too, to Maria Theresa are copious, well-informed, and, no doubt, trustworthy; and certainly, we think, he did not spare Marie Antoinette in these secret missives, deferential as was his bearing to her. Merçý, however, felt that he was placed at Versailles in order to second Austrian interests; in his eyes everything was subordinate to this, and he did not hesitate to take any step that he believed would lead to this main object. For this purpose, as we have seen, he compromised the Dauphiness in an unworthy intrigue; and he did not the least care how the counsels he gave affected her position in her adopted country provided Austria derived any benefit. In a word, even more perhaps than his mistress, he aimed at making Marie Antoinette subservient to the designs of Austria; and he pursued this object with a cool cynicism from 1770 to 1780, as afterwards between 1789 to 1792, when the advice he offered to the imperilled Queen had Austria, and Austria alone, in view. He saw very plainly that the controlling influence which Marie Antoinette, even in tenderest youth, established over her weak husband,

was one way at least to attain this end; and assuredly he did nothing to check or deprecate an ascendancy useful, as he thought, to his sovereign, however pernicious to the Queen or to France. On the contrary, he encouraged it by ill-timed hints; thus, as early as 1773 he wrote in this gratified strain to the Empress:—

‘Madame the Dauphiness said there would be no fear of coolness growing up between the two courts if the Dauphin had any authority or could interfere in public business. She was assured of the feelings of the Prince as regards the union between the two courts; and, besides, she would find no difficulty in directing his mind; she could flatter herself that she possessed an ascendancy over her husband which he could never resist. She thereupon explained to me how she had prepared the means, with considerable reflection and skill in arrangement, of bringing the Dauphin to her way of thinking even on the most trifling occasion. I recognised in this plan a series of observations which I had made at different times to her Royal Highness; and I saw with pleasure, not only that she had borne them in mind, but had put them into practice more than I had ventured to hope.’

When Louis XV. passed away from the scene, Mercy anticipated with delight that Marie Antoinette would be supreme in the new reign, and only regretted that she had been remiss in establishing her position before:—‘There is every appearance that the character of the King is weak. His seemingly rude manner may have more to do with physical than with moral qualities; but, in any case, I see as clearly as possible that the Queen will be able to rule him with the greatest ease provided she will take the trouble, and employ a few hours each day in meditating upon this important subject, and attending to it.’

As we see in these volumes what the relations were of Maria Theresa, Mercy, and Marie Antoinette, we perceive how they provoked the jealousy of the circle that represented France at Versailles, and exposed the young Princess to malice and censure. The interference of the Empress-Queen in such affairs as the etiquette of the court, caused heart-burnings and vexatious rivalries; her meddling in discreditable palace intrigues led to sinister gossip and bitter dissensions; and the ill-will and dislike which were thus engendered found, as a matter of course, a mark in her daughter. It was, however, the widespread and not unfounded opinion that Marie Antoinette was made an instrument of foreign ambition, in her adopted country, which, from the outset, did her most harm; unhappily her own acts and sympathies made the impression only more deep and certain. The results were injurious to her in the highest degree; she became an object

of suspicion and fear on the part of the very ministers who bowed down before her; her feeble husband was often annoyed; and even among the Royal Family and highest noblesse detraction and calumny were busy with her name. It must not be forgotten that the fatal cry, the 'Austrian woman,' only reached the streets after it had long been whispered about at Versailles; and for this not only the Queen herself but her mother and Mercy were greatly to blame.

We now turn to Marie Antoinette herself—the proud and beautiful child of the Cæsars, who, like the fabled enchantress of old, passed in splendour along her fated path, to meet ruin, ignominy, and a tragic death. In this correspondence we catch frequent glimpses of the Princess and the Queen as she appeared in youth, the bright morning star of the raptures of Burke, the radiant centre of the pomp of Versailles, the vision of grace who, as Horace Walpole exclaimed, 'put all your Hebes and Floras to shame.' A hundred passages in Mercy's letters bear witness to the transcendent charm of the look and bearing of this flower of Austria, with what majestic grace she moved in the dance, what frank courtesy shone out in her manner, how she stood forth among her attendant train, stamped by nature's hand with the air of Royalty. The following may convey a faint notion of the brilliant part she so often played in the scenes of the vanished world of Versailles:—

'The ball opened with four quadrilles; in the first the dress was the old costume of France, the second represented a set of morris dancers, the third was that of the Queen—Tyrolese peasants, the fourth wild Indians. . . . In the intervals between the dances the Queen took occasion to say a kind word to every one. She particularly noticed foreign ladies, among them Lady Ailesbury and three English ladies. They were treated by the Queen with a grace and a courtesy which was much remarked and approved. I shall only add that the Queen every day brings the elegance of the Court to a higher degree of perfection.'

The popularity of Marie Antoinette in the outer world was, at first, immense, caused, in part, doubtless, by her own attractions, and in part by a widespread hope that she would inaugurate a new order of things, and close the era of vice and shame which had clouded the end of Louis XV.'s reign. The following is a sketch of the celebrated scene—in appalling contrast to those witnessed on the same spot not many years afterwards—when the old courtier let fall the happy phrase, 'Madame, is not the Dauphin jealous? these are all lovers,' as the crowds that thronged the courts of the Tuileries bowed in delighted homage to the astonished Princess. Marie Antoinette describes it herself:—

'I shall never forget our entry into Paris; as for honours, we received all that could be conceived; all that, however, affected me less than the kindness and devotion of the poor people, who, though overwhelmed with taxes, were transported with joy at seeing us. When we went to walk at the Tuileries the crowd was so great that we were three-quarters of an hour before we could stir. On getting back we ascended a terrace, and remained there half an hour. I cannot describe, my dear mother, the transports of delight and affection which were exhibited at that moment. Before retiring we bowed a salute to the crowd; the effect was excellent. How happy it is for those in our position to win the affection of a people so easily. And yet nothing is so precious; I have felt this and I shall never forget it.'

Welcomes such as these were of common occurrence at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. whenever the Queen appeared in public:—

'The Queen went to the opera in Paris on Friday the 13th. The people, who crowded to see her passing by, gave proof by their acclamations of their extraordinary and heartfelt affection for her; and the same thing happened when her Majesty entered the theatre, which was crowded to excess. The opera of "*Iphigenia*," by Glück, was being represented. In the second act of this piece there is a chorus, in which Achilles sings the first verse, turning to his followers and saying—

"Chantons, célébrez votre reine!"'

Instead of that the actor, advancing towards the pit and the boxes, gave the words—

"Chantons, célébrons notre reine,
L'hymen, qui sous ses lois l'enchaîne
Va nous rendre à jamais heureux."

The audience took this up with extraordinary ardour; all was shouting and clapping of hands; and, what never happened at the opera before, the chorus was encored, and there were cries of "Long live "the Queen," which stopped the performance for several minutes. The Queen was so affected that she shed tears.'

Beauty, however, and a truly perfect manner, were not the only charms of Marie Antoinette. She had many faults, but her nature was good; and the impulsiveness, which was a flaw in her character, often showed itself in quick pleasing sympathies. The palled voluptuary Louis XV. was delighted with her happy attentions; her winning ways enchanted her jealous 'aunts'; there was amiability even in her imprudent contempt of court forms and the life of etiquette. These volumes abound in instances of the good feeling and genuine kindness she often displayed. We have space for a single anecdote only:—

'A sad accident happened. The stag, being closely pursued by the hounds during the royal hunt, leaped into an enclosure in which the owner

was at work. The animal, not seeing any means of getting out, became furious, ran at the peasant and struck him two blows with its antlers, which prostrated him and inflicted a deadly wound. His wife, in a state of despair, rushed towards a group of sportsmen she saw at a distance; it was the King and his suite. She cried out for help, saying what had occurred to her husband, and then fell down in a swoon. The King gave orders that she should be attended to, and having expressed himself compassionately and in a kind tone, rode away; but the Dauphiness, who had come up, stepped out of her carriage, ran to the woman, made her smell essenced waters, which gave her relief, and gave her all the money she had on her person. What was most charming, however, was the consoling and gentle language of her Royal Highness to the unhappy creature. The Archduchess, quite overcome, shed many tears; and the spectators, more than a hundred in number, were equally moved.'

There was, however, another side in the character of this royal lady. We have already glanced at some of the failings of Marie Antoinette, even in her teens; these grew with her growth, and became more manifest as she passed from youth into riper womanhood. The frivolity of which her mother complained became a passion for dissipation of the most extravagant and reckless kind, and her life was wasted in a round of pleasures, unprofitable and profuse, and often not becoming. Her gorgeous fêtes amazed even Versailles; she lavished sums on dress, and in mere caprices, which seem incredible in this stricter age; she rioted in her gay existence as if France and its wealth were her toys and playthings. Nor were the amusements in which she took delight always befitting a young and beautiful woman; her love of high play was almost a vice; and her gaming table often witnessed scenes not creditable to her sex or rank. Mercy informs us that the Emperor Joseph II.—assuredly not too severe a moralist—sent a message to the Queen that—

'The play at the Queen's table at Fontainebleau was like that in a common gambling-house; people of all kinds went there and mingled without decorum; the Comte D'Artois and the Duc de Chartres displayed there every day some fresh trait of folly; and great scandal was caused by the fact that several ladies cheated. . . . Those who held the bank arrived on the 30th of October; they acted as tellers all night and during the morning of the 31st, in the apartments of the Princesse de Lamballe. The Queen remained until five o'clock in the morning. In the evening the Queen directed the play to begin again, and continued playing until late in the morning of the first of November, All Saints Day.'

The 'orgies of Versailles,' as they were called in the popular slang of 1793, were, in a word, by no means a myth, under

the brilliant reign of Marie Antoinette. Yet these extravagant tastes of the Queen were not perhaps so characteristic of her, as her levity in disregarding conventional rules, which should be ever observed by those in high station. Goodnatured and amiable as she was, she could give receptions of more than wonted splendour when Paris was starving in cold and want; she could make ruinous demands on a bewildered minister, when she knew the treasury was all but bankrupt; she could select a season of peculiar distress for squandering thousands of pounds on useless amusements. As for the light scorn with which she set at nought, and cast herself free from the dignified state which, ceremonious and tedious as it was, was nevertheless part of that furniture of the throne which, as it has been said, ought never to be carelessly touched, it is unnecessary to refer to it; assuredly, though she meant no wrong, her conduct was often far from discreet; and it subjected her to misrepresentation of every kind, in the vitiated condition of opinion in France. The Queen gave ample scope to slanderers at Versailles, by her visits to the Comte D'Artois and his bachelor friends, by her drives to Paris, with scarcely a single attendant, by her ridicule of the starched ways of the court; and scenes like these were not at all edifying, in the eyes of a people that had no longer valid reasons to love or respect Royalty, and were certain to view it with increasing contempt, if it put off its decorous trappings, and exposed itself to the public gaze:—

‘It is a matter for extreme regret that the Queen habituates herself entirely to forget all that relates to outward dignity, and I cannot insist too much on the dangerous consequences which might ensue in the case of a nation so light and familiar as this is. . . . The horse-races gave occasion to much that was unfortunate, and, I will say, unbecoming as regards the position held by the Queen. . . . I went to the course in full dress and in my carriage; on reaching the royal tent I found there a large table spread with an ample collation, which was, so to speak, fought for by a crowd of young men, unfittingly dressed, who made wild confusion and all kinds of unintelligible noises. In the midst of this mob were the Queen, Madame, Madame d'Artois, Madame Elizabeth, Monsieur, and M. le Comte d'Artois. This last personage kept running about, betting, and complaining whenever he lost, pitifully excited if he won, and rushing among the people outside to encourage his jockeys. He actually presented to the Queen a jockey who had won a race. . . . A new kind of amusement, and by no means a becoming one, has been just set on foot. Happily it will cease with the fine weather. During the last month the bands of the French and Swiss Guards have played on the great terrace of the gardens at Versailles, from about ten o'clock at night onwards; a crowd of people, not excepting the populace of the town, flock to the terrace, and the

Royal Family walk about unattended and almost disguised, in the midst of the mob.'

These volumes also clearly bring out another striking fault of Marie Antoinette—her bad choice of friends, and her love of favourites. Maria Theresa, as we have seen, had warned her against her tendency that way, and had entreated her not to devote herself to gay companions of her own age, to the exclusion of others of years and high station. These counsels, however, were not regarded; the Queen disliked the general society of the court, and, except with reference to her own amusements, thought representation a tedious trouble; and her delight was to shut herself up at Versailles, in a little circle of female friends, where, as she said, she could do as she pleased. Of the ladies admitted to this intimacy, Madame de Lamballe seems to have been above reproach; but Madame de Polignac, who, for ten long years, had immense influence with Marie Antoinette, was, with her satellites, the Vaudreuils and others, an intriguing and dangerous person, with a reputation by no means immaculate. Mercy thus describes this mischievous clique:—

'Madame de Polignac is a woman of but little sense, and is guided in her conduct by very dangerous companions, especially the Comtesse d'Andlau, her aunt, a person well known for her intriguing disposition, who, twenty years ago, was dismissed from Court, and from the service of Madame Adelaide, for having obtained some improper books for that princess. . . . Her niece has, doubtless from this source, derived very bad and unbecoming notions; among other things, she affects to be superior to what weak and wrong-headed people call prejudices. This young lady parades a lover, or at least appears to have one, without caring for the remarks of the public. . . . His name is the Comte de Vaudreuil. . . . The Emperor went with the Queen to a reception of the Princesse de Guéménée; he was shocked at the kind of people he met there, and the license that prevailed.'

The injury done to Marie Antoinette by these intimacies was very great. They affected even her conduct as a Queen when, as we shall see, she interfered in politics; but their social consequences were even more deplorable. She secretly exasperated many of the high noblesse by giving herself up to a worthless coterie; and she had not been five years on the throne before bitter tongues had begun to complain that Her Majesty did not know her place. Mercy thus glances at these heart-burnings, and even adds that the 'favour shown 'the Polignacs' had caused persons of rank not to appear at court:—

'It is a long time since Versailles has been so deserted as it is this

winter, and it may become even more so, if the causes of the jealousies and bad feeling which have had this disagreeable result should be allowed to continue. Her Majesty treats every one presented to her with kindness and grace, but it is not the less true that the little party of them whom the Queen calls her "set" causes a great number of ladies and gentlemen to keep away, and prevents them paying their respects. . . . The Duc de Coigny was lately obliged to use his influence with the Queen to permit her lady-in-waiting and lady of honour to have the *entrées* which are their right in virtue of their office; and though they were admitted this did not stop complaints, still less put an end to the excessive jealousy occasioned by the Comtesse Jules de Polignac, who spends nearly the whole day with the Queen.'

The pernicious effects of this passion for favourites was also seen in another direction. The Queen thought she could never do enough for the artful friends she had taken to her heart; and she recklessly employed her enormous influence in soliciting, nay in demanding, places and honours for her cherished clique and all connected with it. A whole brood of Polignacs and others were quartered upon the pension list to gratify a set of fair-faced harpies; and young fops and dandies of the charmed circle were thrust into high places in the State, to please the caprices of Marie Antoinette, against the expressed wish of the King and his ministers. Abuses of this kind were, no doubt, common at Versailles; but instances such as those recorded by Mercy were too much even for the opinion of the place:—

'The Comtesse Jules de Polignac has made a disgraceful use of her influence in favour of the Comte de Vaudreuil, a personage a great deal too intimate with her. Having property in the French Indies, which cannot be realised in war-time, he has become embarrassed; and the Comtesse de Polignac sees no other means of relieving him, but procuring 30,000 livres a year from the royal treasury so long as the war continues. The Queen has undertaken to support this demand. . . . The Comtesse, too, has of late been extremely occupied in trying to secure a large fortune for her own family; and nothing less is thought of than obtaining for her, as a free gift, a royal estate of 100,000 livres a year.'

This favouritism, in a word, caused wide-spread disgust; and increased the strength of the hostile parties, which, headed even by Princes of the Blood, decried the Queen even in the first years of her marriage. The questionable friendships, too, of Marie Antoinette had, no doubt, a bad effect on her character, and encouraged much that was bad in her tendencies. We do not, indeed, believe that she was an unfaithful wife; the tales of the Besenvals and Lauzuns were, it is quite certain, mere base inventions; and the devotion she showed

for Louis XVI., when the hour of trial and affliction came; still more, perhaps, the esteem felt for her, by her admirable sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, are signs that her heart had not been corrupted. But the levity of her disposition was not improved by the light associates she gathered around her; and this conversation with her reader the Abbé Vermond lets us see what was thought of her friends by one who had the best means of knowing, and conveys rather a painful impression as to her judgment and sense of self-respect:—

‘The subject was a priest, who had been her confessor at Vienna. “His idea,” she said, “was to make me *dévôt*.” “How could he do that,” replied the abbé; “for my part I could not make you even rational. For instance,” he continued, “you have become extremely liberal in your views as regards the morals of your friends. I could show that, at your age, such indulgence, especially in the case of women, is injurious to you;—but admit that you do not look too closely at the conduct and reputation of a lady whom you make a friend, simply because she is amiable—I excuse it, though this is not the code of morals of a priest. But it does you an infinity of mischief that misconduct, nay, bad living and evil reputations, have literally become titles for admission into your society. For some time past you have not even been prudent enough to keep up your acquaintance with ladies who are supposed to be sensible, and to have a good character.” The Queen listened with a smile, and, so to speak, approved of this sermon.’

The Queen, too, under these evil influences, more than ever conducted herself in a way that, to say the very least, was far from becoming. Making every allowance for her dislike of restraints, the freedoms which she could permit to courtiers who hung on the skirts of the Polignac set, were, as we see from the following, most blameable; those acquainted with the scandals of the time will recollect how the name of the Duc de Coigny was mixed up with her own by evil report:—

‘The Duc de Coigny, the Duc de Guines, the Comte Esterhazy, and the Baron de Besenval were allowed to remain with the Queen while she had the measles. . . . These four personages took possession of the private room of her Majesty, and from seven o’clock in the morning until eleven at night they left it only for their meals. . . . All this ended in very disagreeable gossip; bad jokes were made even at court; and people began to ask what four ladies were to be chosen to nurse the King in the event of his becoming ill. The four gentlemen had scarcely installed themselves in their post before they declared they would watch at the Queen’s bedside all night.’

Marie Antoinette, as is well known, was for years only a wife in name. We shall not glance at the prurient gossip of French writers on this topic; still less shall we notice the

coarse calumnies of Michelet and historians of his school with regard to what they assert was the conduct of Maria Theresa in this matter. The misfortune, however, of Louis XVI. undoubtedly placed him in a position of humiliation as respects his consort; and the ascendancy which, in any case, she would have acquired over his weak nature, soon grew into complete domination. The young Queen ruled the King less by address than fear, though when, in time, she became a mother, attachment ripened if her power remained. Mercy describes what, in the first years of the reign, were her sentiments towards her nominal husband:—

‘The Queen persists in her estimate of the feeble character of the King; she thinks it feebler than it really is. From this she concludes that, having obtained a marked ascendancy over her lord, she will always possess the means of subjugating him; that, accordingly, nothing more is to be done or wished for in this matter; that, as the King does not care for her attentions, it would be putting herself gratuitously out to show him any; and that as she can govern him by fear, that method is as certain, shorter, and more convenient than that of courtesies and affection.’

In the relations, too, of Marie Antoinette with Louis XVI. at this period, we catch glimpses of scorn and contempt on her part, which we can only describe as very displeasing. These sentiments, too, are less those of injured womanhood and blighted hope than of a thoughtless and rather unfeeling nature. The following letter from the Queen to Count Rosenberg—an Austrian high in the Imperial service—must be regretted by every admirer of her; it simply admits of no excuse. Our readers will note the bitterness veiled in the classical allusions of the indiscreet writer:—

‘My tastes are not the same as the King’s—he cares only for hunting and tradespeople’s work. You will allow that I would not look well in a forge; I would not play the part of Vulcan, and that of Venus might displease him more than my ordinary pursuits, which he does not blame. . . . You have perhaps heard of the audience I gave the Duc de Choiseul at Rheims. So much has been said about it that I daresay old Maurepas has been afraid to go to sleep in his own house. You will readily believe that I did not see him without mentioning the matter to the King; but you would never guess the arts I employed not to seem to ask leave. I told him that I wished to see M. de Choiseul alone, and that my only difficulty was the day. I played my part so well that the poor man settled himself the time. I think I made good use of a lady’s right in this affair.’

The conjugal relations of Marie Antoinette at this period bring out, in a word, all that was least gracious and fair in her character. Having completely mastered Louis XVI.—her

mother, however, it should be said for her, and Mercy left nothing undone, we have seen, to encourage her to obtain this ascendancy—it was inevitable that, in the existing condition of France, her authority would be felt in the State. Her power in the effete despotism, which was then the Government, became supreme; and through her influence over the King and ministers, who did not venture to cross her purposes, she, in a great measure, directed the monarchy. Thus she dismissed Aiguillon at a moment's notice; and it may be observed, this was against the wish of the Empress-Queen and of Mercy, who had their own reasons for keeping in office an incapable and complaisant courtier. Mere personal motives guided her conduct:—

‘I am quite convinced that, owing to her inability to conquer her spite, the Queen alone has caused the retirement of the Duc d’Aiguillon. But for this he would have remained in office, as I could clearly prove. The King had made up his mind to keep the minister a good time yet; it was only upon the pressing and repeated instances of the Queen that he was sent away. No doubt this shows how great is the influence of the Queen, but I much regret the use she made of it on this occasion; first, because her conduct was dictated by a spirit of revenge, and secondly because her animosity did not yield to the reasons placed before her in your Majesty’s interests.’

Louis XVI., strange to say, had the firmness to refuse to reinstate Choiseul in power—he believed that the duke had caused his father’s death—even at the bidding of Marie Antoinette, who in this instance, too, did not please her mother. But she evidently had a commanding influence in the administration of the veteran Maurepas:—

‘The Queen ought to have the two or three principal ministers of the King devoted to her; these personages should be attached to the Queen through the protection she affords them. The present conjuncture is favourable to this project. The Comte de Maurepas, and MM. Turgot and de Malesherbes, especially the two last, are most willing to put themselves at the disposition of the Queen. . . . The respectful and attentive attitude of the ministers towards the Queen is the most conclusive proof of the ascendancy this august princess has over her consort, and this ascendancy is continually increasing.’

Though Choiseul, too, remained out of office, his following, the Besenvals and others, had much influence through the interposition of the Queen:—‘The Queen is at this moment besieged by the partisans of the Duc de Choiseul, who are acting badly and making use of the power they enjoy for their own personal ends. . . . The Baron de Besenval is one of the great agents of this faction; he is still in favour with the Queen, and I shall try to lessen this inconvenience.’

As for the manner in which the Queen used the authority she had made her own—the character of her rule in a word—it comes out fully in these volumes. Mercy, like Mirabeau and Barnave, tells us that the character of Marie Antoinette was strong, and that naturally her intellect was acute and clear. But she was so impulsive that her resolves were usually vehement and unwise caprices; she was so ignorant and untrained in affairs that she seldom looked below the surface of things, or formed a mature judgment on any subject; and her talents were marred and made worse than useless by these conspicuous and dangerous faults. Being such, it is hardly necessary to say that, at this period, she had no fixed views as to the government of France or the state of the monarchy; and there is not a trace in her of the political insight which distinguished her far more profound parent. She held, indeed, to the alliance with Austria, but for family reasons, and from mere habit, not from a perception of its true bearings; and she, perhaps, favoured the American cause, chiefly, it is said, because M. de Lafayette happened to stand well, at the time, in her graces. In fact, politics were with her a game for the gratification of personal wishes; and, apart from the advantages she derived from it, she looked on government as an affair of royal inclinations, tastes, and caprices. This is evident from a hundred passages in this work. We have seen why she dismissed Aiguillon. This is her own account of the dismissal of another minister, who, though in no sense a capable man, had been fifty years in the service of the State:—‘We have at last got rid of M. de la Vrillière. He is somewhat hard of hearing, but at last understood that it was time for him to go, for fear the door would be shut in his face.’

The mere acts of power of the Queen at this period, and her attempts to direct the course of politics, had not perhaps entirely bad effects. She made, however, one immense mistake, and the consequences were disastrous to herself and to France. In 1774–5, Turgot became virtually chief minister; and, as is well known, the reforms proposed by that great man were perhaps the last of the sibyl’s leaves for the purblind court. Marie Antoinette, however, more than anyone else, contributed to the fall of this true statesman; it is melancholy to read Mercy’s account, and to reflect how much turned on this mere display of caprice:—

‘The Controller-General, aware of the hatred the Queen has for him, was mainly influenced by this reason to quit his post. The Queen had intended to obtain from the King not only that Turgot should be dismissed, but that he should be sent to the Bastille; and the strongest

representations were necessary to check the effects of her anger. As the Controller-General had the highest reputation for probity, and was generally esteemed by the people, it is unfortunate that his retirement is due, in part, to the Queen.'

The secret influence of the Queen, besides, in the Government was extremely hurtful. We have already referred to the manner in which she gorged favourites with the wealth of the State; suffice it here to say that, under her auspices, abuses of the same kind were frequent, even in the highest posts of the monarchy. The Queen caused the King to make or change intendants and governors of provinces as she pleased; admirals of her selection controlled the fleets; generals passed from her boudoir to the station or the camp. The following is one only of a hundred instances of this mischievous corruption of the public service:—

'At the request of the Queen, the King had promised the staff of a marshal to the Duc de Fitz-James, who had no title to such a distinction on account of eminent service. When the King brought the appointment under the consideration of the Council, the Comte de Mury made a formal objection, reminding him of the number of general officers who by seniority and service had a prior claim. The King, much surprised, declared that he would not fulfil his promise. The Duc de Fitz-James, however, who had been apprised that his expectations would be realised, was in waiting in the ante-chamber of the council-room, in order to make his acknowledgments in person. Loud complaints were heard in the circle of the Queen when the result of the decision of the Council became known; the King thought he could set it at rest by nominating seven marshals at the same time, the Duc de Fitz-James being one; but the public was astounded at this indiscriminate promotion, which was not justified by the merits of the officers selected. Many satirical songs were made about the new marshals; the most popular was one which compared them to the seven capital sins.'

A remarkable letter of Joseph II. in these volumes contains this opinion of the Emperor on the conduct of the Queen with regard to the King and affairs of State:—

'Why have you taken upon yourself, my dear sister, to dismiss one minister, to cause another to be sent to his country house, to obtain high office for this person or that, to secure for another a favourable judgment in a lawsuit, to create a new and expensive post at court, in fine, to discourse about public affairs and to employ language by no means suitable to your condition? Have you ever put to yourself the question, by what right do you mix yourself up in the business of the French monarchy? What have been your studies—what acquirements have you that can make you presume to think that your advice or opinion can be good for anything, especially on matters that require such extensive knowledge? . . . Give up all these petty intrigues;

have nothing to do with public business, keep away and avoid those who seek to involve you in it. Apply yourself earnestly to deserve the affection and esteem of the King; it is the duty of your station, it is the only interest you ought to possess.'

These volumes prove, too, that Marie Antoinette, in public and private life alike, was naturally domineering and proud, that a vein of imperiousness ran through what was really good and kind in her. We have already noticed the arrogant tone she could adopt to her submissive husband; and the same spirit breathes in passages in this work in which she glances at politics and affairs of state. The 'insolence,' in fact, which was laid to her charge by critics like Madame Roland and others, comes out plainly whenever she thinks the divinity of kingship even remotely touched; and national aspirations and the popular voice were regarded by her with indifference or contempt. Thus, when still a child, she approved with glee the *coup d'état* of Maupéou and Terray, as, when queen, she approved the violence of Brienne; thus she peremptorily ordered the 'immediate suppression' of 'libels' which 'dealt with public affairs,' just as, years afterwards, she wished to put down the 'mobs of Paris,' which had sacked the Bastille; thus she dismissed Turgot, although she knew he was backed by the public opinion of France, just as in 1789 she dismissed Necker, and would have brought the States-General summarily to a close. Such sentiments were, no doubt, those of more than one sovereign of the eighteenth century; but they were very characteristic of Marie Antoinette; and they were congenial to her proud nature in whatever degree we may ascribe them, to the associations of her life, and a faulty training. One other defect, too, in this singular woman was a habit of playing a part when it suited her purpose, which could even deepen into dissimulation. Maria Theresa often dwelt on this fault, which she thought more dangerous than any other:—'She can cleverly give a plausible turn to things, even at the expense of truth. . . . I fear that she is not sincere. . . . She is self-willed, and determined to carry her point in every thing; very capable of dissembling, and of going her own way in spite of remonstrances.'

This work supplies a remarkable instance of the occasional double-dealing of Marie Antoinette. The Comte de Guines, one of the Choiseul following, had fallen into disgrace through the arts of Aiguillon; and though he had been acquitted in a trial in which the Queen secretly interfered for him, he was nevertheless out of favour at Court. In 1776 he lost the embassy to St. James's; and Turgot and Malesherbes who thought ill

of him, recommended, it would appear, his removal from the post. This aroused the resentment of the Queen, but she took care to keep her counsels to herself; hardly deigned to notice M. De Guines at Versailles; and was to outward seeming all smiles to Turgot, until she had wrung from the yielding King a patent that made De Guines a duke, and had compassed the fall of the great minister:—

‘The power which the King has bestowed on M. de Guines in making him a duke is the work of the Queen. This Princess has conducted herself in the affair with a secrecy and a skill beyond her age. She did not say a word to M. de Guines in public during all the time; it was thought she had given him up. Yet, all of a sudden, a striking proof appears of her paramount influence; there can be no longer a doubt of her power over the King. . . . She had insisted on the dismissal of Turgot on the same occasion.’

As we read this, we are obliged to recollect how the Queen acted at a very different time; how she endeavoured to turn the Revolution back by finesse, intrigue, and arts of the kind; how she spoke smoothly to Barnave and others, while she beckoned to Austria across the Rhine.

The manner in which the Queen ruled the King and France was another cause of offence at Versailles; more especially as this line of conduct was supposed to have been laid down at Vienna. We see in these volumes what discontent she provoked even upon this ground alone; and it is very remarkable with what misgivings her mother surveyed her splendid state. Over and over again Maria Theresa wrote deliberately to Mercy that ‘her daughter was lost,’ if she went on in her ill-judged ways; over and over again she declared that a sad future was opening for her ‘beloved Antoinette.’ The following letter, written upon the news of the death of Louis XV., shows that, even at that time, the Empress-Queen had dark forebodings as to the destiny of her child:—‘I am deeply affected by this intelligence, and still more so when I reflect on what may be the lot of my daughter. She can only be at the height of greatness, or very unfortunate. The situation of the new King, of his ministers, and of France herself, is not reassuring; she, too, is very young; has never applied herself to business, will never do so except with great difficulty. Her days of happiness I consider gone for ever.’

Such was Marie Antoinette in the flower of her youth, while she basked in the summer sun of life before the tempest gathered in darkness around her. She had some amiable and good qualities; her intellect, had it been properly trained, was above the ordinary level of her sex; she was not incapable of

firm resolves, and we discredit what a thousand slanderous tongues have said of her good name and her conjugal faith. But she was, not the less, that unpleasing contrast, a fair woman with little discretion; and, while with a disposition almost untutored, she was impetuous and light in thought and act, nature had made her somewhat imperious and hard, fond of self-indulgence and eager for power. Sent, as she was, from Vienna while still a child, placed in the perilous sphere of Versailles, and with the associations that surrounded her life, it is not surprising that, with such a character, she should have committed many and grievous errors; that she should readily have listened to Austrian counsels, should have launched giddily into wild extravagance, should have scorned old ways, and become the centre of a circle of favourites and bad flatterers, should have fashioned to her will a feeble husband, should have rashly meddled with affairs of state, and have acted recklessly in this position. To judge Marie Antoinette fairly, even at this period of her career, we must consider not only her essential qualities, but the peculiarities of her situation in France; it is because they have not done this that so many French writers have been unjust to her; and when the examination has been rightly made, we find in her, indeed, much that is flawed and imperfect, many blemishes that offend the sight, yet much, too, that is really pleasant and attractive. Yet it is not strange that this ill-fated princess should have seemed almost a prodigy of evil to thousands among the generation of Frenchmen who had grown up to manhood in 1789. It was the singular misfortune of Marie Antoinette that she made numerous and unrelenting enemies in almost every sphere where opinion was formed; and the reports against her which spread from Versailles, especially as her own conduct gave colour to them, were eagerly caught up in the observant capital, and thence penetrated far into the nation. What must have been the feelings of the better class of Frenchmen when they heard that a light and designing woman was making France a mere tool of Austria, was keeping the King in a state of bondage, had blighted the hopes of the realm by dismissing Turgot? What must Marie Antoinette have seemed in the eyes of those who, week after week, read that her lovers rioted on the public wealth, and that her life was a round of gilded sin, and who could note how this fine lady made herself superior, as it were, to Royalty, trailed its state through the mire with gay insolence, exposed its weaknesses to the prying multitude? What must have been the thoughts of the starving crowds which gathered in the streets and ways of

Paris, when they were told that what would relieve their misery was wasted by a crowned harlot at Versailles, when they beheld the Queen parading her state indifferent apparently to their life of misery? We cannot wonder, therefore, that Marie Antoinette should have been a name of evil in France, even before 1790-3; and it is less strange, perhaps, that ever since, she has found numerous censors in French opinion. To those who have no part in the fortunes of France, to whom her annals are merely a stirring drama, the heroism of the woman in the hour of trial, and her constancy in enduring affliction, may seem to efface her many faults; and in their eyes a tragic and cruel death may transform her into a suffering martyr. But the French people cannot lightly forget the part played by Marie Antoinette in what was for them a crisis of fate; they have rightly judged that she passionately opposed the Revolution, even in its just changes; they know that the very virtues of which she gave proof made her but a more dangerous and powerful enemy. What, too, we will add, would have been the verdict of history on her had the Queen won the terrible game she most certainly played—had a Holy Alliance of armed despots restored the old monarchy by mere brute force, had Brunswick handed her back a crown amidst the ruins and blood of a sacked capital?

Other members of the Royal Family of France pass life-like before us in these volumes. The undignified form of Louis XVI. shrinks behind that of his illustrious consort; and his awkward manner, his sullen ways, his tastes for mere mechanical crafts, his immoderate passion for the chase and the gun, make up a character that does not please. Yet there was real good in that dull exterior. Mercy tells us, in a number of passages, that the King had much good sense and intelligence; he was diligent in business, simply good, and scrupulous, and frugal in his own habits. At heart he was sincere and honest, as numerous anecdotes in this book show; and it is melancholy to reflect how, in his case, the vacillation of weakness was mistaken for guile. Marie Antoinette repeatedly wrote of him thus:—‘The more I see of the three brothers, the more I am convinced that had I to choose between them I should take the one whom Providence has given me as a husband. His character is truthful; although his manner is awkward, he is to me all attentions and kindness.’ Mercy, too, ascribes to him the like qualities:—‘Under a somewhat rude exterior, he seems to be frank, decided, regular in his habits, and inclined to do all the good in his power. This is

‘the estimate generally made of him, and I believe it to be correct.’

Many passages in these volumes attest also the kind heart of the unfortunate King. He became only a too uxorious husband; and there is something very touching in the wistful tenderness he felt for his exacting wife, in his attempts to join in the gay vanities which he evidently disliked and thought wrong, and above all in his anxious solicitude to stand between the Queen and the shafts of slander which he well knew were directed against her. Of his political views we see little in this work; but whatever we find confirms the conclusion that he was a well-meaning and just-minded prince, not opposed to reforms in some degree, though fettered by the traditions of Divine Right, and without the insight needed to perceive what really was the position of affairs, and what the true requirements of France. These good qualities were, however, marred by a weakness of character which, at some conjunctures, amounted almost to imbecility. We have already noticed how he was completely subjugated by Marie Antoinette; the thralldom continued to his last hour; and it was this fatal submissiveness that sent him upon the paths that ended in ruin and death. How abject and thorough that submission was we see from glimpses of life like these:—

‘The Dauphiness scolded the Dauphin for his immoderate love of hunting, which injured his health, and on the air of carelessness and negligence in his appearance, which was the result of this pursuit. The Dauphin thought he would shorten the sermon by retiring to his own apartments; but the Dauphiness followed him and continued to explain rather angrily all that was objectionable in his habits of life. This language so moved the Dauphin that he began to cry. . . . The King is even an obstacle to the Queen’s making a change in her ways; his compliance with her wishes amounts to submissiveness; his manner to her is that of the most attentive courtier; nay, he is the first to treat with marked distinction the companions of the Queen, though it is well known he bears no love to them.’

The characters of the brothers of Louis XVI., the Comte de Provence and the Comte d’Artois, each his successor in a very different age, are fully delineated in these volumes, but nothing that is new appears in them. The Comte de Provence was an ambitious schemer—the King once slyly called him *Tartuffe*—smooth in manner and language, but very insincere; he was bitterly disappointed when the birth of a dauphin placed a bar between him and the throne he had hoped for; and there can be little doubt he gave the worst turn to the scandals of Versailles respecting the Queen. The Comte

d'Artois, a mere trifler, a butterfly, sporting in summer sunshine however near was the thundercloud, was a being of a very different kind; as we have seen, he was chiefly noted for his frivolous pursuits, his petulance, and his unbecoming follies. One anecdote about him strikingly shows the levity and insolence which he displayed in common with many of the young seigneurs of the day; a royal duke who had tried the same jest in England would have been summoned before the next justice of the peace:—

'The Comte d'Artois has taken it into his head to pull down a country house in the Bois de Boulogne, and to rebuild it from top to bottom. It is to be newly furnished, and a fête is to be given there to the Queen. Everybody thought it absurd to attempt to finish such a piece of work in six or seven weeks; yet it has been done. Nine hundred workmen having been employed day and night. The most extraordinary part of the case is that, as there was a deficiency of materials, especially of stones, lime, and plaister, and that time was not to be lost in procuring them elsewhere, M. le Comte d'Artois gave orders that patrols of the Swiss Guards should search the main roads and seize every cart containing materials of this kind which they came across.'

Both of these princes thus, in different ways, contributed to shake the tottering throne. We catch but one glimpse of Madame Elizabeth: it is that of a winning and pleasing child:—'I begin to know my sister Elizabeth much better; she is a charming child. She is clever, decided in manner, and very graceful. When her sister went away she showed feeling that was beyond her age and really touching.'

These volumes tell us a great deal concerning 'Mesdames Tantes,' the daughters of Louis XV. We see from them that the Royal ladies did not escape the malignant scandals bred in the pestilent air of Versailles; but their lives appear to have been without stain; and we do not think they showed the envious dislike of Marie Antoinette which has been laid to their charge. They certainly opposed the Choiseul party; but this was from their Jesuit sympathies, and their regard for the deceased dauphin; and all that can be said against them is that now and then they displayed a touch of jealousy at being supplanted by a foreign bride, whose fresh charms warned them their day had passed. We obtain from this work an impressive view of the last years of Louis XV. as that degraded sensualist drew near his end. Louis was not wanting in sense or judgment; he had goodnature after his own fashion; and he had a notion that the France of Louis XIV. ought to count for something, even after Rosbach. We see from these pages how, now and then, he endeavoured to shake

off the lethargy of sin; how despising Frederick the Great as a 'cheat and an upstart,' he envied him his 'way of finding out everything;' how he intrigued to cross the imperious will of Maria Theresa when he thought her in the wrong. But his efforts to show himself a king were only fitful; he was incapable of any decided purpose, though not the dupe of flatterers who called him great; and, yielding to habit, yet without a zest for vice, he would plunge back again into the sty of dissoluteness from which he had for the moment emerged. Yet he was fully alive to his fallen state; he shrank from the sight of his own daughters; he shut himself up with Dubarry, indeed, gorged her rapacious following, and humoured her whims, but he felt ashamed at heart of the scandal; and, in the deference he showed to Marie Antoinette, he offered up the homage of vice to innocence. Conscience, too, pricked him among his joyless pleasures. 'I know I have reigned badly,' were the first words of his will; and he was often shaken by superstitious terrors. Mercy describes him thus soon before his death:—

'The King is growing old, and at times he appears to be brooding on his thoughts in secret. He stands alone, without help, without deriving consolation from his children; he can expect neither zeal nor attachment, nor fidelity from the strange medley of people who form his administration, his society, his companions. . . . He dislikes the importunities of the favourite and her set; for, strangely reckless and weak as he is, he nevertheless knows thoroughly his associates, and rates them at their proper worth. He allows himself repeatedly to yield to demands that only multiply ill-will and intrigue; but he is the very slave of habit.'

The death of Louis XV. has been often described; we quote from Mercy a few particulars of a scene which Tennyson might have had in his thoughts when he wrote the close of the 'Vision of Sin':—

'After being confessed the King sent for the Duc d'Aiguillon and spoke to him in a low tone of voice. It is said that he gave orders to keep Madame du Barry more at a distance; but he was more besotted about the favourite than could have been supposed. . . . It had been settled to tell him the nature of his illness, which hitherto had been kept from him. . . . The departure of the favourite was then resolved on; the Duchesse d'Aiguillon took her off in her carriage. . . . Immediately afterwards the confessor entered the chamber of the monarch to do his holy office; the excitement in the château then became intense. . . . A workman who closed up the leaden coffin, died within twenty-four hours, such was the state of the remains.'

The position of France as a Power in Europe is clearly indicated in this work. The State, whose history, Burke has

remarked, has been a succession of ' ebbs and flows,' was then at the extreme low tide of fortune; and after the disasters of the Seven Years' War, had, for the moment, all but completely lost its influence. At sea, France was kept down by England; on the Continent, she was dragged in the wake of Austria; and the nation that, in less than twenty years, was to dictate peace to a baffled world, was unable to make its voice heard on almost every question of European politics. It is curious to observe how Maria Theresa considered France as a convenient satellite; treated her ally with scarcely concealed contempt; and repudiated the obligations of the alliance while she insisted upon obtaining its benefits. Thus in the affair of the partition of Poland, in which France had a large traditional interest, she did not even consult the French ministry; and she had the assurance to excuse her share in the deed on the ground that French intrigue had conduced to it, and that France had not the means of affording her aid had she ventured on war with Russia and Prussia. When France, however, made, in her turn, a secret attempt to support Poland, the Empress broke out into a storm of wrath; declared that Austria was being betrayed by France, and that such a crime was beyond endurance; and took care to remind Louis XV. that England was supreme on the seas, and had been a powerful ally of her House. So, too, with characteristic boldness, she refused to fall in with the Family Compact, or to do anything for France in the American War, while she claimed the assistance of Louis XVI., though the King, we have seen, blamed the ambition of her son. With her obsequious ambassador, she took credit with herself for this one-sided and shifty policy by complacently dwelling on the weakness of France:—' France, owing to the inexcusable and unheard-of disorder she is in, has for the present reduced herself to a state of complete impotence; she has neither the will nor the power to give aid to any ally. . . . Notwithstanding the narrow range of his views the Duc d'Aiguillon cannot deceive himself as to the weakness of France. . . . He will be compelled to retrace his steps in consequence of the necessities of his position.'

Maria Theresa, however, and Mercy also, were not ignorant of the vast resources of France even in this eclipse of greatness, and we may recollect what power she displayed in our struggle with the American colonies. The following is significant:—' The nation is gifted with great and good qualities; the inherent resources of the monarchy are prodigious; and these things ought to be carefully attended to by any Power

‘that has to take France into account in its political combinations. . . . The abuses are enormous, but the elements of power are immense.’

We have already glanced at the wretched state of the government of France during this period. Despotic power was abused by rogues and favourites; the reins passed from the hands of feeble kings into those of corrupt or inexperienced women; the policy of the state was made to depend on palace intrigues or the taste of the boudoir; the strength of the realm was wantonly squandered; incapacity and folly stood in high places while an indignant nation held sullenly aloof. Mercy thus describes the condition of things when Louis XV. passed from the scene; it was not essentially better under Calonne and Brienne, though there had been an improvement upon the surface:—

‘The melancholy excesses of the King during the last four years of his life, have completely disgraced his reign. The state was in the hands of a vile favourite, whose relations and associates formed an assemblage of abject and degraded beings. France was literally enslaved under this yoke. Honourable people kept away and gave place to rascals of all kinds who peopled the Court; thenceforward there was nothing but disorder, scandal, injustice; everything was turned upside down; principle and the sense of right seemed not to exist; everything was let go by chance. The Government had no energy or life; the discredit which had fallen on the nation caused inexpressible grief and shame. . . . The monarchy, in a word, was in a pitiable state.’

In considering what Marie Antoinette was, we have also incidentally noticed the contemporaneous state of society in France. The extravagance and folly of the old *régime*; the frivolous license of those gay lords and ladies who, without duties in the state or at home, gave themselves up to a mere life of pleasure; the monstrous waste of that effete royalty, which sought to make up for its want of dignity by an outward show of its profuse magnificence, and by lavishing on courtiers the wealth of the nation; the tone of sentiment and thought at Versailles, where, in the corrupted air of despotism, intrigue and malice found their way to power, by murdering the good name of rivals, where calumny filled the place of opinion, and where profligacy rioted under graceful seeming; the moral perversion which was seen everywhere and which exhibited itself in such scenes as the reign of Dubarry and the Polignac clique—all this has been often described before;* but

* A good sketch of the social characteristics of the old *régime* will be found in M. Taine's new book ‘*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*,’ vol. i. bk. 2, chap. i.

perhaps nowhere better than in these volumes if carefully and intelligently read. It should be observed, however, that neither Mercy nor Maria Theresa take notice of several most important elements then at work in the social disintegration of France. They never allude to the intellectual forces which were sapping the existing order of things, or only class Voltaire with Dubarry;* they do not refer to the growing strength of a public opinion outside Versailles, keen, fierce, dangerous, bold, destructive, or do so in a mere cursory way; they scarcely touch on the wretched condition of the peasantry or the lower middle class, or glance at it with contemptuous pity; their ears are deaf to the distant moaning of sounds that are soon to break out in the tempest. Omissions like these are full of significance; they fall in with the views prevalent among certainly the large majority of those in high places at this period. The Empress, however, and her informant instinctively felt, as they cast their eyes at the unnatural state of things at Versailles, that there was something rotten in the condition of France, though they did not measure the extent of the danger or perceive the quarter whence it was to come:—

‘It is almost impossible to comprehend the disgraceful disorder of everything in this place. The throne is degraded by the shamelessness of the favourite and her partisans. Seditious cries are beginning to make themselves heard; the person of the sovereign himself is not spared by some writers; Versailles has become a seat of perfidy, malice, and revenge; intrigues and mere personal views direct everything. Every sentiment of honour seems to have left the spot. . . . My daughter, I fear, is going the way of destruction. . . . During two years I have felt the greatest uneasiness. I feel that I may yet witness great misfortunes.’

These volumes contain some curious details respecting the first partition of Poland. We have already noticed the selfish policy of Maria Theresa towards France in this matter; but unquestionably she regretted the part she had in a great national crime. The following is even more striking than the celebrated words which have been often quoted as expressing her fears and regrets on the subject:—

‘I do not understand a policy which lays it down as a principle that if two persons make use of power to oppress an innocent man, a third person has a right, on the grounds of provision for the future and

* The words of Maria Theresa are very curious; but, beside that she was *dévoté* and old-fashioned in her ways of thinking, she probably disliked Voltaire for his friendship for Frederick the Great. She calls Dubarry ‘contemptible,’ and Voltaire an ‘unhappy wretch,’ in the same sentence, vol. iii. p. 99.

present convenience, to imitate and commit a like act of injustice. . . I was always opposed to this iniquitous and unequal partition ; I could not bear the notion of an alliance with two monsters even at the risk of a war.'

The truth is that Frederick the Great was the real designer and author of the partition of Poland. With due deference to Mr. Carlyle, several of the documents he cites to excuse the King were carefully prepared by that astute personage, who was quite as apt in misleading opinion as others who have imitated him at the present day. The following is a sketch of Frederick the Great as he appeared, not only to Maria Theresa, but to most of the crowned heads of his time ; though a caricature it is very life-like ; and history will say that some at least of the qualities of the man have adhered to the policy of his House :—

'What reliance can be placed in him or in his word ? France has experienced this ; hardly a prince in Europe has escaped the effects of his bad faith ; and this is the personage who wishes to constitute himself dictator and protector of a united Germany ! And the leading sovereigns will not combine to prevent a calamity which sooner or later will overtake them all ! During many years his despotism and his violence have afflicted Europe ; he sets at nought every settled principle of right and truth, and laughs at treaties and alliances. . . . If he is permitted to add to his power, what a future will there be for our successors !'

There are several interesting passages in this book with respect to Turkey and the Eastern question, then just beginning to become formidable. The state of things in the East in 1777 had a certain resemblance to that which has been passing under our eyes for several months. Russia, with vast secret designs of ambition, had drawn Joseph II. into a hollow alliance, based on a 'settlement of the affairs of the Porte ;' Prussia, master of the situation as regards the Continent, had joined in the league for her own objects ; and the three Powers, united, sat watching each other ever meditating, without regard to France or England, how the heritage of the Sultan was to be dealt with. The partition of Turkey was considered, as it has perhaps been, on a recent occasion ; but, then as now, there was a wide difference in the objects and views of Russia and Austria ; and the nominal alliance soon fell to pieces. It is interesting to observe the conclusions of Maria Theresa upon this subject ; they are, in the main, those which have guided the conduct of every Austrian statesman worthy of the name ; and she entirely disagreed with her very inferior son :—

'The partition of the Turkish Empire would be a most hazardous

and dangerous enterprise on account of the probable consequences to us. . . . What advantage would we gain even though our conquests should extend to Constantinople? . . . It would be an event even more unfortunate than the partition of Poland, which I regret so deeply; far more useful to my formidable neighbours than to my realm. . . . Unless it cannot possibly be avoided, I will not be a consenting party to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire; and I hope our grandchildren will yet see the Turk in Europe.'

It is impossible to examine these volumes and not to feel that the French Monarchy had reached a period when a great change was at hand. No doubt the two personages who, so to speak, form the chorus in the drama before us, cannot interpret many of the signs of the times, and fail to perceive the true significance of much that was passing before their eyes. But as we study what they have left on record, by the light of events that were fast drawing near, the writing on the wall distinctly comes out, and in its characters we see despair and ruin. When a throne had ceased to inspire loyalty; when vice and levity were at the helm of the state; when a court had become a scene of evil; when the rulers of a people had no regard for it, and were indifferent to its wants and its intellect, in what could this moral confusion end but in the subversion of an order of things weighed in the balance of Providence and found wanting?

ART. III.—*Commentaries upon International Law.* By Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, D.C.L. Second Edition. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1873.

THE second edition of Sir Robert Phillimore's '*Commentaries*' contains a considerable amount of valuable additional matter bearing more especially on questions of international law, raised by the wars and contentions that have broken out in the world since the publication of the original work. Having on a former occasion discussed at some length the general principles and execution of this important book, we now propose to confine ourselves to a brief examination of a single question, on which Sir Robert Phillimore may justly be regarded as the latest authority and as the champion of the principles of maritime law which, down to a recent period, were maintained by this country and which were at one time accepted without question by all the maritime Powers. We refer, of course, to the rules of naval capture, which were in force until they were

modified in 1856 by the celebrated Declaration of the Congress of Paris. An attempt has this year been made by some members of either House of Parliament and by some public writers to impugn the policy of the British Government in that transaction, and to represent the changes to which the assent of this country was then solemnly given as the unauthorised surrender of belligerent rights, essential to the security and power of Great Britain. Mr. Baillie Cochrane and Mr. Butler Johnstone have taken the lead in this attack, and the former gentleman has already given notice that he proposes to renew it in the next Session of Parliament. But Parliament has hitherto had the wisdom to turn a deaf ear to these remonstrances and to avoid a debate which could hardly have redounded to the credit of our national good faith. For, as Lord Derby briefly remarked in the House of Lords, the principles established by the Declaration of Paris have now been accepted by this country for twenty years. If Parliament intended to pass a censure upon them and to repudiate them, the time for such an expression of opinion was when they were first adopted, and when the Ministers by whom they were adopted were ready to defend their conduct. Meanwhile we have not only adopted them ourselves, and led the world to suppose that we had adopted them, but we have (in pursuance of the terms of the Declaration) urged other States to adopt them. Several wars have occurred in the interval, during which they have been scrupulously respected by the belligerents, and we, as neutrals, have had the benefit of them. As to the form in which the Declaration was made, it is impossible to conceive any obligation of a more binding character than a formal and unanimous declaration of principles, bearing the signatures of the chief Ministers or Plenipotentiaries of all the great Powers in Congress assembled, and subsequently accepted by most of the Powers which were not represented on that occasion. The only important exception is that of the United States of America; but the American Government declined to accede to the Declaration, not because it is hostile to the principles embodied in it, but because it seeks to carry those principles still further, by securing to private property at sea in time of war immunity from naval capture. Indeed, we believe, that during the late Civil War, President Lincoln did offer to accept the Declaration of Paris; but it was then too late, because the belligerent rights of the old law were at that time exercised with disastrous effect against the Union by the privateers and blockade-runners of the Confederate States.

It appears to us, therefore, that the British Government is as

much bound by this Declaration as a State can be bound by any international engagement. For it must be remarked that this is not an engagement binding only as between this or that belligerent, which might upon a declaration of war be broken or set at nought, but it is an engagement subsisting between each belligerent and every neutral State which is a party to the Declaration. A breach of the Declaration by a belligerent, as for example, by an instruction to cruisers to stop and search neutral vessels on the high seas for the purpose of seizing enemy's goods, would justly be resented and resisted by every neutral Power. The Declaration is therefore not only morally and legally binding on every State which has agreed to it, but it has the most powerful sanction that can be given to any international engagement, namely, that every State in the world would be justified in opposing by force any infraction of it.

Sir Robert Phillimore has examined with his usual learning, and established beyond the possibility of doubt, the history of the doctrine 'free ships, free goods,' and its opposite, in the third volume of his 'Commentaries' (p. 302). It is indisputable that from the earliest recorded times, perhaps as long ago as the twelfth century, and certainly from the date of the *Consolato del Mar* and the *Black Book of the Admiralty*, it was the right and practice of belligerent cruisers at sea to stop and examine the papers of every vessel, 'and if anything of suspicion be found in such vessels that the goods therein doe belong to the enemies, the said vessels, with their masters and governors, as also the goods in them, shall be brought before the admirall, and if they be found there that they be honest merchants and friends without suspicion of colour, the goods shall be restored to them without damage, otherwise they shall be seized with their goods and ransomed as the maritime law doth will and require.'* For at least four centuries the right to seize enemy's goods on neutral vessels, and consequently to stop and search neutral vessels for that purpose, was the universal practice of naval warfare, except only in the cases in which this right had been waived by special treaty and privilege. It was the practice of France—it was the practice of Spain—it was the practice of England. France added to it the claim to condemn even neutral property when found on board an enemy's ship—a claim which this country always repudiated as illogical and unjust. 'I

* *Black Book of the Admiralty*, edited by Sir Travers Twiss, for the Collection of the Master of the Rolls, vol. i. p. 29.

'believe it cannot be doubted,' said the President of the United States on the outbreak of the French Revolutionary war, 'but that by the general Law of Nations the goods of a friend found in the vessel of an enemy are free; and the goods of an enemy found in the vessel of a friend are lawful prize.' The whole chain of authority in the books establishes this proposition, and it was, and is, perfectly competent to the Admiralty Courts of any State (not bound by special agreement) to take their stand upon so venerable a tradition. But there have been important exceptions. In the seventeenth century the Dutch, being the great neutral carriers of Europe, began to contend for the principle 'free ships, free goods.' They obtained a treaty with Spain in 1650, and another with France in 1662, containing this provision. England made the same concession to Portugal in 1654, and to Holland in 1667. It was embodied in the Treaties of Utrecht and in Mr. Pitt's Commercial Treaty with France in 1786. But, as Sir R. Phillimore justly remarks, in these treaties the maxim is acknowledged on particular occasions between particular States, but never propounded or established as one of International Law and universal obligation binding on the community of States.

Without entering further into the historical view of the question, we have said thus much to show that the old traditional law of the sea was unquestionably that to which the Declaration of Paris in 1856 is diametrically opposed. Our object is to consider which of these two systems is most consonant to the true interests of this country, both in peace and war. That is the real issue to which the question must be brought.

International law cannot be based upon a fanciful theory of the Law of Nature or the moral duties of man—neither can it be said to rest altogether on tradition, however venerable, for then it would be immutable, and we know that many abominable practices which were formerly sanctioned by the usages of war, such as the reduction of prisoners to slavery and the sack of towns, have now been abandoned: neither has it anything to do with municipal law, for it is altogether wanting in the sanction of a sovereign legislative will, to which municipal law owes its authority. But in the absence of a sovereign legislative will, there is no higher power or authority than the *consent* of the leading civilised Powers of the world. There is no greater mark of the progress of reason and civilisation than the fact that on many important questions, this consent has triumphed over national jealousies and particular

interests, and has established some few rules and maxims for the common benefit of humanity. We are firmly convinced that the propositions established by the Declaration of Paris are of this nature. We believe them to be sound and useful to all nations, but more especially to Great Britain. And though we do not at all dispute that an old law has been abrogated and a new law substituted for it, we regard the change as one of the most important steps made in this progressive age.

The objection which has been taken to the form in which this important change was made, on the ground that it was not made the subject of a Treaty and that the Declaration was not submitted to the ratification of Parliament, may be dismissed in a few words. A Treaty is a special engagement between the Powers signing it; a Declaration of all the great Powers in Congress assembled to establish a common principle is, if possible, more binding on them all. If we are not mistaken, the Armed Neutrality of 1780 was based on the Declaration of the Empress Catherine, and was not the subject of treaties. The same course was adopted at the Congress of Vienna to determine the right of navigation of rivers and the precedence of diplomatic agents. Nor was it necessary that the concurrence of the British Parliament should be obtained, except by laying the Declaration on the table of both Houses. The act itself lay undoubtedly within the prerogative of the Crown. The authority by which captures at sea are made is vested in the Crown, and the Crown determines, in time of war, the limits within which the right of capture is to be exercised. It may even be extended, as was done by the Orders in Council of 1808 and 1809, without the assent of Parliament. It may be restricted or waived, as was done on the outbreak of the Crimean War. The Declaration is in fact an engagement entered into by the Crown that in future wars the right of capture will be exercised in a particular manner and not otherwise. No doubt all the acts of the prerogative may, in England, be questioned, approved, or censured by Parliament. The Ministers of the Crown are responsible for them. But when no such censure has been expressed either at the time or for twenty years afterwards, it must be assumed that the assent of Parliament has been tacitly implied. The same may be said of all the engagements of the Crown with foreign Powers, except when they are of such a nature as to require municipal legislation to give effect to them. If an obnoxious engagement be entered into, the Minister who made it may be censured or even impeached; but the power of the Crown to

make any engagement with foreign Powers, without the previous assent of Parliament, is indisputable. We are therefore surprised that Sir Robert Phillimore should remark with amazement that this great change in the international relations of England should have been effected without the previous consent of Parliament. We know of no instance in which the previous consent of Parliament to a treaty or an engagement in the nature of a treaty has been either sought or obtained.*

It may now be convenient to refer to the text of the Declaration of Paris, and for this purpose we shall insert it in this place.

‘Declaration respecting Maritime Law, signed by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in Congress at Paris, April 16, 1856.

‘The Plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris of the 30th of March, 1856, assembled in conference,—Considering :

‘That Maritime Law, in time of war, has long been the subject of deplorable disputes ;

‘That the uncertainty of the law, and of the duties in such a matter, gives rise to differences of opinion between neutrals and belligerents which may occasion serious difficulties, and even conflicts ;

‘That it is consequently advantageous to establish a uniform doctrine on so important a point ;

‘That the Plenipotentiaries assembled in Congress at Paris cannot better respond to the intentions by which their Governments are animated, than by seeking to introduce into international relations fixed principles in this respect ;

‘The above-mentioned Plenipotentiaries, being duly authorised, resolved to concert among themselves as to the means of attaining this object ; and, having come to an agreement, have adopted the following solemn Declaration :

‘1. Privateering is, and remains abolished.

‘2. The neutral flag covers enemy’s goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

‘3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under enemy’s flag.

‘4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

‘The Governments of the undersigned Plenipotentiaries engage to bring the present Declaration to the knowledge of the States which

* Even treaties involving the cession of territory do not require the previous assent or confirmation of Parliament. This question has recently been elaborately argued before the Privy Council, and numerous examples were produced of cessions and exchanges of territory between the Crown of England and foreign Powers, both in time of peace and of war, without the concurrence of Parliament being asked or obtained.

have not taken part in the Congress of Paris, and invite them to accede to it.

'Convinced that the maxims which they now proclaim cannot but be received with gratitude by the whole world, the undersigned Plenipotentiaries doubt not that the efforts of their Governments to obtain the general adoption thereof will be crowned with full success.

'The present Declaration is not and shall not be binding, except between those Powers who have acceded or shall accede to it.

'Done at Paris, the 16th of April, 1856.

'(Signed)

'BUOL-SCHAUENSTEIN,
HUBNER,
WALEWSKI,
BOURQUENEY,
CLARENDON,
COWLEY,
MANTEUFFEL,

HATZFELDT,
ORLOFF,
BRUNNOW,
CAVOUR,
DE VILLAMARINA,
AALI,
MEHEMMED DJEMIL.'

We shall now proceed to consider what the effects of this Declaration are likely to be on British interests, first, when England stands in the position of a *neutral*, and secondly when she is a *belligerent*.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that of all the countries in the world England has by far the greatest interest in maintaining the independence of her mercantile flag in time of war, and the safety of the property afloat, whether under another flag or under her own. England has almost as many merchant vessels trading to every part of the globe as all the other maritime States put together. Her own property *in transitu* on the ocean is enormous. She also carries very large amounts of merchandise for foreign owners. Her colonies are scattered over every part of the globe, and the colonial trade and navigation is carried on, like that of these islands, under the British flag. It is therefore of paramount importance to us that, in the event of war, whether we are neutrals or belligerents, our commerce should be exposed to as little interruption, peril, and vexation as possible.

It must also be observed that the modern policy of England is to maintain, as far as possible, a strict neutrality when war breaks out between foreign States, unless her own rights and interests are attacked. As a matter of fact six wars have occurred in the last twenty years, during which British neutrality has been successfully maintained—the Franco-Austrian war of 1859, the Mexican war, the American civil war, the Danish war of 1864, the German war of 1866, and the Franco-German war of 1870. In each of these conflicts, it would have been competent to the belligerent Powers, but for the Declara-

tion of Paris, if they had thought proper, to exercise the ancient belligerent rights for which Sir R. Phillimore is disposed to contend, to arm and commission privateers, to stop and search every British vessel on the seas, to take out of them any enemy's property found on board, to intercept the service of our mail-packets all over the world, in the search for prohibited articles and correspondence (as the Americans did actually attempt to do in the case of the 'Trent'), and to inflict on us as neutrals an incredible amount of loss and annoyance. The state of war between two nations, however limited the theatre of the contest might be, as for example between Germany and Denmark, gave each of those Powers, under the old system, the right to pursue enemy's property all over the world, and to search every neutral ship in every sea in order to seize it. A single Danish cruiser in the Channel might have stopped every neutral vessel in search of German cargoes, and as the Germans had then no fleet, this mode of warfare might have been carried on with impunity.

The principle for which we have always contended in this Journal, in discussing these questions, is that war ought to be so carried on between belligerents as to interfere as little as possible with the undoubted right of neutrals to continue their ordinary commercial relations with both parties. But the application of what are termed the 'ancient belligerent rights' acts as a powerful and direct restraint on the most legitimate neutral trade. Suppose a state of war between France and the United States: a French cruiser would, under the old system, have the power of preventing a British neutral ship from carrying an American cargo of corn to Liverpool, and an American cruiser would equally have the right of taking a French consignment of silks or fancy goods out of a Cunard steamer on her way to America, because enemy's property was liable to seizure under the neutral flag.

It is not too much to say that war itself would be regarded by the British nation as far preferable to such a state of neutrality. In other words, do the champions of the 'ancient belligerent rights' suppose that we as neutrals should cheerfully and patiently submit to them? We are convinced that we should not. The belligerent Powers were too wise to try the experiment. They acted on the principles of the Declaration of Paris. In these six wars no attempt was made to interfere with neutral ships or commerce, except by blockade, and the stoppage at sea of contraband of war, and upon the whole, the world, but more especially this country, gained immensely by it.

Nothing is more certain than that the exercise of the 'ancient belligerent rights,' being as they were most onerous and intolerable to neutrals, had the effect of converting neutrals into belligerents, and of extending the area of warfare all over the globe instead of localising it. It would be easy to quote examples. In the heat of the American War of 1780 it was the exercise of 'ancient belligerent rights' which caused even the Dutch to go to war with us, which isolated us in Europe, and when Sir James Harris was supplicating Russia for her support, in not very dignified language, the answer he got was the Declaration of Armed Neutrality, which converted every State in Europe into an enemy. In 1812 the exercise of similar rights led to our rupture with the United States.

The duties and obligations of neutrals are sufficiently onerous, as we have found to our cost, even when this country was most anxious to maintain its neutrality by fulfilling them. But if the neutral commerce of this country were liable to be interrupted and overhauled, all over the world, by flights of privateers or belligerent cruisers, we are convinced that England, conscious of her own maritime strength, and having regard to her vast commercial interests, would say that such a state of things must be put an end to.

As neutrals then, we affirm, that this country gains enormously by the interdiction of privateering; by the rule that neutral vessels sailing under the British flag cannot be stopped or searched, as carriers of enemy's property; by the rule that British property found on board an enemy's ship is not to be forfeited, for although we never admitted that it was liable to forfeiture, some States of the Continent held the opposite doctrine, which they have now relinquished; and lastly by the limitation of the right of blockade to coasts watched by a force sufficient really to prevent access to them. This last point is not the least important: for blockade is a belligerent right directed especially against neutrals: it not only stops their access to ports, with which they might otherwise trade, but it renders all neutral vessels which can be convicted of an intention or attempt to enter such ports liable to seizure, thus inflicting on them some of the direct losses and evils of war. Can it be doubted that this country, being neutral, is the gainer by these concessions, and that it is our interest to maintain them? and if such is the advantage of them to ourselves, being neutral, can we in common justice refuse to extend them to others? The truth is that the old law of capture at sea was maintained in times when every naval Power was a belligerent, or expected to become so, and it was

imposed on the weaker States by the force of naval belligerents too powerful to be resisted. But the modern policy of nations has reversed this state of things. Maritime States of the first rank have proclaimed neutrality to be their rule of conduct. The United States of America have established it as the first principle of their foreign policy to abstain from interference in the disputes of Europe; and this country has so far adopted the same principle that it will not be led into war by mere theories of the balance of power, or by causes which remotely and indirectly affect our own interests. The real preponderance of maritime strength is now on the side of neutrals. In the present state of Europe there are far more chances that war will break out between some one or other of the foreign nations of the world than between any of those nations and ourselves. France has ceased to be our secular enemy and maritime rival; Germany, Italy; and Spain are our friends; and in proportion as the chances of war diminish, our national interest in maintaining the rights of neutrals is increased.

But, we shall be told, although the benefit of the new rules to neutrals must be conceded, it is too dearly purchased by the surrender of a right of great importance to belligerents, and especially to this country as the strongest naval Power. Mr. John Stuart Mill, strangely enough, took this view of the question. He termed the Declaration of Paris, in his speech delivered in 1871, '*the abandonment of our chief defensive weapon*, the right to attack an enemy in his commerce,' and he even seemed to conceive that this circumstance increased the danger of an invasion of our own shores. There seems to be here a strange confusion of ideas. The '*ancient belligerent rights*' may have been a powerful weapon of *offence*, though they were in reality more injurious to the neutral than to the enemy, but as a *defensive* weapon they were wholly inoperative. Commercial warfare might operate in the long run by injuring the trade of the enemy, and even by driving the trading flag of the weaker belligerent from the seas; but it could never be a weapon of direct aggression. The possible invasion of these islands, which Mr. Mill contemplated, must be the result of a powerful military and naval expedition, skilfully combined and suddenly executed. But such an expedition could hardly be affected in the remotest degree by the exercise of the right to seize enemy's property in neutral trading vessels. This country never ran so near a risk of invasion as in 1805, when Napoleon stood on the cliffs of Boulogne watching for Villeneuve's manœuvre; but at that moment the French merchant flag was driven from the sea, and '*ancient belligerent*

'rights' were exercised on neutral ships with unparalleled rigour. But we do not perceive that these facts contributed one jot to the defence of England. During the American Civil War the cruisers of the Confederate States inflicted great losses on the commerce of their adversary, from which it has not recovered to this day. But however inconvenient, and even disastrous, this predatory warfare might be, it did not retard by a single day the capture of Richmond, and it is admitted by M. de Gasparin, one of the warmest champions of the Northern States, that it produced no appreciable effect upon the results of the war. As a *defensive* measure it was wholly ineffectual.

We dismiss, therefore, the theory that the Declaration of Paris was an abandonment of any *defensive* weapon or right at all, for we presume that Mr. Mill did not mean to include among defensive weapons the right of arming privateers. In truth the Declaration relates to *offensive* rights exclusively. It has restricted the power of a belligerent to make war on the trade of an enemy, whether under his own or under a neutral flag. What we have now to consider is, whether this change would operate to the advantage or to the detriment of Great Britain as a *belligerent* Power.

We are equally at a loss to conceive in what manner the abandonment of the right to search neutral vessels for enemy's property has impaired our naval strength and power. Trading vessels under the enemy's flag are still liable to capture. In the Crimean War, what did we lose by the waiver of the right to stop Russian property in neutral ships? The foreign trade of Russia is too inconsiderable to affect materially the policy of a great Empire; and it was in fact carried on through neutral ports. Did this prevent the capture of Sebastopol, the exhaustion of Russia's resources, the defeat of her aggression on Turkey, and the conclusion of peace on our own terms? In the event of war between Great Britain and the United States, the superiority of the British navy might make itself felt by the blockade of the great American harbours or rivers, and by operations on the coast; but the right of searching neutrals and seizing enemy's property in neutral bottoms would have no appreciable effect on the issue of the contest, except inasmuch as it could be turned by a naval Power of inferior strength very much to our own detriment. It is by operations of war, properly so called, that naval war must be carried on.

Here we would remark, that it must be a political object of the first importance to every belligerent not to multiply its

enemies, but to maintain amicable relations with all the States not engaged in the contest. That was the principle on which the British and French Governments acted on the outbreak of the war with Russia in 1854: they at once waived the 'ancient belligerent rights,' because they knew that the exercise of such rights, though based on the tradition of the law of nations, would cost infinitely more than it was worth, and would probably have secured to Russia important allies, instead of leaving her isolated against the Western Powers. It would be easy to multiply examples. Suppose a war between France and Great Britain. In such an event it would be of the greatest importance to us to secure the neutrality of Italy. But if British cruisers claimed or exercised the right of stopping French cargoes under the Italian flag, it is easy to perceive how long that neutrality would last. We should soon find every port in the Mediterranean, except our own at Malta, shut against us. This, however, is a political argument: we now revert to the commercial grounds.

It is obvious, on a little consideration, that the injury which may be done in time of war to the commerce of an enemy is not to be measured by the naval strength of the attacking Power, but by the magnitude and importance of the trading interests to be attacked. In the American Civil War the mercantile interests of the Federalists suffered enormous losses from a few roving cruisers, which the superior naval forces of the Union had great difficulty in catching. The Confederate States suffered nothing in this respect, because they had no trade to be attacked. The arm used against them was that of blockade. There are many reasons which render the maritime trade of Great Britain the most vulnerable, as it is the largest in the world, and indeed because it is the largest; and were our navy of ten times the strength and numbers it is, our trade would still be the most vulnerable. An Australian shepherd who has 100,000 sheep, cannot protect them from accidents when scattered over an immense extent of country by keeping a large number of watch dogs; and however great the power of the British navy may be, it is impossible that 500 or even 1000 ships of war should protect trading vessels in every part of the world. No other country has the same amount of foreign trade, either by sea or land; and no other country attaches the same degree of importance to it. Those States which adhere closely to the prohibitive or protective system positively discourage foreign trade. They base their prosperity on the internal exchange of their own commodities. We, on the contrary, owe the enormous development of the

wealth of this country in the last quarter of a century to the almost unlimited adoption of the principle of commercial liberty and exemption from duties. To us, therefore, the importance of maintaining the freedom of our communications by sea is of far more importance than to any other nation. A recent writer on 'British Trade' in 'Fraser's Magazine,' who has traced with care the astonishing and rapid growth of our commerce and shipping in the last forty years, informs us that the total value of the trade of England in 1873 was 682,292,000*l.*, of which 371,290,000*l.* were imports exclusive of bullion. In 1840 we had only 9,610 vessels engaged in the home and foreign ocean trade with a capacity of 720,000 tons. In 1874 that total had risen to 20,900 vessels of an aggregate capacity of 5,900,000 tons. If we were to go back sixty years, to the termination of the war in 1815, the augmentation would be at least tenfold: and to this must be added the trade of the British colonies. This vast exchange of commodities, on many of which we depend for existence, is at once our chief strength and our vulnerable point. Everything that tends to keep the channels of trade open is in our favour; everything that tends to close them is a national injury. No other State is in this peculiar position, because all other States have open communications by land as well as by sea, and are less dependent than Great Britain on foreign supplies of food and raw material. *All* the foreign trade of Great Britain and Ireland is maritime; in other words, everything must be imported to and exported from these islands by sea, and therefore made subject to the laws, whatever they may be, of maritime warfare. The States of the continent of Europe are all now placed in easy communication with each other and with neutral ports by a network of railroads. The internal lines of communication are complete; to them, therefore, the external or maritime lines of communication are become of secondary importance. Even in the event of a general war, if Belgium, Holland, and Denmark maintained their neutrality, the ports of those countries would become the continental depôts for the produce of the globe. This same cause has materially diminished the utility of the right of blockade, as a means of crippling the trade of an enemy. The blockade of military ports may be useful to prevent the egress of vessels of war and to intercept contraband of war. But the blockade even of great inlets like the Elbe, the Weser, or the Seine, would simply have the effect of turning the course of trade to the Scheldt or the Maes. In 1854 we blockaded the Baltic coast of Russia, but her produce was exported just as

freely from the Prussian port of Memel. Naval operations can never destroy or materially check the commerce of those States, whose trade is not maritime but territorial.

Upon the outbreak of the Russian War the French Government proposed to the Government of Great Britain the revival of the old system of commercial warfare, by which the produce of an enemy's territories was strictly excluded, certificates of origin were required to attest what was called the 'innocence' of cargoes, and licences were granted to allow the partial introduction of so much of this produce (of course at an enhanced price) as might be necessary. These antiquated notions were no doubt a lingering remnant of the policy which dictated the 'Continental System' of Bonaparte; but we ourselves were not free from them, for by our own law 'trading with the enemy' was regarded as a wrongful act, which had some penal consequences. These questions were referred in 1854 to the consideration of a Committee of the Privy Council, of which Dr. Lushington and Lord Kingsdown were the most distinguished members; and by the advice of that body all attempts to impose restrictions on the produce of the enemy or on his indirect trade were abandoned. The French Government yielded to the force of the arguments employed, and gave up their certificates of origin and their licences. For it was apparent that this restrictive system would be at least as injurious to the belligerent applying it as to the enemy to whom it was to be applied. Take the most signal example of the kind—the Continental System itself—can it be doubted that it occasioned even more suffering, impoverishment, and exasperation to France and her subject nations than it did to England? Commercial warfare was carried at that time to its extreme legal limits and beyond them. It was the cause of great evils to both parties; but we doubt if it had any effect on the ultimate results of the war, except by the intense irritation caused by it. It used formerly to be supposed that you could injure the trade of a foreign nation, and at the same time secure or even improve your own. But this fallacy has now been totally exploded. You cannot destroy or interrupt one of the factors of the trade of the world without causing a general perturbation and injury; and that injury must be most severely felt by Great Britain, because her mercantile relations with foreign countries are on the largest scale, and she is more dependent than any other State upon them. The population of these islands could not exist without the broadest freedom of trade. It is no use to disguise or overlook a fact which is notorious to the world. We are dependent on maritime trade for a

considerable proportion of our food, for corn, for meat, for tea, and for wine. We are dependent on maritime trade for cotton, silk, and wool, the staple of our textile manufactures. The only mode of hostility which would be seriously alarming to this nation would be a combination of States to cut off our supplies and interrupt our communications. Therefore, we say, the principles of commercial freedom, both in war and peace, are essential not only to our well-being but to our defence. The maritime strength, which is our trust and our boast, is itself nourished by the prosperity of the community. England owes her success in war mainly to her power of endurance. All war is a process of exhaustion. The belligerent who is exhausted first must yield to the enemy. England cannot expect to rival the armed millions of Continental Europe; but she could carry on war until they found their armed millions an intolerable burden.

The essential condition of her endurance and her power is that her maritime trade should not be seriously interrupted and impaired. In former times it was possible for the merchant fleets of England to sail under convoy. The number was small. The sailing vessels were similar in character. The voyages were periodical. But all that is changed. Where are you to find convoys for 20,000 ships? The whole earth is now intersected with myriads of lines of communication, like the movements of multitudes of men across an opening in a large city. Swift steamers, carrying mails and merchandise, are traversing every sea. Whole navies would not suffice to guard and protect them from the possibility of attack. The material difficulty of sailing in convoy and defending unarmed ships is greatly increased, as has recently been pointed out in the daily press, by steam navigation, and by the power of throwing shell from small vessels at long ranges. A mere gun-boat—one of the gadflies of the ocean—could, with a single heavy gun, inflict incalculable mischief on a fleet of thin-built iron steamers under convoy. Sailing vessels must be discarded altogether, for they would be at the mercy of an enemy under steam. Moreover every part of the line or course of navigation must be equally protected, as the enemy can choose the point most favourable to his own attack. Much stress has been laid of late on the importance to this country of keeping open the navigation of the Suez Canal in time of war; but the passage of the canal would itself become useless to us, unless we could send our merchant vessels in safety from the coast of England to the port of Pelusium. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Such a voyage

must be extremely dangerous to the belligerent flag of any nation, if, for example, France or Italy were hostile Powers. No doubt in time of war the merchant flag of any belligerent Power must be endangered and must suffer, whatever be the strength of that Power; because, as we have already observed, the smallest State without a mercantile marine (like the Confederate States of America) can wage war with disastrous effect on the mercantile marine of the greatest naval Power. But as, for the time, the unarmed navigating ships of a belligerent must suffer, and can only sail under high rates of war insurance, which place them at a disadvantage with the competing neutral, we do not hesitate to express our conviction that in such an event it would be in the highest degree advantageous to the general interests of this country that her trade should be carried on under the neutral flag. Protection to the neutral flag means protection to the general interests of commerce; and without the neutral flag we very much question whether maritime commerce can now be carried on at all in time of war.

Nothing can be more fallacious than to reason from the state of things which prevailed from 1805 to the end of the war, when, by the successive destruction of the Dutch, French, and Spanish fleets, England found herself literally mistress of the seas. That was the result of a combination of circumstances that can no more occur again than the French Empire under the first Napoleon. The United States were then in their infancy. Russia, Austria, Germany, Italy, were scarcely known, or not known at all, as maritime Powers. But if England were as omnipotent on the seas as she was at the close of the war in 1815, we should not the less contend that the true policy for her to adopt is that of the Declaration of Paris. The injury she could inflict by the most vigorous application of 'ancient belligerent rights' to any foreign belligerent and to the neutrals of the world is incomparably less than the injury which the same principles would inflict upon herself. The old system is a double-edged weapon, of which the keener blade is directed against our own commerce; and if the rights of war were carried to the furthest length, so that we were able to sweep every belligerent and every neutral from the seas, the result would be to none so fatal and so ruinous as to ourselves.

One of the arguments used by Sir R. Phillimore in opposing the change of 1856 is that it will tend to prolong wars, by leaving the commercial resources of the hostile Powers untouched. But to this we reply that it is the interest of

England to prolong a war, if unhappily she is engaged in one, until she has accomplished the object of it and reduced the enemy to terms. She has not the vast armies or material of war of foreign Powers. She lives on a peace establishment, if, indeed, such a thing can be said to exist at all in Europe. It is proverbial that it takes this country some time to put forth all her strength. Provided her internal resources fail not, and they are to a great extent based, as we have seen, on the security of her maritime trade, we have not the slightest reason to fear the result. The railroad system of the Continent affords to European belligerents unrestricted communications by land through neutral territory. That is an advantage to them which can only be compensated to Great Britain by unrestricted communication by sea under the neutral flag.

To this country, having by far the largest number of vessels on the ocean, it would no doubt be of advantage if private property and private vessels were not liable to capture at all: but that is a concession which has not been made; it forms no part of the Declaration of Paris; and though this principle has been advanced by the United States of America, it has not yet obtained the assent of the Powers of Europe.

These are, as we have reason to know, some of the considerations which moved Lord Clarendon and the Ministry, of which he was the organ and representative at the Congress of 1856, to adopt the principles of the Declaration of Paris. We have briefly repeated these arguments at the present time, because a new generation of politicians has now come to life who are less familiar with the question than the illustrious statesmen who then held office in England. Lord Palmerston was then at the head of affairs, a Minister certainly not second to any in his patriotic zeal for the belligerent rights of England, and it is an entire mistake to suppose that Lord Clarendon acted on a question of such moment, though it arose in the course of the discussions of the Congress and was not contemplated by his original instructions, without the full knowledge and concurrence of his colleagues. The British Government proceeded with due deliberation and foresight. They thought that the moment at which peace was restored between the great Powers and England was victorious was a favourable occasion to settle disputed points in the law and practice of maritime nations, when it could not be supposed that we were yielding to intimidation. They knew that in the event of the outbreak of another war, we must either agree, as we had done in 1854, to waive the ancient belligerent right of the seizure of enemy's property in neutral vessels, or be prepared to convert every

neutral maritime Power into a foe ; and if this was a concession on our part, it was accompanied by the abolition of privateering, which had been regarded as a weapon peculiarly available to weaker Powers against ourselves. Lastly, they were convinced that even if these ancient belligerent rights had been of a nature to be asserted and used without imminent danger to ourselves, they were rather mischievous than advantageous to the most commercial nation on the face of the globe, and that they would tend in the event of war to lessen and weaken our own resources far more than they could injure the resources of the enemy. Had the decision of the Government been attacked with more vigour than it was, these arguments in defence of the measure would doubtless have been more fully stated ; but, as Sir Robert Phillimore admits, the debate on the question languished for want of assailants, and Parliament almost tacitly acceded to the Declaration. At a much later period, and indeed quite recently, the wisdom of the measure has been more actively impugned ; but the attacks upon it have been so strangely mixed up with exaggerated and confused notions that it is difficult to discover how much of them is real. To suppose that the naval strength of Britain is seriously impaired by relinquishing one obnoxious mode of pursuing the commerce of an enemy in neutral ships—or indeed, to suppose that the naval strength of Britain consists at all in making war upon that commerce to which she owes her own subsistence—appears to us to be an absurdity on the face of it. We believe the principles of the Declaration of Paris to be perfectly sound and politic, both as regards our relations with foreign States and our own interests. We are confident that this country can never repudiate them as long as they are respected by others ; and should we be engaged in war with any foreign Power, we are equally confident that the naval power of Britain will not be found to have been lessened or impaired by the adoption of principles accepted by the rest of the world and in harmony with the changes and progressive spirit of our times.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney, &c.* By Sir FULKE GREVIL, Kt., LORD BROOK. London: 1652.
2. *A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney.* By H. R. FOX BOURNE. London: 1862.
3. *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney.* By JULIUS LLOYD, M.A. London: 1862.
4. *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney* (14th edition.) 3 vols. London: 1725.
5. *The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, with a Memoir* by W. GRAY. Oxford: 1829.

THE world looks with natural suspicion upon the reputation of a man equally illustrious for genius and for virtue. In its daily experience it does not find the greatest statesmen especially immaculate, the greatest poets free from sordid aims, and we are apt to regard as exaggerated statements the existence of such *lusus naturæ* in former ages. In many minds, the semblance of partiality in a recorded verdict is sufficient to create reaction, and predisposes them indifferently to ostracise an Aristides or rehabilitate a Henry VIII. and a Robespierre. But there are a few exceptional reputations that have not thus tempted the impeachment of posterity, and have withstood successfully 'the fierce light' of antiquarian research which has discovered blemishes on escutcheons long thought to be spotless. The immunity enjoyed by those of whom we speak is probably due to their abounding and transparent humanity. They have never assumed to be faultless, but, in a better sense than Iago's, carried their hearts upon their sleeves 'for daws 'to peck at.' The good in them has so plainly exceeded the evil that the enthusiastic praise of their contemporaries does not seem unreal, and they have been enshrined in the national Walhalla with scarcely a dissentient voice. Among such paragons Englishmen almost unanimously have numbered Sir Philip Sidney. Repeated biographies of him have appeared, all more or less marked by research, two of recent date being compiled from the ample materials in our public archives. Nothing of importance is henceforth likely to be discovered respecting his life or character, and the poet's prophecy as to the fame of a modern hero may be applied with still greater confidence to his:—

'Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.'

The eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, representative of a

knightly house, which traced its descent from a chamberlain of Henry II., and of Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland, Philip was born on the 29th of November, 1554, at Penshurst Hall, in Kent, which, pleasantly emparked on the banks of the Medway, still remains the family seat. As the playmate, friend, and ambassador of Edward VI., a firm Protestant, and son-in-law of the attainted Duke of Northumberland, Sir Henry Sidney could scarcely expect to retain the favour of such a monarch as Mary Tudor. It speaks as highly for her wisdom as for his integrity and loyalty that he continued throughout her reign to escape molestation on account of his faith, and to discharge important functions of state. Philip II. endorsed the goodwill of his consort so far as to bestow his name upon the Sidneys' heir, little foreseeing that the object of this honour was destined to prove, till death, his most determined opponent.

No records of the boy's precocity are extant. We first hear of him in 1564, when Sir Henry, who had been retained in his honours by Elizabeth, and subsequently deputed to the Presidency of Wales, entered him at the grammar school of Shrewsbury, within easy reach of his seat of government at Ludlow Castle. On the same day was entered Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, the boy's playfellow, the man's companion and biographer, who wrote as his own best epitaph that he was 'the friend of Sir Philip Sidney.' To him we owe a significant notice of Philip's pupilage, as having been marked by rare quickness of apprehension and gravity of manner. The youth's temporary delicacy of health is attested by a special licence to eat meat in Lent, which was procured for him a few years later by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His progress in study at the age of twelve appears from the receipt of a Latin and a French letter, acknowledged in his father's reply, dated 1566. Read beside the record of the son's life, the father's counsels have the semblance of prophecy:—

'Be courteous of gesture and affable unto all men. . . . Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamesfacedness than of your sad friends for pert boldness. . . . Tell no untruth; no, not in trifles . . . there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. . . . Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think that only by a virtuous life and good actions you may be an ornament to that illustrious family. . . . Farewell; your mother and I send you our blessings, and Almighty God grant you His; nourish you with His fear, govern you with His grace, and make you a good

servant to your prince and country. Your loving father, so long as you remain in the fear of God,

H. SIDNEY.'

A few lines are added by Lady Mary, 'in the skirts of 'my lord's letter,' admonishing her 'little Philip' daily and many times a day to study his father's precepts. In their tone of grave, tender affection these lines breathe very fragrantly of the Elizabethan home which was the cradle of an heroic nature.

In 1568 Philip matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, his tutor being Dr. Thomas Thornton, on whose tombstone that distinction is proudly commemorated. A passage of logic with Richard Carew (the future author of the 'Survey of Cornwall'), wherein the victory was awarded to young Sidney, is the only chronicled event of his career at Oxford. At Cambridge, where he afterwards graduated, he was noted, as Fuller tells us, for intellectual aptitude and purity of morals.

In May, 1572, a licence was obtained for him to travel abroad for two years with a retinue of three servants and four horses. During the summer he set out on the 'grand tour,' attaching himself to the suite of the Earl of Lincoln who had just been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court, with instructions to report upon the eligibility of the Duc d'Alençon, younger brother of Charles IX., as a husband for Elizabeth. He was not yet eighteen. Sidney embarked early upon that stormy sea of theological politics wherein he was destined to figure so gloriously. France, at the moment of his arrival, was recovering from the effects of a severe shock, and on the eve of experiencing a shock yet more severe. The long contest between the Catholics and Huguenots had just been terminated by the hollow treaty of St. Germain. A great tragedy had been projected by the former party, for the preparation of which a breathing-space was requisite. Preliminary steps were taken to lull suspicion. In pledge of reconciliation, the Queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici, and the young King had invited to Court Jeanne Queen of Navarre, her son Henry, her nephew Condé, and other leaders of the Huguenot party. The good Jeanne died shortly after her arrival, but her funeral knell was drowned in the chime that proclaimed the marriage of her son with Margaret, the sister of Charles. The arrival of the English embassy at this juncture afforded a new pretext for doing honour to the whole Protestant communion in the person of one of its representatives, and Sidney was selected as the recipient. A fortnight after he had been presented at Court, the King appointed him

a gentleman of the bedchamber. The duties attaching to this post brought him into contact with the bridegroom and his friend and secretary, Duplessis Mornay, with whom he ever afterwards maintained a personal friendship. Ten days later, the *dénouement* of the tragedy was ushered in at dawn on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24) by the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It gave the signal to bands of Catholic sharpshooters, who in all parts of the city entered the houses of the sleeping Huguenots, dragged men, women, and children into the street, and rained bullets upon their defenceless bodies. The list of victims in Paris alone numbered 5,000.

Whether by sufferance or good fortune, Sidney escaped the fate of his co-religionists, having taken refuge in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, the resident English Minister at Paris. When news of the massacre reached England, Leicester, fearful for his nephew's safety, sent off a message urging his immediate return, but Philip had either left Paris before it arrived, or, not sharing his uncle's alarm, preferred to pursue his journey. He did not run the risk of remaining in France, which became the theatre of renewed warfare, but made his next sojourn at Frankfort. Here, in the house of the printer Wechel, he became acquainted with another Protestant refugee, the Saxon diplomatist, Hubert Languet, illustrious for his virtue, his learning, and his enlightened views of theology and politics. With this sage, a man of thrice his years, Sidney entered into an almost filial relationship. Languet, who, in the course of a long public career, had mixed with men of the highest intellectual rank, regarded this boy of eighteen with unqualified admiration, discerning indications of a capability which need fear exclusion from no avenues of ambition. The close intimacy thus established enabled the elder without presumption to undertake the whole direction of the younger's education. It is curious to remark how closely Sidney followed his friend's counsel, not excepting its least palatable restrictions. His gratitude is characteristically expressed in one of the poems introduced into the 'Arcadia':—

'The song I sang old Languet had me taught.'

Languet having received a diplomatic mission to Vienna, Sidney accompanied him thither. At this 'metropolis of Eastern Europe,' which, owing to the stimulus of Moslem aggression, had become the central seat of Christian chivalry in the sixteenth century, he remained for some time, to perfect himself in the equestrian and manual exercises then held essential features of a gentleman's education. Amid these

employments he found opportunity both to cultivate his literary taste and to make observations upon the state of Continental politics. The deep interest which he already felt in the issue of the pending struggle between the Papacy and Protestantism is evident in the letters written to Languet after parting from him at Vienna.

From thence Sidney proceeded to Venice. Here, amid the freshly-glowing creations of Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese, the stately palaces and churches of Palladio, and the laborious products of the Aldine press, he spent a season of profitable delight. Both here and at Padua he actively pursued his studies and obtained that acquaintance with the Italian classics to which all his writings testify. With many of the distinguished men then resident at Venice he was personally intimate, and at the request of Languet sat to Veronese for his portrait. After visiting Milan and Genoa, he proceeded to Hungary and Poland. Returning to Vienna, he again put himself under the guidance of Languet, and after a visit to Prague, concluded his travels, arriving home in June 1575. According to the present system of education, a young English gentleman would still be in the upper form of Eton or Harrow at the age at which Sidney was making himself a name in Europe.

From several extant portraits which agree with the statements of Aubrey, Sidney's personal appearance at this period may be pretty accurately sketched. He was tall, shapely and muscular, with large blue-grey eyes, a long aquiline nose, hair of a dark amber tint, and full, sensitive lips, the slightly pensive expression of which was relieved by the decision of the jaw and chin. Attracting attention by its dignity and beauty, such an exterior was no unworthy index of the man's inner nature. Great intellectual activity, especially of the imagination, balanced by disciplined habits of reflection and forethought; quick emotions and warm passions, restrained by firm conscientious and religious convictions; these, when we regard his career as a whole, appear to be his leading characteristics. A man of his breeding and accomplishments would have been popular at any Court. At the Court of such a queen as Elizabeth, a woman in her prime, keenly alive to the charms of mental power and personal comeliness, he was doubly welcome. He was soon installed into that place in her regard which he never lost. Not aspiring to the dangerous position of chief favourite or the tender intimacy enjoyed by Leicester or Hatton, he was satisfied with that footing of graceful familiarity which could be sustained with honour alike to sovereign and subject, and which it had been well for Elizabeth's reputation had she

never suffered any to transcend. Though ordinarily lavish of endearments if of nothing more valuable, she bestowed upon him no more affectionate tokens than a lock of her hair in exchange for a copy of verses, and the appellation of 'my Philip,' in contradistinction to his namesake, Mary's Philip. The return which he made for them took the shape of costly New-year's gifts—a 'smock of cambric wrought with black 'work,' ruffs interlaced and set 'with spangles weighing four 'ounces,' and similar offerings which the fashion of the time demanded of all favourites. In their public relations he maintained an even balance between honour and fortune, not forgetting that he was an Englishman first, a courtier afterwards. Of his ability the Queen made an early acknowledgment by accrediting him at the age of twenty-two as Ambassador Extraordinary to Vienna. His ostensible mission was to condole with the new Emperor Rudolph II. upon the loss of his father Maximilian, and to congratulate him upon his accession; but before undertaking this formal duty, Sidney stipulated for credentials which would enable him to use the opportunity for the advantage of the Protestant cause. A glance towards the 'burning question' of European politics at this period will sufficiently explain his object.

Spain, represented by the most formidable of tyrants and despicable of men, Philip II., then possessed a power which, armed with the terrors of the Inquisition, and wielded by the subtlety of Granvelle and the ferocity of Alva, offered a perpetual menace to every free State. In her organised conspiracy against liberty of conscience all over the world she was warmly supported by France under the dominion of the League. Already the Spanish King's attempt to force the Inquisition upon his subjects in the Netherlands had well-nigh proved successful; the gallant burghers having still to wade through a sea of fire and blood before the shore of freedom was gained. If they eventually succumbed, the remaining countries of Europe which upheld the principles of the Reformation could expect no better fate. It became, therefore, a matter of deep moment to ascertain the leanings of a neutral Power so important as Germany. Whether the new Emperor, who had been educated in Spain and was the King's presumptive heir, was disposed to abet or to hinder his schemes, and how far the co-operation of the minor Protestant States, few in number and divided by jealousies, might be relied upon in the event of war, were questions the propounding of which to uncertain ears demanded a shrewd and skilful tongue. In entrusting one so young as Sidney with this delicate mission, Elizabeth

and her ministers were doubtless actuated not only by their knowledge of his sympathies, but by the impression he had already produced of an ability to justify confidence.

Accompanied by a suitable retinue, which included his friend Fulke Greville, the Ambassador proceeded to Vienna in February 1577. His frank but deftly-woven expressions of regret, rejoicing, hope, and warning met with as satisfactory a response as perhaps could be expected from a monarch so politically embarrassed and personally weak-spirited as Rudolph. A similar mission to the Princes Lewis and Casimir, sons of the late Elector Palatine of the Rhine, was more successfully accomplished. The brothers, whose natural alliance had been sundered by differences of belief, the elder being a strict Lutheran, the younger a staunch Calvinist, were induced by Sidney's good offices to become reconciled, and a pledge of active help against Spain was obtained from Prince Casimir. The ambassador next received instructions to proceed to the Netherlands, which, guided by the dexterous patriotism of William of Orange, had recently thrown off the Spanish yoke and sealed its religious and political independence by the Union of Ghent. To him as its Stadtholder, then resident at Delft, Sidney was accredited. Elizabeth's temporising policy was at this time favourable to the Netherlands, and her support, moral if not material, at such a crisis was invaluable to them. William's reception of Sidney was worthy of both. The acute statesman, so unimpassive and self-conscious, was not slow to perceive or allow the ability of his visitor. 'I will 'pledge my credit,' was his message to the Queen, a year or two later, 'that your Majesty hath in Mr. Sidney one of the 'ripest and richest counsellors of state that live in Europe.'* A similar tribute of admiration, the greater in proportion to its reluctance, was rendered by William's skilful antagonist, Don Juan of Austria, the Spanish representative in the Netherlands, with whom Sidney had an interview at Brussels.

The Envoy's official letters to Walsingham, conveying the results of his mission, are state-papers of no ordinary interest, evincing the writer's breadth of political view and insight into character. He returned to England in June 1577, and resumed his place at Court, where he was soon appointed by

* Fulke Greville, who was the bearer of this message, forbore to deliver it by the express desire of Sidney, who, with equal modesty and prudence, preferred that any recognition of his merits should rather proceed from the observation of his own sovereign than be brought to her notice by another.

Elizabeth to the post of cup-bearer, which retained him near her person and necessitated his accompanying her frequent changes of residence. The life of a professional courtier, condemned to a tedious routine of ceremonial, and to the imputation of being a medium of ante-chamber gossip and back-stair intrigue, is about the last that we can conceive Philip Sidney desirous of leading. His correspondence with Languet attests how irksome was this monotony to his eager spirit. His near neighbourhood to the Queen at this period, however, was of essential importance to his father, whose impartial government as Lord Deputy of Ireland entailed on him bitter opposition from the powerful nobles over whom he was set in authority. Long accustomed to exercise almost absolute power, they ill brooked a just control, and denied his right to impose on them any share of the taxation which was assessed upon the rest of the nation. To their enmity, and the turbulence of the native Irish, which he had firmly and gently repressed, were added the reproaches of the English settlers in the Pale, whom he was striving to protect. Claiming that such protection should be gratuitous, they refused payment of a tax which had been immemorially levied for the support of the Deputy's household and garrison. His decided measures to enforce this equitable demand brought upon his head a torrent of invective. The accusations bruited in Dublin found their way to London, and there gained credence from persons of authority. Philip's advocacy of his father's cause was gallant and skilful. In an elaborate written defence he disposed of all the charges *seriatim*, and succeeded in clearing the fame of the accused without offending the judges or exasperating his opponents. Burghley gave his hearty support to the Lord Deputy's policy, and Elizabeth, who had construed his acts unfavourably, expressed herself convinced of her mistake. Philip's successful diplomacy on this occasion, for which Sir Henry's gratitude was warmly expressed, and the intimate relations into which he was brought with Burghley, Walsingham, Buckhurst, Knollys, and other men of influence at Court, made his presence there increasingly valuable. It was the same sense of paramount duty to his father's interests that induced him in the year following (1578) to decline Prince Casimir's offer of a high post in the Rhenish contingent, which was about to join the Protestant army in the Netherlands. His enthusiasm for the cause which he was thus reluctantly prevented from actively serving continued to be shown in his correspondence with Languet, and in zealous advocacy of the Huguenot petitions to Elizabeth for help against the League.

Trifles served to diversify these serious occupations. In May 1578, the Queen's visit to Wanstead House, in Essex, where Leicester magnificently entertained her, gave rise to Sidney's first literary effort. His masque of 'The Lady of the May' was written in her honour and performed in her presence. As was to be expected, the piece had no extraordinary merit. A tinge of grace in the sentiment and of delicacy in the humour is nevertheless perceptible throughout. Elizabeth, who is made the arbiter of a contest between two poetical rustics, a shepherd and a huntsman, for a coy nymph, is complimented with an elegance of flattery which must have favourably contrasted, even to so indiscriminating an appetite, with the grossness of ordinary court-bards. A mirthful sketch of a village-schoolmaster, who travesties the pedantic fashion of speech then recently introduced, to which the work of Lyly, published in the following year, has given the name of Euphuism, is the real 'hit' of the masque. In the abominable Latin ascribed to him there is an evident touch of burlesque, but the monstrous absurdity of his English is probably but little exaggerated:—

'I am, potentissima Domina,' (Rhombus thus addresses the Queen) 'a schoolmaster, that is to say a pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein, to my laud I say it, I use such geometrical proportion as neither wanteth mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described

"Parcare subjectos et debellare superbos."

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of these plebeians; for coming *solummodo* to have parted their sanguinolent fray they yielded me no more reverence than if I had been some *pecorinus asinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi: Verbus sapiento satum est*. But what said that Trojan Æneas when he sojourned in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas?

"Hæc olim memonasse juvebit."

At the very time of her feigned arbitration in an action brought in the Court of Love, Elizabeth was herself both judge and subject of a real contest. Among the many aspirants to her hand, Francis Duc d'Alençon, known since his brother Henry's accession to the throne by the title of Anjou, was the most acceptable to herself, the least welcome to the nation. Towards Leicester and Hatton she may have felt more tenderly, and given more substantial tokens of affection, but it is doubtful if she ever seriously contemplated marriage with either. The same doubts exist as to her intentions regarding all other claimants save Anjou alone. Coy and capri-

cious to the extreme, she as repeatedly consented as refused to gratify the nation by marriage, repeatedly indicated one of the candidates as the object of her choice, repeatedly transferred the marks of her favour to another, and finally rejected them in a body. For Anjou alone she manifested an inclination in the face of popular opposition, and carried it so far as actually to take up the pen for signing the marriage-contract. The grounds of the public dislike to 'Monsieur,' as the Duke was called, which induced her at the last moment to reject his suit, are sufficiently intelligible. He was a Frenchman, a Catholic, half Valois, half Medici, wholly false, cruel, and slavish. If some of these grounds may be set aside as insular prejudices, the evidence of history has justified the cogency of the remainder. Elizabeth and Protestant England had a happy escape from alliance with the traitor of the League and Huguenot wars, the tyrant of the confiding Flemings.

Persuaded that the match which Elizabeth had in prospect would prove injurious to the public interests as well as her own, Sidney ventured to use the advantages afforded by his social position and private intimacy in the service of both. Though he acted on the advice of counsellors to whom he was accustomed to look up, it was not a little daring in a youth untitled, comparatively unprivileged and unseconded, to assume the responsibility of conveying the popular sentiment upon so delicate a question to a high-spirited woman and a Tudor queen. His 'Remonstrance,' if originally delivered into her own hand, soon afterwards became public. With the plainest candour and the mildest courtesy, he succinctly expressed and justified the chief objections to her marriage with the Duke, urging the imprudence of gaining a husband's at the expense of a people's love, and pointing the argument with an illustration from her sister's reign that must have penetrated her mind with a home-thrust. It is impossible to determine how much weight the Queen attached to this expression of opinion. In questions of love, logic is proverbially put out of court. The national disaffection could not be disregarded with impunity; but not for some time longer was the Duke's eloquence exhausted, or her inclination completely mastered. The immunity from censure for his boldness which Sidney enjoyed bears sufficient testimony to the tact and temper of his language. For uttering the same sentiments in coarser words, John Stubbs and William Page were arraigned for libel and punished by mutilation.

A recent biographer, Mr. Bourne, endeavours to show that a temporary explosion of the royal displeasure, necessitating

withdrawal from her presence, was the consequence of Sidney's daring. The evidence for this, however, seems very slight. Lord Brooke, who, as Sidney's intimate friend, must have been well acquainted with the facts, attributes his retirement from Court to a private dispute with the Earl of Oxford, by whom a few months before he had been grossly insulted at tennis. This peer enjoys the reputation of being among the most splendid and most vicious of Elizabeth's courtiers. A De Vere, proud of his Norman and baronial blood, a courtier rejoicing in the hereditary office of Great Chamberlain and the acquired possession of royal favour, he doubtless looked down upon Philip Sidney as a man of inferior rank, whose pretensions to consideration on the score of talent and virtue were quite intolerable. Sidney had good reason for disliking him before any personal conflict took place between them. Oxford was the husband of Burghley's daughter Anne, who had been destined for Sidney himself when they were both children, and though the rupture of the negotiations had caused him no disappointment, his chivalric spirit must have been chafed to witness the neglect with which she was treated by the Earl. The Anjou alliance, moreover, of which Sidney was so sturdy an opponent, received the support of Oxford, who owed his present enjoyment of Elizabeth's favour to the address with which he flattered her inclination. His outrageous conduct on the occasion referred to, of which Lord Brooke gives a full account, was all that was needed to kindle dislike into animosity.

Sidney's cool, sarcastic bearing would have provoked a passage of arms, had not the Earl hung back until the Lords of the Council interfered, and the Queen, hearing of the affair, called the former into her presence. In whichever direction her personal bias may have leaned, her traditional policy was rigidly aristocratic. Her language, though conciliatory, accordingly betrayed a tone of reprimand. He was reminded that inferiority of rank involved obligations of respect which it behoved the inferior to keep in constant view. His dignified reply was that he held such obligations mutual, forbidding the superior to be discourteous and the inferior to be slavish. The Queen, if unconvinced, had the good sense not to be displeased. Feeling fortified by her support, however, the Earl and his friends contrived to render the Court atmosphere so oppressive that Sidney determined to withdraw. His presence there for a while was scarcely necessary or desirable. Sir Henry Sidney, having now left Ireland and returned to the Presidency of Wales, had less occasion for his services. Lei-

cester, whose secret marriage with the widowed Countess of Essex had just come to the Queen's ears, was temporarily in disgrace, and as his uncle's heir presumptive, Philip might naturally expect a share of the royal frown.

Wilton, the seat of Lord Pembroke, the husband of his beloved and gifted sister Mary, was his place of retirement. Aubrey has preserved a memorial of Sidney's fondness for this fascinating retreat; how he would spend some days in hunting over the Wiltshire downs, often checking his horse to note a fugitive thought on his tablets; at other times sit musing for hours upon a hill crowned with the romantic ruins of Ivy-church, commanding a view of Clarendon Forest and the sealike plain of Salisbury. The immediate fruit of his leisure was the '*Arcadia*.'

Early readings of the romances of chivalry and the classics of Italian and Spanish literature, Sannazaro and Montemayor, supplied him with a form in which his fancy could freely develop itself. If the product appear to modern readers somewhat tedious and stilted, it may be fairly urged that alterations in the aspect of society and the standard of taste have rendered a just estimate of its merits scarcely possible. In an age when feudalism though languishing was by no means extinct, and its incidents of chivalric enterprise and physical prowess were newly resuscitated, when Nature was still a fairy-land, history a chronicle of traditions, and travel a revelation of marvels, an author might weave without effort, and his readers accept without surprise, a narrative of knight-errantry and pastoral innocence such as in our own day would excite ridicule for its artificiality. The praises of Spenser, Milton, Cowley and Waller among men of genius and letters, and the number of editions demanded by the public for two centuries, attest the unanimity of opinion which formerly prevailed respecting the '*Arcadia*.' At the present day it may be read with curiosity rather than with pleasure. The most disparaging of its modern critics, however, cannot estimate the work less highly than did the author himself. Having composed it with no intention of publication, but for the amusement of his sister Lady Pembroke, to whom he sent the loose sheets as they were written, he left directions on his death-bed that it should be destroyed. The extraordinary esteem in which his memory was held induced her to disregard this request, and the work was published as '*the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*,' in 1590. Ben Jonson mentions having heard that Sidney contemplated moulding it into a romance

on the Arthurian legends, but it is difficult to see how this could have been effected with the existing materials.

It would probably be a thankless task to unravel for modern readers the elaborate scheme of the 'Arcadia.' It narrates the fortunes of two young princes and bosom-friends named Pyrocles and Musidorus, who, having been separated on a journey, after sundry perils by land and sea are reunited in Arcadia, where they penetrate the retreat in which the King's daughters have been sequestered, and win their affections. The difficulties, plots, and counterplots consequent upon this adventure occupy the greater part of the book. The treatment of such a subject admits of the utmost license, of which Sidney unsparingly avails himself. The reader is presented with an historic medley wherein the scenes and characters of classical and mediæval times intermingle with apparent harmony. The 'Faery Queene' of Spenser and 'the Princess' of Mr. Tennyson are approximate literary parallels. Though not boasting a definite moral purpose, the 'Arcadia' is not less refined in tone than the former of these fictions. Judged by the standard of contemporary purity it takes a very high place. In style it is curiously unequal; some passages being remarkable for vigour and grace of expression; others marred by involution and diffuseness, with a perceptible flavour of the very pedantry that was satirized in 'the Lady of the May.' Allowance being made for the quaintness peculiar to the writer's age, the intrinsic charm of such a passage as the following, which describes the first aspect of Arcadia, would in any age be secure of admiration:—

'The third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets on the heavenly floor against the rising of the sun, they went on their journey. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble villages whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, and thickets which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old, there a young shepherdess knitting and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.'

The following scattered sentences are pregnant with the fine moral sense which may be discerned in all Sidney's writings:—

'There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil,

but grows either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness.'

'True love hath that excellent nature in it that it doth transform the very essence of the lover unto the thing loved; uniting and as it were incorporating it with a secret and inward working.'

'I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.'

The two heroines are painted in the following passage:—

'The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister; for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds. Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope but teach hope good manners: Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride.'

One may discern a trace of partiality in the portraiture of the younger sister. Philoclea, in the opinion of Sidney's contemporaries and of some later critics, is a sketch from the life, or rather from the heart. After the fashion of the time, the matrimonial disposition of his hand had more than once been the subject of parental negotiations. While still at Oxford, as already mentioned, he had been proffered by Sir Henry to Cecil, as a match for his daughter Anne, but the fathers disagreed on the question of settlements before their children felt any interest in its solution. The next transaction was far more serious. It is uncertain from which side overtures proceeded, but assuredly, in the bargain between Sir Henry Sidney and Walter, Earl of Essex, Philip did not conceal how much he had at stake. His passion for the beautiful Penelope Devereux, the 'Philoclea' of his 'Arcadia,' the 'Stella' of his Sonnets, is one of those loves which take rank among historical events by their connexion with literature. Its growth had been gradual, rising from the level of ordinary admiration to the height of a perfect surrender.

'Not at first sight, nor yet with a dribbed shot
Love gave the wound which while I breathe will bleed,
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I saw and liked; I liked but loved not,

I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed;
At length to Love's decrees I forced agreed.*

(*Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 2.)

When too late, he bitterly blamed himself (Sonnets 11 and 33) for ever having dallied with a courtship of which love must and marriage might have been the happy issue. Apart from Sidney's own records of its progress, nearly all that can be told concerning his wooing is that it was unprosperous. No reproach for the miscarriage of the negotiations attaches to either of the parties immediately interested, nor did any mercenary motives actuate their parents. Sir Henry, while politically opposed to the Earl, had no scruples about entertaining a proposal in which his son was so deeply interested. The Earl, on his part, loved Philip as a son, and in 1576, when dying, sent him a message of affectionate trust that their common desire would be fulfilled. Had the father lived until his daughter was marriageable, its fulfilment would doubtless have been accomplished, but after his death, Lord Huntingdon, her guardian, resolved to provide her with a wealthier husband than Philip, whose presumptive heirship to Leicester was determined in 1579 by the birth of a nephew. Lady Penelope herself, without perhaps avowedly reciprocating Sidney's affection at this time, was strongly averse to the person chosen in his stead, but her feeling in the matter was not consulted. In the course of 1581, she was compelled to become the wife of Robert Lord Rich, a man of large possessions, low intellect, and brutal manners.*

The pleasures of literature, which had more than compensated Sidney for the loss of Court-preferments, proved insufficient to fill the void in his life. He turned for self-forgetfulness to the stronger interest of public duties. He had returned to London in the autumn of 1580, and early in the following year we find him a successful candidate for the representation of his native county in Parliament. There his decided Protestant bias made him a prominent supporter of the active measures which the Government was driven in self-defence to take against the Catholics. His name appears on the committees appointed to settle the best course of legislation to be adopted on this subject. Foreign affairs engaged his attention at the same time, more particularly the policy of supporting the claims of Dom Antonio, the popular candidate

* She is said to have protested 'at the very solemnity and ever after.' (Petition of Lord Devonshire, her second husband, to Jas. I., cited in Devereux's 'Lives of Earls of Essex,' i. 155).

for the throne of Portugal, against those of Philip II. of Spain, who was the legitimate heir. The distinguished position occupied by Sidney as a diplomatist, and the hostile feeling he was known to entertain against the Spanish monarch, pointed him out to Antonio as the fittest organ of communication with the English Court. Sidney was strongly urged, and perhaps not indisposed, to join an armed expedition for the assertion of Antonio's title, but the scheme was eventually abandoned; the Government, however willing to hinder the extension of Spanish rule, fearing to embroil the nation in war on a question of doubtful legality.

The remonstrances of her counsellors and the dislike of the nation had not overcome the Queen's inclination to marriage with the Duc d'Anjou. His proposals were still entertained, and his hopes of success seemed promising. In April 1581, an embassy of unusual magnificence was despatched by the French Government to urge the completion of the contract. The courtesy and splendour of the reception accorded to these unwelcome guests strikingly illustrate the chivalrous spirit which animated the Elizabethan era. A train of the highest nobility accompanied them to a sumptuous banqueting-house erected at Westminster for their residence. Festive pageants had been prepared to do them honour. Sidney, as a leading political opponent, was among the foremost to accept the obligations of hospitality. At a tournament held upon Whit-Monday and Tuesday, in the tiltyard adjoining Whitehall, he was one of the four young knights who, under the title of 'Foster-children of Desire' laying claim to the 'Castle of Perfect Beauty,' issued a challenge to all comers. A score of noble youths started forth to champion the Queen, and amid the explosion of cannon charged with perfumed powders, showering of flower-missiles, shouting of trumpets, and proclamations of heralds, the game was brilliantly played out. Sidney's gallant appearance on the occasion in blue and gilded armour is minutely portrayed by Holinshed's contemporary hand. With all its urbanity, the nation was as indisposed as ever to the design of the embassy. It gave general satisfaction when the Duke, who followed his envoys in the course of the year, had as little success as they in prosecuting his suit, and left England without obtaining a definite answer. Sidney was one of the distinguished company selected to accompany him on his voyage to Flanders, where he had been made Duke of Brabant, in February 1582.

Sidney's literary studies, though now much interrupted, were not unproductive. In 1581, or the year following, he wrote

the 'Defence of Poesie.' Originally intended as a fugitive protest against the extravagance of Puritanism,* it still remains a charter and text-book of Art, not readily to be matched for breadth of view and eloquence of advocacy. The characteristics of Imagination, its scope, influence and value, are defined and illustrated, not in precise metaphysical language, but with fundamental accuracy and clearness. The principle of 'improving upon Nature,' enounced by the great masters of idealism in painting, can hardly be stated more forcibly than in Sidney's words:—

'Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden.'

To the Puritan fanatics of his day who objected to the cultivation of poetry that it tended to distract the mind from the stern realities of religion and morality, no exposure of their error could be more convincing than his reference to the parables of Christ.

'Our Saviour Christ could as well have given the moral common-places of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus, or of disobedience and mercy as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father, but that his thorough searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and the judgment.'

Not less just if less permanently valuable are Sidney's criticisms upon what had already been achieved and was in process of achievement by English poets. In an age of so much ardour and so little experience there was great need of a teacher who should unite wisdom with warmth. That Sidney was well fitted to supply the want, is attested by the moderation of his tone and the catholicity of his illustrations. How opportunely he draws attention to the dignity and pathos of the Hebrew Scriptures, then recently introduced to English readers! What critic before or long after him dreamed of detecting poetic beauty in our national ballads? Though too much fettered by the authority of Aristotle, and the laws of unity handed down from the Greek stage, to make due allow-

* It was probably written, as Mr. Lloyd suggests (preface to 'Life,' p. 8) in answer to 'The Schoole of Abuse,' a tirade 'against poets, pipers, players, and their excusers,' published by Stephen Gosson in 1579, and inscribed with a bad taste savouring of insult to Sidney himself.

ance for the freedom of dramatic genius, he hits some palpable blots in the practice of contemporary playwrights, and lays down a sensible code for their guidance. The poetical works of his age which he singles out for praise, Lord Surrey's Sonnets, Sackville's 'Mirror for Magistrates,' and Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' have survived to justify his appreciation; though he shows less than his usual discernment in objecting to the 'rustic style' in which the shepherds of the latter speak, because Theocritus and Sannazaro had not set the example. His censure of the prevailing fashion in lyrical poetry is too indefinite to be quite intelligible to us, but its application was doubtless plain enough to the writers indicated and their readers. Without attempting to decide how much influence his verdicts exercised upon his age, it may be safe to question if in their absence the impulsive and undisciplined energy then at work would not have shown even more erratic tendencies.

He was not less adapted for the office of teacher by his intimate relations with men of letters. With Spenser, Raleigh, Nash, Harvey, Camden, Hakluyt, and other pioneers of the great exodus then achieved by English intellect from the Egypt of scholastic formalism and traditionary ignorance into the promised land of Art and Science, he trod side by side, at once a generous rival and a staunch ally. One of his earliest efforts was the formation, in company with Spenser, Harvey, and other friends, of a society called the Areopagus, which was to lay the foundations of a poetic school. The attempt was too ambitious to succeed, and the members, at the instance of Harvey, who was eminently a pedant, seem to have chiefly occupied themselves in trying curious experiments with classical metres. Some of Sidney's indifferent performances of this kind are introduced into the 'Arcadia.' The training thus obtained, however, was doubtless of service both to himself and Spenser, who were men of too much genius to submit to such trammels, and whose best poetry shows no trace of the constraint. Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' published anonymously in 1579, was dedicated to Sidney in language expressing no ordinary sense of affectionate obligation:—

'Go, little book ! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of chivalry ;
And if that envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.'

Throughout their lives this charming friendship continued on the same footing.

Sidney's was one of those prompt, energetic brains that find interest in every field of intellectual action, and to which no appeal for sympathy comes amiss. Books on every conceivable subject—metaphysics, logic, poetry, divinity, warfare, travel, geography, history—were inscribed to him at various times. The readiness with which literary patronage is tendered cannot, indeed, always be taken as a measure of the patron's discernment or generosity; but Sidney's favours took a form either of munificence, of sympathy, or courtesy, that distinguished them from the ordinary type. Spenser's grateful remembrance of them was characteristically expressed in his pastoral monody of '*Astrophel*,' written after Sidney's death. Nor less genuine was the tribute of regret rendered by Nash in '*Pierce Penniless* : '—

'Gentle Sir Philip Sidney ! thou knewest what belonged to a scholar ; thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travail conduct to perfection. Well could'st thou give every virtue its encouragement, every art its due, every writer his deserts, 'cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned than thyself ! But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory ; too few to cherish the sons of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty which thy bounty erst planted.'

The area of Sidney's literary interests was not restricted to England. Authors of all nations, in all departments of learning, found in him an instructed and friendly reader. Henry Stephens, Lipsius, and Gentilis the scholars, Giordano Bruno the philosopher, Banosius and Danæus the divines, were among his correspondents, and inscribers of volumes to his fame. Bruno dedicated to Sidney that rare and curious book, '*Lo Spaccio della Bestia trionfante*,' which helped to consign the Italian philosopher to the stake, and we think that he was the guest of Sidney when in England. With the Continent he maintained a regular intercourse by employing agents to purchase for him at the great book-fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic. '*The Universities abroad and at home*,' says Lord Brooke, '*communicated every invention or improvement of knowledge with him.*'

The most remarkable of his later writings, both on account of their intrinsic merit and of the circumstances attending their production, are his Sonnets and Songs, most of which were composed before 1583, and are known under the collective title of '*Astrophel and Stella*,' although others not therein included plainly form part of the same series. With respect to

their literary merit there has been little change in critical opinion since the date of their publication. From such a contemporary judge as Raleigh they won for their author the epithet of the 'Petrarch of our time;' and they remain to the present day the most popular of his writings. The qualities displayed in them, with the possession of which he would not otherwise have been credited, well entitle them to this distinction. Brilliancy of imagination and terseness of expression are uncommon excellencies in the prose portions of the 'Arcadia,' and are almost foreign to the verse. In the Sonnets, tameness and redundancy are equally exceptional. Images of refined beauty, words of choice significance, measured with a musical accuracy never common and then extremely rare, give these poems a peculiar charm. As examples of his epigrammatic force, take the following lines, one expressing the thralldom of passion :—

'Since naked Sense can conquer Reason armed ;'

another, the weapons of a scornful mistress :—

'Thundered disdains and lightnings of disgrace ;'

a third the characteristics of mental disease :

'Infected minds infect each thing they see.'

The luscious language of erotic poetry, usually so cloying upon alien ears, is seldom distasteful from Sidney's lips. The well-worn theme of physical beauty takes a fresh tint from the brush which can paint its features so delicately. Three lines sum up a few of his daintiest phrases :—

'Think now no more to hear of warm fine-odoured snow,
Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls' ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea whose waves in curls are broken.'

Such a vignette as this speaks for his grace of handling :—

'But when birds charm, and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamelled skies
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss.'

The lovers of literary parallels will find interesting material in these sonnets for comparison with later poetry. Too much stress may easily be laid upon coincidence in such cases, and we are not even prepared to dispute the right of men of genius to steal judiciously from their forerunners. If, however, the question of originality should ever be raised, it should be remembered that the famous apostrophes to Sleep which are consecrated by the names of Shakspeare and Young,* are long posterior to the following lines of Sidney :—

* 2 Hen. IV., iii. 1 ; Macbeth, iii. 4 ; Night-Thoughts, book i.

‘The certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man’s wealth, the prisoner’s release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.’

To what extent subsequent inspiration has been assisted by his exquisite sonnet, commencing

‘With how sad steps, O Moon ! thou climb’st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face ;’

may be more readily surmised than ascertained.

It must be admitted that the beauties of these poems are balanced by serious defects. There are few not disfigured by conceits and other false ornaments, especially by the puerile playing upon words which the Elizabethans seem to have mistaken for brilliancy and point. One of the few which are absolutely free from this imperfection has a peculiar interest as a reflection of the writer’s motives :—

‘Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee ;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Not so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Graved in mine epitaph a poet’s name :
Ne if I would, I could just title make
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without my plumes from others’ wings I take.
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.’

(*Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 90.)

When the circumstances of their production are duly weighed, it will be matter for wonder that the Sonnets are so comparatively faultless. A far worse charge, however, than viciousness of taste has been brought against them, which a comprehension of these circumstances is required to disprove. William Godwin, after admitting these poems to contain ‘some of the ‘finest examples in this species of composition that the world ‘can produce,’ enters a protest against their author’s ‘making ‘a public exhibition of such addresses to a married woman, ‘speaking contemptuously of the husband, and employing all ‘the arts of poetical seduction to contaminate the mind of the ‘woman he adores.’ This charge has been reiterated by Mr. Bourne, who talks (p. 283) of Sidney’s return to Court in the autumn of 1580 as actuated by the design of paying ‘homage

'to another sovereign, to Penelope Devereux, now Lady Rich; '* interprets a poem called 'The Smokes of Melancholy' (which has no apparent connexion with 'Stella' or anyone else), to mean that he was 'resolved to go on courting her, and to court her more zealously than ever, now that she 'was another man's wife' (p. 290); and cites two sonnets as examples of his tendered homage. 'Without question,' adds Mr. Bourne, 'Stella liked such praise. There was no prudery or delicacy fashionable at Court by the rules of which it could be condemned. The only fault found in him was that he paid his vows to one alone' (pp. 317-8). All these phrases assume that the Sonnets collectively were addressed to her after her marriage, and circulated within the sphere of the Court where he was already recognised as her lover, and the singer of 'sweet notes which everyone rejoiced to hear.'

For all that appears to the contrary, many of these sonnets were addressed to an imaginary personage; others obviously belong to the period before 'Stella's' marriage. As to the rest, the answer to the charge of publication must be one of point-blank denial. 'Astrophel and Stella' was never given to the world by its author; but surreptitiously obtained in 1591, five years after his death, and printed by Thomas Nash.† This fact of itself accounts for the disordered condition in which the poems appear, and offers a fatal objection *in limine* to any positive interpretation of their meaning. Mr. Lloyd justly remarks, 'How arbitrary and insecure is the critical process of educing facts from the scattered verses of a dead poet, especially when printed as these were without so much as a friendly editor to arrange them.'

To the unquenched affection and chivalrous temper of Sidney, the sight of the misery endured by his lovely mistress as the wife of Lord Rich—a titled boor with whom she lived in 'continual discord'—must have caused the keenest torture, and the provocation to rescue her from slavery have been well-nigh irresistible. Every impulse of passion rose in arms against the dictates of social law and moral principle. These

* Sidney's latest biographer, Mr. Lloyd, points out the error into which Mr. Bourne has fallen in this instance, by omitting to allow for the distinction between the historical and the legal year. Penelope's marriage could not have occurred until after March 10, 1580, when the letter of Lord Huntingdon, which he cites, speaks of it as only projected. Sidney's return to Court accordingly preceded this event by several months.

† *Vide* 'The Life of Spenser,' by J. Payne Collier (1862), p. 94.

sonnets contain, as we cannot doubt, the history of this strife.* Hatred and contempt for the author of the wrong, tender pity and burning devotion for the victim, wild cursings of fate, convulsive ecstasies of pleasure, hysterical jests at pain, fond delusions of conscience, tenacious resolutions of virtue, are all portrayed in them. Sidney would have been more than human had he yielded to the exigencies of duty without such a struggle. But 'the whole of Sidney's blameless life' is, as Mr. Lloyd argues, 'a vindication of his character' from an *à priori* assumption of his guilt. The Sonnets themselves, however, bear ample testimony to his honourable sensibility and tender reserve. In favour of the presumption that they were characteristic vents of uncontrollable emotion, designed for no eye but the author's, many passages may be cited. In Sonnet 34 he declares that his 'end' is 'to ease a burthened heart.'

'As good to write as for to lie and groan,'

is the opening of another outburst (Sonnet 40). Answering an imaginary objection that his words if published would be thought 'fond' by the wise, he exclaims (Sonnet 34):—

'Then be they close, and so shall none displease :

What idler thing than speak and not be heard ?

What harder thing than smart and not to speak ?'

The same mood may have suggested Sonnet 90, already quoted, which deprecates the idea of writing for fame. In Sonnet 50 he speaks of his verses as necessary to express the fullness of thoughts which

'Cannot be stayed within my panting breast ;'

yet often doomed to destruction as soon as written by reason of their inadequacy :—

'So that I cannot choose but write my mind,

And cannot choose but put out what I write,

While these poor babes their death in birth do find.'

To the enforced concealment of his passion from the Court-circle in which he moved, and the erroneous surmises made there as to the cause of his mental abstraction, he repeatedly alludes (Sonnets 23, 27, 30, 54). In refutation of the charge 'that Sidney professed without shame his love for Lady Rich,'

* In the opinion thus formed after an independent study of the Sonnets, we are glad to find ourselves in accord with Mr. Lloyd, who succinctly describes them as 'exhibiting the struggle in a noble mind' 'between conscience and passion with the final victory of the right' (p. 125).

Mr. Lloyd calls attention to the language of Spenser's 'Astrophel.' 'In that beautiful elegy, written after Sidney's death and inscribed to his widow, the name of Stella is given to her, which would be inconceivable if the world had already learned to associate it with another woman. The author of the "Mourning Muse of Thestylis" (Lewis Bryskytt) describes Lady Sidney more evidently under the name of Stella.'

Continually brought into contact as Sidney and Lady Rich seem to have been by their attendance at Court, it would have been impossible for him, indeed, to conceal from her the intensity of his feeling, even had duty demanded the effort. It was natural enough in that age of gallantry that Sidney should have still breathed his affection to her when fitting opportunity offered:—

' Oft with true sighs, oft with uncallèd tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence.'

But how purely she acted, and how wisely she counselled him under circumstances so difficult and painful, may be read in Sonnets 61, 62, 69, and in the 8th Song. His own suffering in the attempt to reconcile the claims of 'desire' and 'pure love' is told in the 71st and 72nd Sonnets. The general strain of these utterances refutes the charge which on the strength of a few isolated expressions has been levelled against his purity, and justifies the reply thus made to a supposed accuser:—

' If that be sin which doth the manners frame
Well stayed with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit and fearing nought but shame;
If that be sin which in fixed hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.'

(Sonnet 14.)

But the temptation was too hazardous to be long sustained. Her pathetic entreaty, 'lest . . . I should blush when thou art named,'* and his own deepest conviction combined to urge that he was forced

' By iron laws of duty to depart.'

The 'Farewell,' included among his miscellaneous sonnets,

* The favourable impression of 'Stella's' character that we are led to form from her conduct at this period is contradicted by her subsequent history. Some years later she yielded to a second lover, Lord Mountjoy, the fortress once impregnable. Sidney's eyes were mercifully blinded by imagination to a doubt of her stability, and by death to a knowledge of her shame.

may be reasonably assigned to this period, and its grave, tender music well denotes the solemnity which attached to the crisis:—

‘ Oft have I mused, but now at length I find
 Why those that die, men say “ they do depart ! ”
 Depart, a word so gentle to my mind
 Weakly did seem to paint Death’s ugly dart.
 But now the stars with their strange course do bind
 Me one to leave with whom I leave my heart,
 I hear a cry of spirits faint and blind
 That parting thus my chiefest part I part.’

The ultimate issue of the contest thus waged is summed up in the last of his miscellaneous sonnets which completes the entire series:—

‘ Leave me, O Love ! which reachest but to dust,
 And thou my mind aspire to higher things ;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings,
 Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be :
 Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,
 In this small course which birth draws out to death,
 And think how evil becometh him to slide
 Who seeketh heav’n, and comes of heav’nly breath !
 Then farewell world ! thy uttermost I see :
 Eternal Love ! maintain thy life in me ! ’
‘ Splendidis longum vale-dico nugis.’

Having taken the manly resolve of riveting his allegiance to honour, Sidney, in the spring of 1583, became the husband of Frances, only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. Little is recorded concerning this lady, but the esteem and fidelity which he gave her until death constitute the best testimony that could be afforded to her virtues.

Walsingham, now Secretary of State, had commenced his acquaintance with Sidney in Paris, and it had since ripened into intimacy. Foremost among Elizabethan statesmen for subtlety and wisdom, he heartily appreciated the honour and integrity of his illustrious son-in-law. He frankly conceded his superiority in diplomacy, and urged its recognition upon the Government. The Queen, however, was habitually chary of substantial favours to any but those who were willing, like Leicester and Hatton, to purchase them by incessant flattery. Towards Sir Henry Sidney, who served her long and faithfully, she showed herself a grudging mistress, nor was

she much more generous to the son, for whom she professed particular regard. Having been chosen by his friend, Prince Casimir, to stand as his proxy when installed as a Knight of the Garter, in January 1583, Philip had indeed been knighted, but this rank was conferred on him in compliance with the laws of the Order, not as a personal honour. It was probably owing to Walsingham's influence that later in the same year he obtained the promise of being associated with his uncle, Lord Warwick, in the post of Master of the Ordnance, but the appointment was delayed for two years longer. In the meantime he appears to have held some subordinate military offices, with the rank of General.

From the date of his marriage his interest in politics became more keenly active. In common with his father-in-law, Leicester, and the ablest statesmen of the day, he deplored the 'coquettish policy' which Elizabeth pursued during the great struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. Cordially as she hated the one and sympathised with the other, she could not summon sufficient resolution to declare absolutely for either. Hitherto she had injured rather than benefited the good cause. Reckoning upon her indecision the common enemy had taken heart. Philip II.'s illustrious general, Parma, was rapidly regaining, by victories in the cabinet and the field, all that had been torn from Spain by the skill and daring of William of Orange. Assassins daily threatened the life of the Stadtholder, and, if he fell, who could take his place? In France, Henry III. had recently reconciled himself to the League, and their united forces were on the point of concentration against the Huguenots. England, if her co-religionists were defeated, would undoubtedly be the next object of attack, but she was still supine and lukewarm.

Sidney's strongest desires were excited to remove this national reproach. If the Queen feared directly to assist the Netherlands by accepting their proffered sovereignty, or strengthening their army, she could serve them indirectly by attacking Spain. Rich and comparatively defenceless cities like Cadiz and Seville offered an easy prize, and there was a weaker point yet in those American colonies, newly added to the domain of Catholicism, from which it was deriving an immense revenue. These, he thought, might be successfully assailed, and the English rule and Protestant faith be substituted there. With this view he actively promoted the expeditions of discovery which the national enterprise had been organising during the last ten years. In 1583 he obtained letters patent to explore and colonise unknown parts of Ame-

rica ; but apparently finding too much occupation at home to undertake the expedition himself, soon afterwards assigned his chief interest in this grant to Sir George Peckham, who had been associated with Raleigh and his half-brother, the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in earlier schemes of colonisation. Sidney continued to take the warmest interest in all these undertakings, and was a member of the committee, appointed in December 1585, to consider the confirmation required for Raleigh's new letters patent. Another project, of which his mind had been full since the date of his mission to Vienna, was the formation of 'a general league among free princes,' for offensive and defensive operations against Spain. Lord Brooke enters at large into his views, which he seems to have lost no opportunity of urging upon the Queen and Burghley. His arguments so far prevailed that on an embassy being proposed to convey the Queen's expressions of condolence with Henry III., on the death of her old lover Anjou, in June 1584, Sidney was selected for the Envoy, with instructions to make use of the occasion to moot the subject of an anti-Spanish alliance. The embassy was not sent, owing to the King's prolonged absence in the south of France, and the increasing signs of his indisposition to assist the Protestant cause. Sidney was able, however, to render the Huguenots some service by his successful advocacy of the petitions for aid preferred to the Queen by Duplessis Mornay, with whom he was in constant correspondence.

A translation of a philosophical treatise by Mornay upon the truth of Christianity was commenced by Sidney about this time, but relinquished for want of leisure. What little attention he could now give to literature was devoted to political ends. The danger of assassination by Catholic emissaries which threatened Elizabeth, induced her leading statesmen to form an association for her defence. Leicester, as its originator, incurred a storm of calumny from the Jesuit press. One of the most virulent and widely circulated libels upon him was entitled 'A Dialogue between a Scholar, a Gentleman, and a Lawyer,' but popularly known as 'Leicester's Commonwealth.' In it the writer raked up every scandal which malice, ignorance, and suspicion had fastened upon the Earl's reputation ; alleging, among other things, his spurious descent from a Sussex mechanic, and holding up his career as a politician to the alternate ridicule and alarm of his countrymen. Leicester's defence was undertaken by his nephew, whose answer to this attack is the last work known to have proceeded from his pen. It was probably written hastily, and at all events

has few of his characteristic graces of style. The libels on the Earl's private reputation, being too gross and unsupported by proofs to require a detailed rebuttal, are dismissed with a contemptuous denial. The petty slander upon the Dudleys is answered at greater length, partly, no doubt, from a feeling of family pride, partly, perhaps, because it had gained credence among men not inimical to the Earl. Sidney concludes with a triumphant exposure of the pamphlet's logical fallacies, and a cartel of defiance to the author, whose cloth was not at the time recognised.

The need of such an association as the Earl had set on foot was quickly demonstrated. On July 10, 1584, the blow long dreaded by the Protestants of Europe was decisively struck. William of Orange was assassinated by an emissary of Philip II. Elizabeth was partially aroused from her lethargy at the tidings. An English agent 'wrote from Holland immediately 'after the murder, warning the Queen to be more than ever on 'her guard. The Seminary at Dieppe, placed "upon the '“brim of England," was constantly sending Scotch and 'English assassins into their own country. . . . The same 'machinery' of slaughter, rapine, and tyranny, that had been set at work in the Netherlands, 'aided by the pistol or poniard 'of the assassin, was to substitute for English Protestantism 'and England's queen the Roman Catholic religion and a 'foreign sovereign.'* The undaunted Estates of Holland, in the midst of their mourning, passed a resolution to maintain the cause of religious liberty to the death. But they sorely needed a leader and help of men and money. The negotiations with England, which had dragged on a painful existence for years, were actively renewed. After a fruitless attempt to obtain aid from France, Elizabeth was again, and with more formality than before, prayed to accept the sovereignty of Spain's revolted subjects. In June 1585 the Dutch ambassadors were despatched to receive her definitive reply. It was couched in language honourable both to herself and the States, whom she promised to assist but wisely declined to govern. Her acts were not worthy of her words. A protracted bargaining took place between the two Governments on the subject of the requisite guarantees. The Queen's parsimony disgusted her best friends, and nearly alienated the confidence of the States. The terms at last agreed upon were that 'a permanent force of 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse should serve in 'the provinces at the Queen's expense, and the cities of

* Motley's 'United Netherlands,' vol. i. pp. 3 *et seq.*

‘Flushing and Brill should be placed in Her Majesty’s hands until the entire reimbursement of the debt thus incurred by the States.’* The Earl of Leicester was to be the general of the English army and the Queen’s representative in the Netherlands.

Sidney, who had laboured so hard to advance this alliance, could not be inactive now that it was accomplished. He solicited the Queen for employment in the forthcoming campaign, but received no satisfactory answer. Just then he appears to have been out of favour, owing to his honest exposure of the disgraceful condition to which the parsimony of the Government had reduced the national defences, over which, as Master of the Ordnance, he maintained vigilant supervision. Disappointed at seeing all the posts in the new service filled up to his exclusion, he resolved upon joining Drake’s expedition to the Spanish Main, just on the eve of starting. Having so often been refused, he would not again run the risk of asking permission. Moving with great secrecy, he levied a band of thirty young gentlemen ‘of blood and state,’ each of whom was to advance 100*l.*, and serve as a volunteer under him. Drake, however, apprehensive that Sidney would carry off the glory of the expedition, privately sent tidings of this scheme to the Court. The Queen hastily despatched a messenger to Plymouth forbidding Sidney to embark. In a fit of exasperation he is said to have disguised two sailors to intercept the royal missive, but the plot failed of success. A nobleman, personally known to him, was sent after the messenger, and arrived in time to repeat the Queen’s veto, to which she attached a promise of large recompense. Sidney unwillingly obeyed, but in a few days received an appointment to the Governorship of Flushing, with the rank of General of Horse under Leicester.

The appointment was one of no mean dignity; Flushing, as ‘the key to the navigation of the Northern seas, and the ‘commercial capital of Zealand,’ being well entitled to Sir Philip’s description of it—‘a jewel to the crown of England, ‘and to the Queen’s safety.’ Honour, however, as it proved, was all that the Governor ever obtained from his office. He entered upon it one stormy day in November 1585, landing with a small force at Rammekins. A young scholar and metaphysician of Cambridge, William Temple, accompanied him as secretary. Lady Sidney, who had recently given birth to a child, named Elizabeth after its royal god-mother, remained in England until a house could be procured for her reception.

* Motley, vol. i. p. 341.

Three weeks after his nephew's modest arrival, Leicester made his magnificent entry into the States. The history of the Anglo-Flemish campaign has received an exhaustive and pictorial treatment from the pen of the great American historian, Mr. Motley. The information it affords touching the difficulties thrown in the Earl's path by the tortuous policy and official mismanagement of his superiors will go far to exculpate him from the discredit hitherto attaching to his career. With all his ambition he proved himself truly earnest in the cause, and with all his imprudence, more far-seeing than his employers. Elizabeth's vacillating temper, and Burghley's love of intrigue made it impossible for a man who pursued a definite line of conduct to escape collision with one or both. Her instructions that he should act as her representative without taking on himself any foreign rank, were so vague and impracticable in the anarchical condition of the States, that he might well be excused for accepting the title of Governor-General. The Queen's inconsistent and unreasonable orders, her passionate wrath at his disobedience, and her tenderness on the first tokens of contrition, betrayed the weak side of her nature in its most pitiable aspect. The intrigues for peace which Burghley carried on with the wily and treacherous emissaries of Spain were yet more calamitous blunders. Undertaken without the knowledge even of Walsingham, still less of Leicester or the States, they gave the King leisure to develop his real intentions of crushing his rebel subjects and subsequently invading England. Meantime the frugal Queen, relying on her minister's successful diplomacy, considered it a waste of money to provide her army with decent appointments, or even to pay its wages regularly. The English troops, in Mr. Motley's words, 'were mere shoeless, shivering, starving vagabonds.' Leicester 'advanced very large sums of money 'from his own pocket to relieve their necessity.' Sidney, of course, was no unconcerned spectator of the misgovernment which occasioned such suffering. While he boldly censured the one, he impoverished himself to alleviate the other. His extant letters to Walsingham and Burghley attest this without ostentation. In a private letter to the former he thus speaks of his own position:—

'I had before cast my count of danger, want and disgrace, and before God, Sir, it is true in my heart, the love of the cause doth so far overbalance them all, that, with God's grace, they shall never make me weary of my resolution. If her Majesty were the fountain, I would fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry; but she is but a means whom God useth; and, I know not whether I am

deceived, but I am faithfully persuaded that if she should withdraw herself, other springs would arise to help this action. . . . I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly, though others be out. . . . For me, I cannot promise of my own course, because I know there is a higher Power that must uphold me, or else I shall fall; but certainly I trust I shall not by other men's wants be drawn from myself. . . . I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home, but certainly if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me.'

The ground of the accusation here alluded to was his promotion by Leicester, in February 1586, to the vacant colonelcy of the Zealand regiment. The Earl, according to Lord Brooke, was far from disposed to overrate his nephew's military capacity, but formed such a different estimate of it on further acquaintance as to justify his fullest confidence. The first objection to the appointment was raised by Count Hohenlo, General of the Netherlands army, a man whose fiery, imperious temper brought him more than once into collision with his colleagues. The Queen's injudicious conduct in lowering her representative in the opinion of her allies, brought, as a natural consequence, suspicion upon all his acts. Hohenlo's contention that the Earl had violated the principle which regulated promotion by seniority was reiterated by the Dutch officers generally. They at the same time assured Sidney that they had no personal feeling towards him, but 'wished him 'all honour.' Leicester refused to cancel the appointment, and was supported by the opinion not only of his own officers, but of Prince Maurice, son of William of Orange, a youth of rare precocity, recently elected Stadtholder. Sir Philip's chivalric bearing and kindly temper soon reconciled to his elevation those who had been foremost in opposing it, not excepting Hohenlo, and Leicester's justification was soon made apparent.

Inexperienced as Sidney was in military affairs, his conduct of two or three enterprises entrusted to him elicited the applause of veteran officers. The most important was the surprise of Axel, a strong, commanding fortress on the estuary of the Scheldt. Prince Maurice first conceived the design of attack, and obtained leave from Leicester to communicate it to Sidney, with whom he had formed a firm friendship. Having concerted their plans, the young men parted, each to work out a separate portion. While Leicester distracted the enemy's attention by a feigned movement, Sidney and Lord Wiltoughby contrived to convey by night a force of 1,000 men, English and Zealanders, across the Scheldt from Flushing to Ter Neuse, where the Prince joined them with a larger troop.

They reached Axel by two in the morning. Sidney made a spirited address to his men, who eagerly responded to his enthusiasm. Finding the moat round the town full of water, a few of the boldest, with ladders on their backs, leaped in and swam across. The walls were scaled, the guard cut down, and the gates thrown open. After a hot fight the assailants mastered the garrison without losing a man. 'Sidney,' says Mr. Motley, 'most generously rewarded from his own purse the adventurous soldiers who had swum the moat; and it was to his care and intelligence that the success of Prince Maurice's scheme was generally attributed.'

Another though less signal an occasion established his reputation for vigilance. La Motte, commander of the beleaguered fortress of Gravelines, counting perhaps on his antagonist's youth, made treacherous overtures of capitulation to him, with the view of entrapping the besiegers and massacring one and all. Sidney was not deceived by this bait. Communicating his suspicions to his men, he announced his intention of running the hazard alone. Being urged by many of the troop to let them accompany him, he long refused, but at last consented that lots should be drawn. His name was not among the chosen few. On entering Gravelines, this forlorn hope met with the fate that his fears had predicted. But for his precaution, the loss might have been reckoned by hundreds instead of tens. He was destined to exhibit but one more proof of capacity for the career to which he had devoted his life. By a merciful ordinance, his parents, who had watched its progress with the proudest interest, died within a few months of each other, just before the sudden eclipse that would have overwhelmed them with gloom.

In August 1586, Leicester assembled his troops at Arnheim, which he made his head-quarters. After reducing Doesburg, he prepared to besiege Zutphen, an important town on the Yssel. The garrison was in sore need of provisions, which Parma, before marching to its relief, determined to supply. A convoy of corn, meat, and other necessities, sufficient to victual the place for three months, was accordingly collected, and on the 22nd September left the Spanish camp. So high was Parma's estimate of the importance of preserving Zutphen, that the escort despatched with the convoy numbered 2,900 foot and 600 horse. Leicester was informed of the enemy's movement but not of the force which protected it. An ambuscade of 500 men, under Sir John Norris, was held sufficient to intercept the convoy. About fifty young officers volunteered to add their services. This gallant band was

composed of the flower of the English army ; of the hot-blooded Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, of the famous ballad-hero—

‘The brave Lord Willoughby,
Of courage fierce and fell,
Who would not give an inch of way
For all the devils in hell ;’

of Lord North, who, rising from his bed where he lay with a musket-shot in the leg, now rode ‘with one boot on and one ‘boot off ;’ Lord Audley, Sir William Pelham, marshal of the camp, Sir William Russell, with a score more cast in the same heroic mould, and among the foremost Sir Philip Sidney. It was indeed ‘an incredible extravagance to send a handful of such ‘heroes against an army,’ but Leicester can scarcely be blamed for failing to restrain the impulsive ardour which animated his entire staff. Sidney’s characteristic magnanimity betrayed him that day into a fatal excess. He had risen at the first sound of the trumpet and left his tent completely armed, but observing that Sir William Pelham, an older soldier, had not protected his legs with cuishes, returned and threw off his own.

The morning was cold and densely foggy, as the little company galloped forth to join their comrades in ambush. Just as they came up, Sir John Norris had caught the first sounds of the approaching convoy. Almost at the same moment the fog cleared off and revealed at what terrible odds the battle was to be fought that day. Mounted arquebusiers, pikemen and musketeers on foot, Spaniards, Italians, and even, it is said, Albanians, to the number of 3,500, guarded the waggons before and behind. The English were but 550 men. Yet among them all, the historian has the right of blood to say with confidence, ‘there was no thought of retreat.’ The indomitable national spirit embodied itself in the war-cry of young Essex : ‘Follow me, good fellows, for the honour of England and England’s Queen !’ At the word a hundred horsemen, Sidney in the midst, with lance in hand and curtel-axe at saddle-bow, spurred to the charge. The enemy’s cavalry broke, but the musketeers in the rear fired a deadly volley, under cover of which it formed anew. A second charge rebroke it. In the onset Sidney’s horse was killed, but he remounted and rode forward. Lord Willoughby, after unhorsing and capturing the Albanian leader, lost his own horse. Attacked on all sides, he must have fallen or yielded, when Sidney came to the rescue and struck down his assailants. Individual valour, however, proved unavailing against the might of numbers. After nearly two hours’ desperate opposition, the convoy still made

way. Charge succeeded charge in the vain effort to prevent its effecting a junction with the garrison, 2,000 of whom were waiting for the right moment to sally forth. In the last of these onsets, Sir Philip's impetuosity carried him within musket-shot of the camp. A bullet struck his unprotected leg, just above the knee, and shattered the bone. He endeavoured to remain on the field, but his horse became unmanageable, and in agonies of pain and thirst he rode back to the English quarters, a mile and a half distant. An incident of that ride, as told in the quaint language of Lord Brooke, retains the immortal charm of pathos which commands our tears, how often soever repeated :—

‘ In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the General was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink which was presently brought him, but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at that same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words—“ Thy necessity is greater than mine.” And when he had pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim.’

The *aurea catena* of heroic actions, Christian and Pagan, may contain examples of self-denial sublimer and more absolute than this; but in the blended grace and tenderness of its knightly courtesies, we know not where to find its parallel.

Leicester met his nephew as he was borne back to the camp and burst into a genuine passion of sorrow. Many a rough soldier among those who, in returning from the failure of their impossible enterprise, now came up with their comrade, was unmanned for the first time that day. Sir William Russell, as tender-hearted as he was daring, embraced him weeping, and kissed his hand amid broken words of admiration and sympathy. But Sidney needed no consolation. ‘ I would,’ said Leicester, in a letter to Sir Thomas Heneage, ‘ you had stood by to hear his most loyal speeches to Her Majesty, his constant mind to the cause, his loving care over me, and his most resolute determination for death; not one jot appalled for his blow, which is the most grievous that ever I saw with such a bullet.’ In this frame of mind the wounded knight was conveyed to the camp, and thence by water to Arnheim.

The English surgeons at first gave hopes of his speedy restoration to health, and the favourable news was sent to England. Lady Sidney, who had followed him to Flushing some months before, at once hastened to him, but with no idea of his danger. The nation at large thought him convalescent. He himself,

however, never expected to recover, although submitting with fortitude to whatever systems of treatment were proposed. Nothing was left untried that affection could suggest or the imperfect science of the age effect. His wife tenderly nursed him, and his two younger brothers were constantly at his side. His *quondam* foe, Count Hohenlo, though himself dangerously wounded, sent off his own physician, Adrian Van del Spiegel, to his aid. After examining the injuries, Adrian pronounced them mortal, and then hastened back to the Count whose case was not so desperate. 'Away, villain!' cried the generous soldier in a transport of wrath; 'Never see my face again till 'thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost!'

From the first to the last moment of his sufferings Sir Philip's temper was calm and cheerful. During the three weeks that he lingered at Arnheim he occupied himself with the thoughts befitting a death-bed; discoursing to his intimate associates and to the divines who attended him of the soul's immortality as taught by Plato and by Christ, and the religious principles which his life had illustrated. By letters to absent friends, and detailed bequests in his will, he took a loving leave of the world, and in one last strain of song, which he entitled, with pathetic significance, '*La Cuisse rompue*,' he laid his cherished pursuits aside for ever. On the 17th of October he felt himself dying and summoned his friends to say farewell. His latest words were addressed to his brother Robert:—'Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith 'to me may assure you they are honest. But, above all things, 'govern your will and affections by the will and word of your 'Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all 'her vanities.' When powerless to speak, he replied to the entreaty of friends, who desired some token of his steadfast trust in God, by clasping his hands in the attitude of prayer, and a few moments afterwards had ceased to breathe.

The lamentation which his death excited was unparalleled in the annals of England. Her ally vied with her in demonstrations of respect, and her enemy forgot for a moment his virulence. The States petitioned Elizabeth to allow them to inter their champion at their own cost, pledging themselves to erect 'as fair a monument as has ever been set up for any 'king or emperor in Christendom, yea, though the same should 'cost half a ton of gold in the building,' but this offer was with much propriety declined. The corpse was carried to Flushing and thence to England. It lay for some time in state at the dissolved convent of the Minories, and on February

16, 1587, was interred at St. Paul's. Amid solemn strains of music, a procession of deputies from the States, English peers, gentlemen and citizens, thirty-two paupers 'to the number of 'his years,' heralds with trailing standards, soldiers with reversed weapons, and the dead knight's riderless steed followed the bier. The grave was closed amid a volley of musketry. Elegies and panegyrics amounting, it is said, to two hundred, Spenser's '*Astrophel*' among the number, were published as tributes to Sidney's memory. A stronger evidence of national sorrow was the initiation of what is now an ordinary formality on such occasions—the first general mourning recorded in England. Walsingham attributed his retirement from the toils of state to the weight of sorrow with which his son's premature death overwhelmed him. More silently but profoundly must have mourned the multitude of aged, poor, and desolate whom Sidney's charity had befriended. The letters written by him at various times to and on behalf of such pensioners form a noble chapter in the history of his life. He died with an estate seriously encumbered, notwithstanding 'his so great care to see all men satisfied.'

His eulogists have been so numerous, and their functions so easy of performance, that it would be difficult to lay a wreath upon his tomb which should be distinguishable from any other. His character is not unique, like a monolithic obelisk, or a *tazza* hollowed out of a single gem, but rather resembles one of those mosaic altars found in Italian cathedrals, wherein each precious section of lapis-lazuli, porphyry, and serpentine, while retaining its distinctive beauty of grain and radiance of colour, blends with all the rest into a harmony of glowing lustre. Such faults as he displayed carry with them their own excuse, as the inevitable sign of humanity, the natural excess of impulse in a generous spirit. To the student of history he affords a striking type of the luxuriant national energy which marked the Elizabethan epoch. The marvellous development of thought and action shown in every field of human enterprise, to an extent scarcely appreciable by us who witness the minutest division of labour, is fitly exemplified in the life of one who was at once statesman, soldier, poet, and critic, and excelled in each career as though he had been trained for no other; who could unravel the mesh of European politics as though the Old World contained all that was worth living for; and then turn to discuss schemes of colonisation and adventure as though the New World were the sole outlet for his genius and ambition. To the hero-worshipper his character possesses a no less distinct individuality, and of a type

which Englishmen may boast with some justice to be eminently national. That indefinable yet most intelligible combination which seems the quintessence of classic refinement, feudal chivalry, and modern civilisation, the concord of intellectual grace, moral purity, and emotional sensibility—which, partially expressed in the words generosity, urbanity, and courtesy, is comprehended alone in—

‘The grand old name of Gentleman,’

attained its ideal impersonation in Sir Philip Sidney.

ART. V.—1. *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. Being a Continuation of the ‘Dictionary of the Bible.’* Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L. LL.D., and SAMUEL CHEETHAM, M.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. [A.—J.] London: 1875.

2. *A Church Dictionary.* By WALTER FARQUAR HOOK, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Eleventh edition, 8vo. London: 1871.

3. *Manual of the Antiquities of the Church.* By H. E. F. GUERICKE, Phil. et Theol. Dr. Translated and adapted to the use of the English Church by Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON, B.A. 8vo. London: 1851.

4. *The Churchman's Theological Dictionary.* By the Rev. ROBERT EDEN, F.S.A. 8vo. London: 1845.

DR. SMITH'S ‘Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,’ the latest addition to his valuable cyclopædic series, will do more to raise the reputation of English scholarship than any of its predecessors, and, perhaps, than all the rest taken together. In the other divisions of the vast subject over which the ‘Cyclopædia’ has ranged, the editor has generally had the advantage of following in the track of Pauly and other able and laborious compilers in the same department in England or upon the Continent. For a ‘Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,’ on the scale undertaken in the present work, there can hardly be said to be any exact precedent, whether in English or foreign literature. Our English ‘Church Dictionaries,’ ‘Ecclesiastical ‘Dictionaries,’ ‘Churchman's Manuals,’ and other similar compilations, besides being for the most part superficial and meagre, are in general limited in range and narrow in view. The same is true of Martigny's ‘Dictionnaire des Antiquités

'Chrétienues,'* though in a less degree. The German manuals, as those of Augusti,† Guericke,‡ Boehmer,§ Krüll,|| and others, are rather treatises for the methodical study of the subject than books of ready reference for detailed information; while the really comprehensive and scholarlike (Roman Catholic) ecclesiastical cyclopædia—the 'Kirchen-Lexicon' of Welte and Wetser—comprises, in addition to the subject of Christian Archæology, those of Divinity, Canon Law, Biography, and History, and involves the further embarrassment for the student of purely primitive antiquities, that, along with Dr. Smith's period—the first seven centuries—it embraces the mediæval, the Reformation, and the modern periods, and in some instances fails to distinguish sufficiently from one another the conditions and characteristics of the several periods. Dr. Smith's is strictly a Dictionary of primitive Christian Antiquities; and the editors must be confessed to confine their pretensions within very modest limits, when they describe their compilation as 'at least more complete than any attempt hitherto made by English or foreign scholars to treat in one work the whole archæology of the Early Church.'

There needs but a very cursory examination of any of its leading papers in order to establish the claim of the work to the character of profound erudition and of extensive and original research. But a still more valuable characteristic is the comparatively calm and impartial spirit in which most of the topics are treated, and, if we except one very limited class of articles, the almost uniform absence of that polemical tone which might hitherto have appeared an inseparable accompaniment of the study of Christian antiquities.

Indeed, it is only by very slow advances that sacred archæology has come to assume in any degree the character of a science. During the early controversies of the Reformation, the relative attitudes of the contending parties seemed almost to shut out this study as an element of argument. On the one hand, a large body of the Reformers, by taking their stand upon the Written Word as the sole doctrinal basis, in effect cut off any appeal to antiquity; and on the other, the Catholic disputants, who relied upon the analogies of primitive usage,

* Paris, 1865.

† Handbuch der christlichen Archæologie. 3 vols. 8vo. Leipzig, 1836.

‡ Lehrbuch der christlich-kirchlichen Archæologie. Leipzig, 1847.

§ Die christlich-kirchliche Alterthums-Wissenschaft. 2 vols. 8vo. Breslau, 1836.

|| Christliche Alterthums-Kunde. Regensburg, 1856.

felt themselves at first so indisputably masters of that field, and were so little challenged by their contemporaries on their right of possession, as to be relieved from all obligation of study or research for the maintenance of their claim. When, by degrees, the basis of controversy came to be widened, and when primitive usage began to be generally regarded as in some sort a test or a witness of primitive belief, it was almost inevitable that the facts of archæology should be studied solely in their bearing upon the doctrinal views of the rival religions. Instead of looking first to the facts, in order to gather therefrom the belief of which the facts were a witness, men sought rather to read and interpret the facts, so as to discover in them authority for the foregone doctrinal conclusions which they had independently drawn. Antiquity was read by the light thrown back upon it from the controversies of the sixteenth century; nor, indeed, for a long time, in the first stages of theological inquiry, could it be said that the materials of the study of archæology had reached that degree of completeness which might furnish data for a certain or safe judgment. The early Christian monuments were as yet for the most part unexamined, and in a great degree unknown, at least in their scientific aspect. The Roman catacombs were still a buried city. Of the eleven thousand Christian inscriptions of Rome alone, which we now possess, hardly a twentieth part had been studied, or even deciphered. The whole subject of ancient glasses and mosaics—in the hands of careful students the richest treasury of information that antiquity affords—was utterly unknown. In ignorance as to the condition of the field of exploration, it was hardly unnatural that the inquiry should be looked upon with little interest, if not with coldness, and even with suspicion and fear.

With better knowledge came trustfulness and practical activity. From the day which opened 'Subterranean Rome' to the learned, the study of the structures, the inscriptions, the paintings, and the monuments, of the city thus singularly recovered to the world, became a necessity; and, in the accumulations of the new facts which it supplied, archæology, by the very necessities of induction, entered upon the first stage of its career as a science.

Nevertheless the study of archæology, even in the early periods of more scientific inquiry, continued to maintain a strongly polemical character. Each party, in professing to look to the usage of the primitive time as the standard, sought, not so much to construct a complete and faithful picture of the time, as to draw thence evidence in support of its own peculiar

opinions. The spirit of early Christian archæology was in effect the same that is manifested in the beginning of Church history. The well-known 'Centuries of Magdeburg' is little else than an overgrown congeries of Protestant controversial divinity. It was confessedly in this spirit that the 'Centuries' was undertaken by its compilers, and that it was subsidised by the Protestant states and princes of Germany and the North. The rival work of Baronius was originally projected as an antidote to the 'Centuries;' and, if the 'Annals of Baronius' be in part redeemed from the same purely controversial character, this is mainly due to the form of annals in which the work is written, and which is less suited to the polemical form than the form of subjects, which was followed by the Magdeburg writers; but the real light in which the work of Baronius was regarded by the scholars of the time, is clearly seen in the 'Animadversiones' of Casaubon, which can hardly be said to possess either point or value, except as a criticism of Baronius purely in relation to doctrinal controversy. It was religious, much more than scientific enthusiasm, that inspired the zeal of Bosio in those adventurous explorations, when, 'taking with him a hermit's meal for the week, he often descended into the bowels of the earth by 'lamp-light, clearing away the sand and ruins till a tomb 'broke forth or an inscription became legible.'* And the polemical element is distinctly traceable in the literary fruit of his unexampled labours—the well-known 'Roma Sotterranea,' published after his death by the learned Oratorian Severani,† and perhaps still more in the enlarged Latin version of that work, published in 1650 by Paolo Aringhi of the same congregation.

The impulse thus given to the study at first directed itself into particular branches. What Onofrio Panvini had begun for Christian epigraphy was continued by Doni, Fabretti, and above all, Boldetti. The great Benedictine Order, although their chief labours lay in the publication of patristical remains, and although many of their members devoted themselves to various other departments of historical and antiquarian research, undertook in a particular manner the illustration of sacred as well as general chronology; Labbe, Hardouin, and others, opened a new field for the study of ancient discipline, ritual, and law, by their publication of the early synods and councils. A Paolo, Spanheim, Sanson, and Le Clerc devoted themselves

* Disraeli's 'Literary Characters,' p. 144.

† Rome, 1632.

to ecclesiastical geography. So it was for a time of many other details. But by degrees the field began to widen; and it is interesting to know that the first systematic attempt to complete and methodise the science of Christian antiquities as a whole, came from a secluded and almost unknown English parsonage, far away from the opportunities of literary society, from libraries, from antiquarian museums and collections, and from all the other ordinary appliances of antiquarian research. The '*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*' of Joseph Bingham, rector of the obscure parish of Headbourn-worthy in Hampshire, is a splendid monument of what may be effected with limited resources, by industry, energy, and enthusiasm. It embraces in twenty-three books the entire circle of sacred antiquarian science; its erudition, if it be partisan in its leanings, is unquestionably profound in its range, and in general is both exact* and comprehensive: the catalogue of authors consulted and referred to falls very little short of a thousand; and yet these vast stores of learning were brought together by an unpretending scholar, with a living of but a hundred pounds a year, and, excepting only Bishop Morley's collection in the Cathedral Library of Winchester, with no means of access to the sources of knowledge for which he was constantly pining, and the want of which he touchingly deplores in the Dedication of the work.

Although Bingham is especially open to the character of a polemic through the whole course of his researches, his work quickly became, and has long continued, the type and standard in its department. For it is impossible not to recognise in the '*Origines Ecclesiasticæ*' the original, as well of the subsequent treatises for the use of Protestant schools of divinity, as of the Roman Catholic compilations—modified, no doubt, by conflicting controversial views of the several topics—of Mamachi, Selvagi, Pelliccia, Zaccaria, Binterim, and others.

All these publications, however, whether on the general subject or on particular branches thereof, were in the form of treatises or essays. They were followed by compilations, more or less comprehensive, for reference in alphabetical arrangement, and in the dictionary form. Most of these, nevertheless, are limited in their range; as for example, Ferraris' '*Biblio-*

* Some of the writers in the '*Dictionary*' speak too disparagingly of the accuracy of Bingham. He is, undoubtedly, a strong partisan, and occasionally is betrayed into overpressing the purport of his authorities. But his learning and the originality of his research are unquestionable: and his accuracy is quite wonderful, considering his time and opportunities of reference.

'theca Prompta,' chiefly of Ritual, Liturgy, and the Canons, or Martinière's 'Dictionnaire Géographique et Critique.' It is remarkable that the first attempt at a complete repertory of ecclesiastical science, including sacred antiquities, is due to the undertaking, in other respects, so offensive to orthodox eyes—the 'Encyclopédie Méthodique.' To this work the Abbé Bergier contributed the theological section, of which the now well-known 'Dictionnaire de Théologie,' still in circulation under Bergier's name, is an extended reprint. The topics of this work, as might be expected at that time, are for the most part doctrinal; but the subject of Antiquities also is fairly represented in it, and is treated with very considerable learning and critical discrimination. During the first half of this century, Bergier's work continued to enjoy the widest popularity in Catholic schools; but it has been completely displaced by the far more comprehensive, as well as infinitely more learned and scientific 'Kirchen-Lexicon,' edited and written, under the direction of Messrs. Welte and Wetsar, by the most distinguished Catholic scholars of Germany, Hefele, Dieringer, Kühn, Döllinger, Hergenröther, &c., and translated into French under the title of 'Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la Théologie Catholique.'

This title, and the titles of most of the similar works in the various languages, are a sufficient indication of their avowedly controversial character and purpose. We have already noted, as one of the most valuable characteristics of Dr. Smith's Dictionary, the very general absence, as well of direct doctrinal controversy, as of the tendency to make the description of primitive rites or usages a vehicle of modern polemics. That the theology of the work, in so far as it is directly theological, is Protestant or Anglican; that the writers' minds have been formed in a Protestant mould; that they have habitually looked at sacred subjects from a Protestant point of view—it is of course occasionally impossible not to perceive. Some of the articles, indeed, are quite unreserved in the expression of religious opinions; and the writers themselves avow that 'in treating of subjects like Church Government and 'Ritual, it is probably impossible to secure absolute impartiality.' But, except in the few articles to which we refer, the spirit of the work is plainly adverse to the course habitually adopted in the treatment of the subject. It contrasts most favourably with that of most of the popular English compendiums, as those of Farrar, Eden, and Dr. Hook. There seems a general wish on the part of the writers to collect and report authorities and facts in the most impartial and colourless manner; and

although in some instances there will be found a manifest desire, or at least indications of a tendency, to read the facts in accordance with preconceived and traditional views, it seems impossible on the whole to refuse credence to the assurance given in the preface, that 'no intentional reticence, distortion, or exaggeration, has been practised by the writers of the work.'

Freedom from sectarian colour is especially important in that branch of the study of Christian antiquity which the Dictionary embraces. This division of Dr. Smith's *Cyclopædia* chiefly regards the external forms and material organisation of the Christian Church. In confining themselves to this class of subjects, the editors profess to follow a division analogous to that which was adopted in relation to Classical antiquity;—treating in a separate Dictionary the subject of 'Christian Biography, Literature, and Doctrines,'—topics which more properly belong to the inner life of the Church, and to its spiritual and intellectual development. The present work, of which only the first volume is completed, 'elucidates and explains the same class of subjects in relation to the Christian Church that the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" does in reference to the public and private life of classical antiquity. It treats of the organisation of the Church, its offices, legislation, discipline, and revenues; the social life of Christians; their worship and ceremonial, with the accompanying music, vestments, instruments, vessels, and insignia; their sacred places; their architecture, and other forms of art; their symbolism; their sacred days and seasons; the graves and catacombs in which they were laid to rest.' In subjects such as these we have to deal with facts rather than with opinions; and the first and most essential condition of the treatment of them is, that the statements should be free of all colouring from the personal bias of the writer, and that the facts should be reproduced exactly as they stand in themselves, or as they are represented by the original records. The editors of the Dictionary, as we have seen, freely recognise the difficulty of preserving this absolute freedom from bias. But in a large proportion of the topics they have been eminently successful; and how very difficult and how rare such success is, is amply attested by the character of almost every manual of the study now in use, whether among Catholics or among Protestants.

Considerable diversity of opinion exists among writers on Christian Antiquities as to the limits of time over which the study may properly extend. If Christian Archaeology be, as Guericke defines it, 'that branch of historical speculation which sets forth the forms of the Church exclusively in a

'historical point of view,' there seems no room for limitation of time, so long as the tendency to modification or development can be supposed to exist in the church system; and accordingly Roman Catholic writers, in whose eyes all history is one, or at least has one general end and purport, usually trace the history as one whole, through the successive phases of Medieval, Reformation, and Post-Reformation development, from what they consider the germs of the primitive time down to the latest modifications of their own still living system. On the other hand, Protestants, who discover corruption and change where their adversaries can but see legitimate development, seek to mark by distinct lines the successive phases of the change. With this view, many would limit the ancient period to the first three centuries. Thus Walch, with all his learning, would stop short at the time of Constantine. On the other hand, Augusti and his school would carry it on to the Hildebrandine era—the great historical watershed, so to speak, on which the streams of ancient and modern civilisation may be said to part; while Bingham, with a keener eye to the doctrinal bearings of external forms, draws the line at the age of the Great Pope Gregory, the founder, according to Milman, of what it is the fashion to call 'Latin Christianity.' Others again, as Baumgarten, would extend its range over the whole period during which the Christian Church in the East and in the West, although separate in obedience, remained one, at least in external worship and organisation. By the writers of this school the line of demarcation is drawn at the great disruption of the sixteenth century.

Amongst these various divisions, the plan of Dr. Smith's Dictionary falls in most nearly with that of Bingham; but the Dictionary, probably because it deals less with dogmatical discussions, takes the era of Charlemagne, rather than that of Gregory, as its terminal line. In Milman's view, viz., of a distinct Latin Christianity, dating from the pontificate of Gregory the Great, the extension of the period adopted by Dr. Smith has the advantage of allowing more time for the development of any new forms which religion may be supposed to have put on under the special influences of those Western nationalities among which the so-called Latin Christianity had its origin. Indeed the reign of Charlemagne is truly assigned by Gibbon as the link of ancient and modern history; and it may fairly be inferred that whatever of new forms, ecclesiastical or civil, the Western world is supposed to have assumed under the new influences, must have been accomplished before the close of that important reign.

It is precisely to the class of subjects which belong to the division of theological science treated of in the 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' that the distinction of nationalities implied in such phrases as 'Latin Christianity,' and 'Greek' or 'Teutonic' Christianity, may be most justly applied. Roman Catholic writers regard these phrases with jealousy, as seeming to imply that religion, in its essence, may be a thing of race or of national usage or association; whereas they contend that in doctrine and the essentials of practice no such diversity can be discovered between the Churches of the East and West as would warrant these distinct appellations. But in the disquisitions of the work now before us there is little room for such jealousy. The 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' as has been explained, for the most part seeks to exclude doctrine altogether; and, as regards the rest, Catholics, quite as freely as Protestants, recognise the influence of nationality upon the external organisation, ceremonial, legislation, discipline, and social life, of the Church, the details of which form the main subject of the Dictionary.

If any doubt could be entertained, indeed, upon this point, it might be removed by the vast preponderance of Greek terms and appellations among the titles treated of in the Dictionary, and by the numberless other indications of the extent to which the Greek element prevailed in the Christian community, even in the heart of the Western Empire.

It is true that at a very early period the Christian Church included a vast variety of races and peoples. Whatever may be the judgment of modern critics as to the traditions which represent that the Apostles in person carried the faith to all the chief countries of the Roman Empire, it is certain that in the second century Christianity had found its way into almost every portion of the world then known. We ought probably to make allowance for some rhetorical exaggeration in the account given by Tertullian, who, in speaking of the geographical limits of the church of his day, adds to the nations recited in Acts ii. 9, 10, 'various tribes of the Getulians, many provinces of the Moors, all the boundaries of Spain, different races of the Gauls, districts of Britain which the Romans had never reached, Sarmatians, Dacians, Germans, Scythians, and many other remoter nations, provinces, and islands unknown by name and impossible to enumerate.' But there can be no question of the serious tone, as well as of the undoubting confidence, with which he challenges inquiry as to the number and universal diffusion of his fellow-Christians throughout the Roman world. 'We are-but of yesterday,' he

proudly exclaims, 'and yet we have already filled every place 'of yours—your cities, your islands, castles, municipalities, 'and councils; your very camps, tribes, decuries, and palaces, 'the Senate itself, and the forum.'* More than one well-accredited legend of the second, and even of the first, century shows us Christians, avowed or concealed, among the officials of the imperial court. Irenæus states as much in explicit terms.† Tertullian declares that, in case of a persecution at Carthage, that city would be decimated;‡ and the great strength of the Christian community throughout all Africa is made clear beyond the possibility of doubt, by the fact that a synod of bishops held about the end of the second century, by Agrippinus, at Carthage,§ consisted of no fewer than seventy African and Numidian bishops.|| The diffusion of Christianity at this period in the East among the Parthians, Medes, and Persians, is plain, from the testimony of Bardisanes, quoted by Eusebius.¶ The Chronicle of Edessa, in Assemani** tells of the destruction of a Christian church in that city by an inundation in the year 202. The number of bishops whom we find in Arabia before the middle of the third century clearly implies a long settled and fully organised Church; †† and in the latter half of the second century Pantænus was sent from Alexandria to preach the Gospel in India.‡‡ Of the Western Empire it is hardly necessary to speak. The reports of the martyrdoms in the churches of Lyons and Vienne, in Gaul, quoted by Eusebius,§§ are among the most interesting remains of early Christian literature; and some of the inscriptions of that country, still preserved, are of an interest little inferior to those of Rome itself. Hefele gives good grounds for accepting the traditions which record the introduction of Christianity into Southern Germany about the same period; and its firm and settled organisation in Britain, long anterior to the reign of Constantine, is attested by the presence of three British bishops at the Council of Arles, held in the year 314, for the settlement of the Donatist controversy.

But it would be a mistake to infer from this wide diffusion of Christianity at so early a period a corresponding variety of national types of religion. There can be little doubt that, at the time in question, the Greek element

* Tertullian, *Apol.* c. 27.

† *Ad Scapulam*, c. 5.

‡ *Augustini De Baptismo*, ii. c. 18.

** *Bibl. Orient.* i. 391.

†† *Ibid.* v. c. 10.

† Irenæus *Adv. Hær.* iv. 49.

§ Cyprian, *Epp.* 71 and 73.

¶ *Præpar. Evang.* vi. c. 10.

‡‡ Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* vi. 33, 37.

§§ *Ibid.* c. 1.

largely pervaded every region of the Christian world. For the West especially, Dean Milman has shown very conclusively* that, even in Rome itself, the Christian community was penetrated to its very core by Greek influences and associations. Almost all the early Christian literature is Greek. The first liturgy in use in Rome was Greek. And that the Christian population of Rome were for great part a Greek-speaking race may be inferred from the inscriptions on the Roman catacombs, of which a large proportion are Greek, while even of the Latin inscriptions not a few are written in Greek characters.

This is well brought out in the 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities,' and may be noted as one of the advantages to be derived from its study. It is in such a work, whose subjects are treated separately and in alphabetical order, that the relative characteristics of the several nationalities may be most advantageously compared. Scientific writers are but too liable to theorise and to accommodate their facts to a preconceived system; and there needs but a comparison of some of the articles in the Dictionary now before us with the corresponding sections in the ordinary manuals of church antiquities, such as those of Augusti or Guericke, in order to estimate the value of that independent view of details which is involved in their treatment under separate heads.

In the method of treating the subject of Christian Antiquities, as well as in what regards the period, considerable diversity is observable in the different authors. Bingham, the founder of the study, can hardly be said to have any definite method, the titles of his twenty-three books following each other almost at random, as if in the casual order which suggested itself as the work progressed. Each separate head, it is true, is treated methodically, and, for the most part, exhaustively; but many of the heads which are separate might, with more seeming propriety, have been treated together, while the order of others occasionally appears inconsequent and unnatural. Later writers have sought to reduce the materials of the subject (which, for the most part, they borrow from Bingham) to a more scientific order. Baumgarten classifies Sacred Antiquities—not very happily it must be said—under six heads, viz., Persons; Times or Seasons; Places and Vessels; Actions; Discipline; Books, Vestments, and Things. The propriety of this division is by no means obvious, and it is often difficult to realise the fitness of its details. Augusti's distribution into 'Christian Worship

* *Latin Christianity*, vol. i. pp. 28-9.

'and its Ministers, Sacred Places, Sacred Seasons, Sacred Actions, Sacred Things, and Sacred Art,' is at once more intelligible and more complete. Pelliccia's plan is more comprehensive than either; but as Pelliccia includes in his treatise on Christian Polity not only the discipline of the early period but also the special observances of the modern Church, his work cannot be regarded as a treatise on antiquities in the popular sense. Mamachi's plan, so far as it can be judged from the fragment which he has left, was more exact and philosophical; but of the twenty books which Mamachi had projected, only five were completed at his death.

The editors of the Dictionary are released from all these difficulties by the alphabetical order which the dictionary form imposes; and while they are enabled to treat each topic independently, and without the embarrassment of reducing it under a particular head, the reader can study the several details relieved from the complexities of the general subject.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard Dr. Smith's work as a mere Dictionary of Church Antiquities, at least in the sense in which that subject is treated in the popular manuals. It is far more than a repertory of the common topics of sacred archaeology, and aims at something at once of higher and more practical interest than mere technical expositions and learned disquisitions on abstract points of historical or antiquarian criticism. The writers seem always to keep the subject before their eyes as a living thing, and to consider its institutions, not merely as portions of a system, but in their bearing on the living realities among which they were placed. Their object, therefore, is to bring the reader face to face with the primitive Christian community, as well in its first struggles for existence, as in the several steps of that maturer growth to which it attained through a prolonged conflict with those rival systems which it was destined to replace.

In the hands of the new school of archaeology the materials for such investigations as these have been steadily accumulating. The stores laid up by Bosio, Aringhi, Boldetti, and Bottari have been largely supplemented by recent explorers; and the results as well of their explorations as of those of their predecessors have been carefully systematised. Father Marchi's labours have cleared up much that was obscure as to the origin, the structure, and the actual uses of the catacombs. Father Garrucci, in the ancient glasses and other analogous remains, has opened an entirely new page in early Christian history. Martigny and King have done the same for the equally interesting department of Christian Gems; and Fa-

bretti, and above all, the brothers De Rossi, have not only extended in a tenfold ratio the collection of Christian Inscriptions, but have drawn from them a complete body of information on the history, the chronology, the ritual, the pious usages, and the domestic life of the early Church. All the new information systematically accumulated in these various quarters has been industriously utilised by the editors of the Dictionary, and the results in each subject will be found carefully summarised under the proper title.

It would plainly be hopeless to attempt a detailed criticism of a work so diversified in subject and of necessity so fragmentary in treatment. We must be content with a very few specimens of its general method, which we shall endeavour to select chiefly with a view to illustrate the position of the primitive Church in relation to the world of paganism by which it was surrounded, and the life and manners, religious and domestic, of the first professors of the Christian faith.

We shall commence with a subject which will be new to many readers, the CALUMNIES AGAINST THE CHRISTIANS. The ordinary treatises on Church antiquities do not notice this head; but so strongly was its importance felt by Mamachi that he devotes to it nearly the whole of the first book of his unfinished treatise. It is difficult for us, with the notions to which we are habituated, to realise the state of public opinion in which such imputations could have been possible; but it is clear, as well from the bitter and contemptuous language of Celsus, which Mamachi reproduces, as from the apologetic treatises of the second and third centuries, that various revolting charges were systematically circulated against the Christians by their enemies, and that the violence of the persecutions (especially of those which originated with the populace) of which they were the object, was in great part due to the odious impressions regarding them which were thus industriously produced upon the pagan community. The article 'Calumnies' presents a summary of the most remarkable of the number.

The first of these strange calumnies arose out of the primitive institution of the 'Agapæ, and the more sacred supper' which was at first connected with them.* The uninitiated were jealously excluded, as is well known, from this solemn rite, and the prurient imagination of the calumniators put the most hateful construction on the secrecy thus observed. In the declamatory language of the apologist* the Christian feasts

* Athenagoras, *Apol.*, c. iv.

were denounced as 'Thyestean banquets and Ædipodean incest.' The horrid story put in circulation was to the effect that 'when the Christians met, an infant was brought in, covered with flour, and then stabbed to death by a new convert, who was thus initiated in the mysteries.' Of the origin of this revolting tale two explanations are suggested in the article. The first is that it was a well-known practice among conspirators, as we see in Sallust's account of Catiline's conspiracy, to make the drinking of human blood a bond of union in the common enterprise, and therefore that the Christians, who were eminently a secret association, were supposed likely to resort to this expedient for concealment. But although this consideration was not without its effect, it is impossible to doubt that the second explanation suggested is the true one, and that the real origin of the tale was the language held by the Christians themselves as to the Eucharistic rite. The 'covering the infant with flour' is a plain allusion to the celebration of the Eucharist in the outward element of bread, while the story of the 'stabbing the infant to death' grew out of some imperfect apprehension of the Christian idea of the mystic immolation of the Victim of the new covenant. The Christian writers spoke of their feast 'not as common bread and wine, but Flesh and Blood, and by participation in that flesh and blood they taught that men became members of one body' (p. 260-1). This is the only intelligible reading of the pagan calumny; and this reading is forcibly illustrated by the story which Irenæus tells of a curious juggling trick practised by a religious impostor named Marcus, who, in a rite which can only be regarded as an evident imitation of the Christian Eucharist, craftily introduced a red colouring matter into the cup in order to simulate the actual conversion of the wine into blood.*

The charge of immorality and incest grew up in the same way; but as we find this charge reproduced by Tertullian, Origen, Minucius Felix, and Eusebius, it is most curiously circumstantial. 'When the members of a Christian Church met, men and women, it was at night. A lamp gave light to the room, and to its stand a dog was fastened. After they had supped, and were hot with wine, meat was thrown to the dog, so as to make him overthrow the lamp-stand in his struggles to get at it, and then the darkness witnessed a scene of shameless and unbridled lust, in which all laws of nature were set at naught' (p. 261). This strange medley of revolting accusations is but a transferring to the Christians of a

* *Adversus Hæreses*, I. c. xiii., Migne Edition, pp. 580-81.

suspicion of those abominations, the revelation of which, as practised in the Bacchanalia and other secret pagan mysteries, startled the Roman world from time to time. And here, too, the language employed by the Christians themselves—the very name of ‘Agapæ’ or Love-feast, and of the ‘holy kiss,’ or ‘kiss of peace,’ in the eucharistic liturgy—gave some colour to the imputation of unlawful excess; while the profession of a spiritual kindred of the faithful among each other, and their habitual mutual salutation, as ‘brother’ and ‘sister,’ imparted to their intercourse, in the gross conceptions of the vulgar, its alleged incestuous character. Nor is it at all improbable that some foundation in fact for the allegations may have existed in the actual abuses which, as is plain from the later Apostolic epistles, began, even at an early date, to creep into the observances of the Agapæ, and which we know from direct evidence to have reached to very revolting profaneness in that rite, as it came to be practised by some of the heterodox communions, and especially by the Carpocratians.

A charge of ‘Atheism’ was a natural result of the Christians’ scrupulous withdrawal from the public temples and from every act or service of the established worship. Another, of ‘worshipping the cross,’ was suggested by the ‘reverential use’ which the Christians of the second century made of the sign ‘of the cross.’ It is not a little remarkable that ‘the Apologist’ (Tertullian) who speaks of this latter accusation should be content almost to admit the fact without explanation, and should confine himself to retorting, with the argument *ad hominem*, that the framework scaffolding of most of the idols before which the Gentiles themselves bowed down exhibited the same form of a cross.* And in connexion with this occurs the most curious of all these strange calumnies—that which is embodied in the singular pagan caricature of the Crucifixion found some years ago on a wall of the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill, which this Journal was one of the first to bring under notice in England. Tertullian speaks of an ass-headed figure with the inscription THE ASS-BEGOTTEN [ONOKOITES], GOD OF THE CHRISTIANS. But the *graffito* of the Palace of the Cæsars has the additional interest of representing this ass-headed human figure as affixed to a cross, while a person called Alexamenus is seen standing before it in the attitude of prayer, with the inscription AΛΕΧΑΜΕΝΟΣ ΣΕΒΕΤΕ [ΣΕΒΕΤΑΙ] ΘΕΟΝ, ‘Alexamenus worships God.’

It is equally strange in modern eyes to find Christians

* Tertullian, *Apolog.*, c. 16.

charged with 'worshipping the sun.' This imputation of sun-worship the editors explain as having grown out of the special setting apart by the Christians of the 'Dies Solis' for their worship, by the symbolic reverence for the East which they exhibited, and by their speaking of Christ as 'the true Light,' and of themselves as 'children of Light;' and an equally singular but more revolting charge, maintained by Minucius Felix,* which imputed to them something like a phallic worship, is similarly ascribed in the article. 'to the interpretation given by impure minds to acts in themselves blameless. Penitents came to the presbyters of the church to confess their sins, and knelt before them as they sat. This attitude may have suggested the revolting calumny to those who could see nothing in it but an act of adoration.'†

The relations of the infant Christian community to the world of Heathendom, in which its first destinies were thrown, and the silent and almost insensible steps by which it gradually revolutionised the complicated moral and social system which had grown up under the ancient religion, are well described in an admirable article entitled 'FAMILY,' which discusses with great ability, and in a most discriminating spirit, the influence of the Christian religion upon the customs and habits of family life. Those who remember the dark and painful picture of domestic life among the Greeks and Romans at the time of our Lord's coming, which is drawn in Dr. Döllinger's great work, 'Heathenism and Judaism,' will read this article with the deepest interest. It carefully distinguishes between that portion of Christian duty and obligation which is based upon the essential principles of the moral law, and those 'ordinary usages of domestic life which were not directly connected with the religious and moral obligations of the old polytheism.' It is with the latter that the article chiefly deals, tracing out, in this to some extent neutral sphere of action, the indirect moral results which rapidly followed the reception of the new religion.

The first of these results was that elevation of the female sex in position and moral influence which is observable even in the apostolic age. The position of women among the Jews, and, still more, our Lord's treatment of holy women as His disciples and friends, determined from the first their status in the social system of the new religion. Wherever Christ was proclaimed 'women were invited and welcomed into the Christian communities, and were admitted equally with men to all Christian privileges.' Roman Catholic writers trace much of the

* Minucius Felix Octav. c. 9.

† P. 261.

reverential feeling which mingled with the knightly devotion to the sex that characterised medieval chivalry, to the lofty ideas of womanhood inspired by the religious belief of the Divine maternity of the Virgin Mary. Even without seeking to find in the same principle an explanation of the earlier position of the sex in domestic life, it is impossible to doubt that from the very first, 'in a Christian family the wife and mother held an honourable place; and that the conjugal union, the source of all other family relationships, being thus honoured, communicated a happy influence throughout the household' (p. 658). It was in this, perhaps, more than in any other relation of life, that Christianity 'proved itself the salt of the earth, interpenetrating the surrounding mass of pagan civilisation.'

Only second in social importance was the change effected by Christian feeling on the position of the slave in the ancient world. Without attempting to abolish the institution of slavery by legislation or direct precept, the explicit assertion of the equality of slave and free in all that regards Christian privilege and religious standing, necessarily imported a duty upon the part of all alike to look upon one another as brethren, and to recognise their common subjection to a Lord in whose sight there is no distinction of bondman and free. And thus, although in the Christian world the condition of the slave long remained legally the same, and although it was only by the free act of the master that this plea of equality was admitted, it came gradually to pass that, in Christian families generally, slavery was freed from some of its most galling burdens, and a way was prepared for the legislation by which, under Justinian, the character of the institution was modified, and eventually was either discontinued or converted into the mitigated form of serfdom.

But more widely spread and penetrating farther into the depths of family life, were certain influences, unacknowledged, and perhaps not understood, through which, by the very necessities of their condition, Christians, in the early stages of their intercourse with a world still pagan to its very core, were withdrawn from the feelings and associations of the common life with which externally they were in contact. Shut out in a great degree from public affairs; debarred from the courts of law, or, at least, infrequent in their attendance; excluded from many of the ordinary amusements and popular festivities, most of which were tainted with idolatry or with the moral corruptions which underlay it;—the primitive Christians, by a happy necessity, were long thrown back upon each other and

upon a family life with the new conditions which it involved; and although afterwards, when paganism lost its hold upon the world, and when the new religion succeeded to the social, as well as the civil and political privileges of the old one, the Christian returned to his place in public life, and to the duties and relations which are connected with it, the better tone once introduced continued to maintain its ground, and established a higher law of life and morals, which has never since been entirely lost.

The reader, therefore, will study with much interest this picture of family life among the early Christians, tracing out in its various phases the retrenchment or proscription of some of the old usages which were deemed incompatible with the requirements of the altered conditions of life under the Christian profession; the modification of others so as to bring them into harmony with the new order of things; the frank acceptance, again, of others, which, although incorporated in the religious system of paganism, were nevertheless free from all taint of its depravity, and were, in fact, but embodiments of the common instincts of natural religion; the elevation, in fine, of all, by the infusion of the new element which, wherever it penetrated, whether in the observances of public life, the ritual of public worship, or the scarce less sacred usages of domestic intercourse, carried with it the purifying influence of that outpouring of spirit and truth which is the essence of the new Gospel.

It must not be supposed, however, that in the midst of the early fervour of primitive profession the amenities, and even the frivolities, of life entirely disappear from the picture. There is a curious evidence of this in the miscellaneous objects which have been discovered in the catacombs, and to which, in the absence of written records, we have to look for light on the habits of life that prevailed among the Christian population of Rome; and the Christian community of Rome may be taken as including some elements, at least, of almost every contemporaneous people and race to whom the Gospel had been made known. It is not alone that, with the exception of their being occasionally marked with the Christian monogram, the cross, or the A and Ω , the objects of use in everyday life found in the Christian cemeteries resemble in most particulars the ordinary pagan remains of the same class. We further find some direct evidences of the pursuit among Christians of the lighter occupations and amusements. Then, as now, Christian children had their toys and playthings. Jointed dolls of ivory or bone, bronze or terra cotta mice, glass fishes,

&c., are found in the little *loculi*, whose dimensions and, occasionally, inscriptions, touchingly bespeak the tender age of the departed, as though the parent had found a melancholy consolation in hiding away along with the dear deceased the ornaments or playthings which had lost their use in the death of the possessor. Masks have been occasionally discovered; but it may be doubted whether they were intended for use in scenic representations. Dice, too, although but rarely, appear, as though games of chance were not altogether without their votaries; nor were Christian ladies entirely so spiritual as to refuse the use of mirrors and the other appliances of the toilet—combs, tweezers, pins, bodkins, toothpicks and earpicks, vinaigrettes, &c. Ornaments, as well as objects of necessary use—buttons, buckles, and bullæ, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, rings, and earrings—are still to be seen in the Christian Museum of the Vatican. Even the little vanity of false hair was not unknown among the ladies of Christian Rome. Boldetti mentions that in not a few instances it is found in the tombs.* It is more pleasing to discover those pledges of family affection which we ourselves love to preserve; and although there are many more solemn and more sacred memorials of these primitive times, we know none more touching than a little object in ivory—an egg engraved with companion portraits of a husband and wife, and marked with the Christian monogram.

In these and many similar indications we are brought into contact with one of the lighter aspects of the domestic life of the little Christian community, mixed up as it was with the pagan world of Rome. There is a lesson to be learnt from the points of coincidence as well as from those of divergency. Nor can we agree with the writer of the article 'Catacombs' in considering the presence of these and similar objects in the cemeteries as an evidence of the permanence among Christians of the old heathen idea which regarded the life after death as a continuation of the present life with its occupations and amusements (p. 314). Such an idea would be completely at variance with all written evidence. The usage is one which may be regarded as entirely independent of religious associations, whether Christian or pagan; and it is sufficiently explained by the natural instinct of bereaved affection to which we have already alluded, and which, in so far as it has any religious origin at all, is a relic of the great and universal revelation vouchsafed to man by the Omnipotent Creator.

But while the common social usages of the time were thus in

* Osservazioni sopra i Cimiteri, p. 297.

substance accepted by the Christian community, the practice of Christians, even in domestic details, was strongly marked by distinctive observances. Some of these observances are briefly enumerated. Besides those festivals which are exclusively Christian, there are some celebrations which are of an older date, in which, as they were not mixed up with any idolatrous rites, Christian families might unite with their pagan neighbours, and which they might retain for their own use. Even Tertullian, who was so strict in forbidding all semblance of participation in idol-worship, saw no objection to Christians joining in the domestic ceremony of putting on the 'toga virilis,' which corresponded with our 'coming of age,' or to their being present at weddings, or the naming of children (*Nominalia* or *dies lustrici*).

'As the facility of divorce was a primary source of corruption in Roman social and family life, so Christianity, having invested marriage with a religious sanctity, and not allowing divorcement under any circumstances except those mentioned by Christ himself, drew more closely together, not only the husband and wife, but all the other members of the family.

'The relationship between parents and children was greatly influenced for good; the barbarous practice of infanticide which prevailed among the Greeks and Romans was immediately discontinued. Under the old Roman law parents might at any time put their children to death, or sell them as slaves; but this severity was at once voluntarily softened in Christian families, and the power was afterwards taken away by Christian emperors; who further directed that, in case of great poverty, when parents might be tempted to sell their children, relief might be given to them from the public revenues, thus affording an example of an incipient poor-law. (*Cod. Theod.*, vi. 27; in Bingham, xvi. ix. 1.)

'Parental authority, however, and family ties were strongly upheld. Children were not allowed to marry without the consent of their parents (Tertul. *Ad Uzor.*, ii. 9); and under the Christian emperors, in case of daughters so marrying, the most dreadful punishments were ordered to be inflicted on all who were consenting parties to the marriage. (*Cod. Theod.* ix. 24.)

'The education of the children assumed a new interest with Christian parents, but at the same time caused them new anxieties and cares; since, "in bringing them up in the admonition and nurture of the "Lord," it was needful, more especially in the earlier times, to guard them against the evil influences in the midst of which they lived—from the contact of idolatry all around them—from the contagion of companions on every side. Further difficulties, too, presented themselves in connexion with the future occupation of the children, inasmuch as many employments open to others were closed against them. For a Christian had to avoid all the numerous trades and arts which were connected with idol-worship, together with some offices of civil and military life.

'But, to look more closely at the family life of Christianity, it must be observed that the abnegation of idolatry caused a displacement of the household and hearth gods—the *Penates* and *Lares* of the Romans—together with all family rites which savoured of idol-worship, and a substitution of Christian observances in their stead. And as it seems to have been the custom of religious Romans to offer their prayers the first thing in the morning in the *Lararium*, or household shrine (Lampridius, *Alex. Sever.*, 29, 31), so family prayer, in which the different members of a Christian household joined, appears to have had its place from the beginning of the new religion. Such united prayer appears to be alluded to in the remark "that your prayers be not hindered" (1 Pet. iii. 7). And Clement of Alexandria, at the end of the second century, testifies to the same thing, where, commenting on the words "when two or three are gathered together in my name," he says that the three mean a husband, a wife, and a child, *ἄνδρα, καὶ γυναῖκα, καὶ τέκνον τοὺς τρεῖς λέγει* (*Stromat.* iii. 10). And the same author speaks expressly of prayer and reading of the Scriptures (*εὐχὴ καὶ ἀνάγνωσις*) in Christian families. (*Pædag.* ii. 194.)

'It is evident from the words of Tertullian (*Ad Uxorem*, ii. 4), and subsequently of Cyprian (*De Lapsis*, ii. 26), that Christians were in the habit of taking home portions of the eucharistic bread, and eating a small portion of it every morning, as an act of devotion.

'The practice, also, of making the sign of the cross on the forehead, to which at a later period so much efficacy was superstitiously ascribed, had become, before the beginning of the third century, a perpetually repeated ceremony in Christian families, being used "on getting up and "going to bed, on putting on their clothes or their shoes, on walking "out or sitting down, at table or at bath," in short, at every act or moment of the day (see Tertullian *De Cor. Mil.* § 5). This little symbolical action may in early times have been a useful memento to Christians in the midst of so many things of a contrary tendency, however much, like some other practices, once innocent and salutary, it was subsequently used in the service of formalism and error. And the same desire of being constantly reminded of the Christian position, led them to adorn their goblets with the figure of a shepherd carrying a lamb, and their seal-rings with a dove, an anchor, and other similar devices. (Neander, *Hist. Christ.*, p. 399.)

'Besides these, there were other domestic observances, which from time to time interested the piety as well as the natural affections of Christian households, especially those which were connected with the baptism of children, marriages, and funerals, more particularly noticed in separate articles. Children cherished the memory of departed relatives, as those with whom they trusted to be re-united in rest and glory, and not unfrequently held family banquets over their remains in a room provided for that purpose.

'While children were young their superintendence and education engaged especially the mothers' care and vigilance; but, besides this and many other strictly domestic duties, it was usual for Christian women to devote a portion of their time to doing good beyond their own houses; and Tertullian shows that in his days it was expected, as

a matter of course, that they should attend on the sick, go round to the houses of the poor, relieve the needy, and visit imprisoned martyrs.' (Tertul. *Ad Uxor.* ii. 4.)

The same profoundly religious sentiment pervaded the public life of the time, as well the assemblages for the solemn celebration of the liturgy as certain usages and observances indirectly connected with it, and thus sacred either in themselves or in their immediate associations. We have not met anywhere, within the same compass, so interesting an account of the primitive usage of the Agapæ, so complete in its details, and explaining so clearly the origin of the institution, and the stages of its history through the successive variations arising out of the modifications of the primitive discipline regarding the Eucharist.

After briefly tracing the analogy which the Christian usage bears to the Essene community in Judæa, as described by Josephus, to the *ἑταῖροι* of Greek guilds, to the *Charisties* of Roman life, the *συσσίτια* of Crete, and the *φειδίσια* of Sparta, the writer proceeds to describe the order followed in the Christian feast.

'The Christians of a given town or district came on a fixed day, probably the first day of the week (the "stato die" of Pliny's letter to Trajan, *Epp.* x. 96), in some large room hired for the purpose, or placed at their disposal by some wealthy converts. The materials of the meal varied according to the feeling or wealth of the society. Bread and wine were of course indispensable, both as connected with the more solemn commemorative act which came at some period or other in the service, and as the staple articles of food. Meat, poultry, cheese, milk, and honey were probably used with them (August. *C. Faust.* xx. 26). Early paintings on the catacombs of Rome seem to show that fish also was used. (Aringhi, *Roma Subterranea*, ii. pp. 77, 83, 119, 123, 185, 199, 267.)

'Both the fact of its being so largely the common diet of the poor in Syria (Matt. vii. 9, xiv. 17, xvi. 34) and the associations of Luke xxiv. 42, John xxi. 9 (to say nothing of the mystical signification attached to the word *ἄρτος*; as early as Tertullian), would naturally lead Christians to use it in their "feasts of love." The cost of the meal fell practically on the richer members of the Church, whether it was provided out of the common funds or made up of actual contributions in kind, meat or fruit sent for the purpose, or brought at the time. At the appointed hour they came, waited for each other (1 Cor. xi. 33), men and women seated at different tables, perhaps on opposite sides of the room, till the bishop or presbyter of the church pronounced the blessing (*εὐλογία*). Then they ate and drank. Originally at some time before or after the rest of the meal, one loaf was specially blessed and broken, one cup passed round specially, "the cup of blessing." When the meal was over, water was brought and they washed their hands.

Then, if not before, according to the season of the year, lamps were placed (as in the upper room at Troas, Acts xx. 8) on their stands, and the more devotional part of the evening began. Those who had special gifts were called to expound Scripture, or to speak a word of exhortation, or to sing a hymn to God, or "to Christ as to a God." (Pliny, *Epp.* x. 96.)—*Dictionary*, pp. 40, 41.

Then came what may be regarded as the more secular part of the proceedings. Intelligence which had been received from other churches was reported; letters from foreign bishops or churches were read; strangers who were the bearers of such communications, or of letters of communion, or who in other ways represented the brethren of other communities, were introduced, collections were made for the relief of distressed churches at a distance, or for the poor of the district.

'Then came the salutation, the kiss of love (1 Pet. v. 14), the "holy kiss" (Rom. xvi. 16), which told of brotherhood, the final prayer, the quiet and orderly dispersion. In the ideal Agapæ, the eating and drinking never passed beyond the bounds of temperance. In practice, as at Corinth, the boundary line may sometimes have been transgressed, but the testimony of Pliny in his letter to Trajan, as well as the statements of the Apologists, must be allowed as proving that their general character at first was that of pure simplicity. The monstrous slanders of "Thyestean banquets," and "shameless impurity," were but the prurient invention of depraved minds.'

By degrees, however, this severity began to relax, as time proceeded and the Church grew in wealth and numbers.

'At Alexandria, as was natural in a wealthy and luxurious city, there seems to have been a tendency to make the Agapæ too much of a sumptuous feast, like the entertainments of the rich, and it gave the name to banquets to which the rich only were invited. Clement protests, with natural indignation, against such a misapplication of it by those who sought "to purchase the promise of God by such feasts" (*Pædag.* ii. 1, § 4, p. 61). It seems probable from his protest against the use of flutes at Christian feasts, that instrumental music of a secular and meretricious character had come to be used, instead of the "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs" (Eph. v. 19, Cor. iii. 16) which had been in use without accompaniment at the original Agapæ. Clement, however, permits the employment of the harp or lute.

'At first the practice would naturally serve as a witness and bond of the brotherhood of Christians. Rich and poor, even master and slave, met together on the same footing. What took place but once a year in the Roman Saturnalia was repeated in the Christian society once a week. But, in proportion as the society became larger, and the sense of brotherhood less living, the old social distinctions would tend to reassert themselves. The Agapæ would either become mere social entertainments for the wealthy, as at Alexandria, or a mere dole of food for the poor, as in Western Africa (*Augustin. C. Faust.*, xx. 20), and

in either case would lose their original significance. Other causes also tended to throw them into the background. When Christians came to have special buildings set apart for worship, and to look on them with something of the local reverence which the Jews had for the Temple, they shrank from sitting down in them to a common meal as an act of profanation. The Agapæ, therefore, were gradually forbidden to be held in churches, as by the Council of Laodiceæ (c. 27), and that of Third Carthage, A.D. 391 (c. 30), and that in Trullo much later (A.D. 692). This, of course, together with the rule of the Third Council of Carthage (c. 29), that the Eucharist should be received fasting, and the probable transfer, in consequence of that rule, of the time of its "celebration" from the evening to the morning, left the "feast of love" without the higher companionship with which it had at first been associated, and left it to take more and more the character of a pauper meal. Even the growing tendency to asceticism led men who aimed at a devout life to turn aside fastidiously from sitting down with men and women of all classes, as a religious act. So Tertullian, who in his "Apology" had given so beautiful a description of them, when he became a Montanist, reproaches the Church at large with the luxury of its Agapæ, and is not ashamed to repeat the heathen slander as to the prevalence in them of incestuous licence (*De Jejun.*, cxvii.). One effort was made, as by the Council of Gangra, to restore them to their old position. Those who despised and refused to come to them were solemnly anathematized (c. 11). But the current set in strongly, and the practice gradually died out. Their close connexion with the annual commemoration of the death of martyrs and the choice of the graves of martyrs as the place near which to hold them, was, perhaps, an attempt to raise them out of the disrespect into which they had fallen. And for a time the attempt succeeded. Augustine describes his mother Monica as having been in the habit of going with a basket full of provisions to the Agapæ, which she just tasted herself, and then distributed (*Confess.* vi. 2). And this shows the prevalence of the practice in Western Africa. In Northern Italy, however, Ambrose had suppressed them on account of the disorders from which they were inseparable, and their resemblance to the old heathen Parentalia; and Augustine, when he returned to Africa, urged Aurelius, bishop of Carthage, to follow the example (*Epist.* x. and xi.). The name, indeed, lingered, as given to the annual dedication feasts of churches at Rome in the sixth century. (Greg. M. *Epp.* ii. 76.)—*Dictionary*, p. 41.

Long after the general discontinuance of the Agapæ, traces of the institution are found in various parts of the Church under a variety of forms, more or less closely analogous. One of these will be described hereafter under the title of EULOGIÆ, which forms the subject of a separate article. Another was a curious custom, which is prohibited by the Apostolic canons (c. 3), and by the Council in Trullo of bringing to the altar honey, milk, grapes, poultry, joints of meat, that the priest might bless them before they were eaten at a common table. A third lingered long in Alexandria and the Thebaid, and is

referred to by Socrates and Sozomen late in the fifth century, of meeting on Saturday evenings for a common meal, 'generally full and varied in materials,' after which those who were present partook of the mysteries. This Egyptian practice, however, is noticed as an exception to that of all other Churches.

The usage of the *EULOGIÆ* referred to above is in some of its forms but little later than that of the *Agapæ*, but the traces of it have not so completely disappeared in the Church. The word *εὐλογία* was commonly used during the early centuries to designate the Eucharist, and was in fact almost indifferently used for *εὐχαριστία*. It appears to have been derived from the words of St. Paul, 1 Cor. x. 16, and is familiarly employed in this sense by St. John Chrysostom, St. Cyril, and others, sometimes by itself, sometimes with a qualifying epithet, such as *μυστική*, *πνευματική*, or *ζωοποιός*. But from a very early time it came to be used specifically to designate that portion of the Eucharist 'which was conveyed in the primitive Church by the hands of the deacons to those who were absent, as well as those sent by the bishops, notably those of Rome, to their daughter churches, and to foreign bishops and churches, as a sign of Christian love and brotherhood.' Irenæus is the earliest authority cited for this practice; but he speaks of it as long established. In his letter to Victor, Bishop of Rome, in the dispute as to the time of celebrating Easter (cited by Eusebius, *Ecc. Hist.*, v. 24) he implores him 'not to make this a ground for breach of communion, and refers him to the example of his predecessors, who, notwithstanding this difference, were in the habit of sending the Eucharist to the presbyters of the dioceses who observed the Oriental rule.' The practice, however, fell into disfavour in the East, and in 365 was forbidden by the Council of Laodicea (can. 14). This disfavour, however, was not universal.

'Forbidden in the East, the practice lingered considerably longer in the West. Sirmond, indeed, the learned Jesuit, affirms that the custom of sending the Eucharist round to other churches and congregations arose subsequently to the time of Tertullian and Cyprian, since in their writings there is no allusion to it, and all Christians who were present at divine service had the opportunity of communicating, and were bound to avail themselves of it, and that the *Eulogiæ* distributed consisted of bread blessed but not consecrated (*De Azymo*, iv. 527, & seq.). But the passage adduced cannot be satisfactorily interpreted on any other hypothesis.

'After the Church had been invaded by heresy, the Eucharist was distributed to the orthodox presbyters by the bishop, as a pledge of their adhesion to the true faith, as is shown by the ordinances relating to the

fermentum, of Melchiades, A.D. 311, and Siricius, A.D. 385. The letter of Innocent I. to Decentius, informing him of the custom of sending the "*fermentum*" to the presbyters of the tituli on the Sundays, as a token, and expressing his disapprobation of carrying the loaves through a whole diocese, "*quia nec longe portanda sunt sacramenta*," illustrates the same practice. A practice very nearly allied to this, of which we have been speaking, was that which prevailed among the faithful in the first ages of the Church, of carrying home for themselves, and transmitting to others, a portion of the consecrated bread, to be consumed hereafter. Thus Tertullian speaks of Christian women being accustomed "*secretly before all food*" to partake of the Eucharist (Tert. *Ad Uxor.*, ii. 5); and answers the objections of some against receiving the Eucharist on a day of abstinence lest they should break their fast, by the suggestion that they could take the Body of the Lord and reserve it till the fast was over (Id. *De Orat.* 19). Cyprian tells of a woman who had lapsed being terrified by the sudden outburst of flame when she opened her chest where "*the holy thing of the Lord*" (*Domini sanctum*) was kept (Cypr. *De Lapsis*, p. 32). Satyrus, the brother of Ambrose, when fearing to be lost in shipwreck, obtained "*that divine sacrament of the faithful*" from some of his fellow-passengers (Ambros. *De Obiit. Fratris*, iii. 19). Gregory Nazianzen speaks of his sister Gorgonia "*treasuring up with her hand the antitypes of the precious Body and Blood*" (Greg. Naz. *Orat.*, xi. p. 187). We learn from Basil that it was the almost universal custom in Alexandria and Egypt for the laity to have "*the communion*" in their houses; that solitaries did the same when there was no priest near; and that it was generally customary in times of persecution (Basil, *Epist.*, 93). Jerome speaks of some who scruple to receive the Eucharist at the church, but were not afraid to take it home (Hieron. *Epist. ad Pam-mach.*), and of those who carried the Lord's Body in a wicker basket, and his Blood in a glass vessel. (Id. *Epist. ad Rusticum*, 95.)—Art. *Eulogia*, p. 629.

These curious examples abundantly prove the widespread existence of the practice; but the abuses and irreverence which were almost inevitably involved in it eventually led to its complete discontinuance, 'no trace of its general observance being discoverable after the fourth century.'

The cessation of the practice of sending the consecrated Eucharist to persons not present at the celebration of the communion, was followed by another usage, of which traces still subsist in the Greek Church, and in some of the Continental churches—as in the *pain béni* of the French rite, and the Ambrosian rite at Milan. Of the elements of bread and wine offered by the faithful at the offertory, only so much was consecrated as would suffice for the intending communicants then actually present. A portion of the unconsecrated remains was distributed among those who had not received, under the name of *Eulogia*, or, in still later times, of *antidoron*, or sub-

stitute for the *δῶρον*, or Eucharist proper. By the rule of the Apostolic Constitution (lib. viii. c. 31) the deacons distributed these remains to the clergy, in proportion to their rank. Theophilus of Alexandria (A.D. 385) admits the 'faithful brethren,' but not catechumens, to a share with the clergy, although this restriction seems to have disappeared before the time of St. Augustine.*

'As the first love of the Church grew cold, and uncommunicating attendance became common, the unconsecrated remains began to be regularly distributed among those who had not received, that they might not depart without the semblance of a blessing. The Greek names for this practice, *εὐλογία*, *ἀντίδωρον*, sufficiently indicate where it originated. The word occurs in Socrates' account of Chrysanthus, bishop of Constantinople in the fifth century, who declined to receive anything from his churches but "two loaves of the *eulogiæ* every day," *δύο ἄρτους εὐλογιῶν* (Soc. H. F. vii. 12). In the liturgies of Chrysostom and Basil the distribution of the antidoron by the priest is described:—*μετὰ τὴν εὐχὴν ἐξέρχεται ὁ ἱερεὺς καὶ σὰς ἐν τῷ συνήθει τόπῳ δίδωσι τὸ ἀντίδωρον* (Goar, *Eucholog.*, 85 § 190). But this is evidently an addition of a late, though uncertain, date.' (*Dictionary*, pp. 629–30.)

This practice, although originating in the East, found its way into the Western churches, as appears from the Capitula of Hincmar, the canons of the Council of Nantes, 896, and a decree of Leo IV. (847–855), which directs that 'the *eulogiæ* should be distributed to the people after the masses on feast-days.' But it must be carefully distinguished from another practice, entirely unconnected with the eucharistic rite, although bearing, of course, a manifest analogy thereto. Cakes were blessed with a special benediction, not for any object connected with the communion, but solely for the purpose of being distributed among the faithful as a token of mutual love.

'We have a reference to this practice in the writings of St. Gregory Nazianzen (*Orat.* xix. p. 306), when relating a dream of his sister Gorgonia, when sick. "She thought," he says, "that I suddenly stood by her in the night with a basket of loaves of the purest flour, and, "having prayed over them and signed them, as our wont is, fed her." During the disputes which surrounded the Council of Ephesus, the bishop and presbyters of Cilicia and Isauria sent *eulogiæ* to John of Antioch, in token of communion. The writings of Paulinus, bishop of Nola, contain many notices of these *eulogiæ*, sometimes under the name of *benedictions*, which were exchanged between him and Augustine and others. The latter writes to Paulinus:—"The bread we have sent will become a richer *blessing* for the love of your benignity in "accepting it" (Paulin., *Epist.* iv. p. 16). Paulinus also sends a trifling loaf to Alypius, which he will turn into a *eulogia* by his kind-

* De Peccatorum Meritis, ii. 26.

ness in receiving it (ib. iii. p. 12). He sends five loaves to Romanianus and Licinius (ib. vii. p. 27). To Severus he sends "a companion loaf from his cell, as a *eulogia*," together with a boxwood casket, and begs him, as before, by accepting the loaf to convert it into a *eulogia* (ib. v. § 21, p. 30). The large number of stories in Gregory of Tours in which the expressions *eulogias accipere, dare, flagitare, ministrare, portare, porrigere, postulare, &c.*, occur, prove how common the practice was, as a token of Christian communion, and a symbol of episcopal benediction in the sixth century. From some of these passages we learn that to drink a cup of wine and partake of a morsel of bread blessed by him in a bishop's house, was considered as equivalent to receiving his benediction, *eulogia*. (Id. *Hist.* vi. 51, viii. 2.)—*Art. Eulogia*, p. 630.

There was still another analogous usage which was designated by the same term. Other sacred gifts, entirely unconnected with the *eulogiæ* hitherto described, but sent in token of Christian friendship and love, are habitually described by the same name. A wooden box sent by Paulinus of Nola; the presents sent by Cyril of Alexandria to Pulcheria and the ladies of the court, were called '*eulogiæ*,' or blessings. St. Gregory the Great, sending relics of St. Mark to Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria, calls them '*eulogiæ St. Marci*;' and he calls by the name '*benedictio*,' a small cross containing filings of the Apostles' chains.* St. Augustine uses the same word in sending some of his opuscula to the abbot Valentinus. 'Even sweetmeats, nuts, and dry figs were included under the title, 'when blessed by the sender.' Some curious stories illustrative of the custom are recorded in the '*Vitæ Patrum*.' Thus, some *bellaria* (sweetmeats); brought to a monastery where Valens was a monk, by some guests, and distributed by the abbot Macarius to each cell, were indignantly rejected by Valens, who beat the bearer, and sent him back with the message, 'Go and tell Macarius that I am as good as he. What right, then, has he to send me a benediction?'† As the '*benedictio*' was a sign of church communion, all such gifts were withheld from excommunicated persons, and excommunicated bishops were not permitted to send them. The abbot Arsenius took umbrage at some dry figs not being sent to him, and, regarding himself as excommunicated, refused to attend divine service with his brethren until the ban was taken off. Many examples are recorded of the refusal of the *eulogiæ* to excommunicated persons. On the other hand, they were regularly distributed in monasteries, either daily or on the chief festivals; and in the Benedictine rule monks are forbidden to receive

* Epp. Lib. xiii. p. 42.

† Palladius, *Hist. Laus.* c. 51.

'letters, eulogiæ, or any kind of little gift,' without the abbot's permission.

Independently of their bearing on the subject of doctrine or ritual, these details have an interest, as illustrating the varying spirit of the times and the character of the religious feeling which prevailed in each. We have read, with equal interest, the most curious and learned article on the rite of FRACTION, or the Breaking of the Bread in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Three several acts of fraction occur in relation to the eucharistic rite;—the first, which preceded the recital of the words of institution in the Liturgy, or which, speaking more exactly, accompanied the preparatory portion of that recital; the second, which followed the act of consecration and symbolised the breaking of the body of our Lord; the third, which had for its object the division of the elements for distribution among the intending communicants. Of the first no distinct trace is found in any ancient liturgy, except the Coptic Liturgy of St. Basil. The writer of the article FRACTION argues from its being 'natural that in reciting the words of 'institution the priest should "suit the action to the word," 'that it probably was a common, if not the universal, practice in 'what may be called the first ritual period.' But the ancient evidence appears to be entirely adverse to his view. It does not appear in any Oriental or Greek liturgy, but that mentioned above. No notice of it appears in any Western liturgy, except in a rubric of a missal of Rheims in the middle of the sixteenth century, in which it is said that in reciting the words 'He brake,' the priest breaks the bread slightly. The Sarum and York missals contain a direction to the priest at the same words. But in these missals he is not directed to break the bread, but only to 'make the sign of breaking.' And it is noticeable that even the Coptic Liturgy of St. Basil, while it orders the celebrant to break the oblation into three parts, directs him to re-unite the parts at once, 'so that they be in a 'manner not divided.' We are inclined to think, therefore, that, in asserting the antiquity of this preliminary practice, the writer has been misled by the desire to vindicate the usage of the present English Prayer-book, which directs the celebrant to 'break the bread' while he utters the words 'He brake it.'

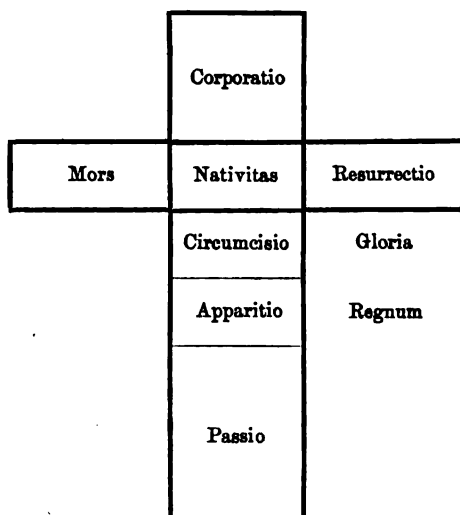
But as regards the second or symbolical fraction, its antiquity is beyond all question, and the details of the rite are exceedingly curious. In the liturgy of St. James, the celebrant 'breaks the bread and holds half in his right hand and half in 'his left, and dips that in the right in the cup, saying: "The "union of all the holy body and the precious blood of our

“ Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ.” In the common Greek liturgy the action is still more elaborately symbolical. The holy loaf used in the service is stamped with the characters IC (Ἰησοῦς) XC (χριστός) NIKA; these syllables being arranged in a square divided by transverse lines

IC	XC
NI	KA

This loaf the celebrant ‘divides into four parts (following these ‘transverse lines) with care and reverence, saying: “The ‘Lamb of God, the Son of the Father, is dismembered and ‘divided,” &c. Then he takes the uppermost part of the ‘holy loaf (which is stamped with the letters IC for Ἰησοῦς) and ‘holds it in his hand; and the deacon, pointing with his orarion ‘to the holy cup, says: “Fill, master, the holy cup.” And the ‘priest says: “The fulness of faith in the Holy Ghost,” and he ‘makes the sign of the cross and casts it into the holy cup.’ The Coptic rite is even more complex. There is first a special preparatory prayer. Then after crossing both the bread and the cup with a finger dipped in the latter, the celebrant recites a ‘prayer of fraction.’ Later on in the preparation for the communion ‘he divides the body into three parts, as he had ‘done before at the words “He brake it;” but this time trans- ‘versely to the former fractures.’ The piece from the middle of the corban is the largest, and from this he takes a small piece, which is called ‘Isbodicon,’ or in the Alexandrian liturgies, Σπουδικόν, both words being corruptions of Δεσποτικόν, the ‘Body ‘of the Lord.’ The fragment is set aside, and the larger piece from which it had been taken is placed in the middle of the palm, and the smaller pieces are placed around it, so as to form a cross; thus expressing in act, rather than by words, the allusion to our Lord’s passion. The priest then breaks up in order all the pieces, with the exception of the central one, around which he collects all the smaller fragments, and then throws the Isbodicon into the cup—a rite coincident with that ‘commixtio’ which in the Western liturgies follows the sym- bolic fraction of the host. In the Syrian rite the particle broken off, with a ceremonial similar to that described above as to the Isbodicon, is called by the curious name of ‘the Pearl.’ The priest dips this ‘Pearl’ into the chalice, signs the other particles with it crosswise, and puts it into the chalice, with a prayer alluding to the union of the Godhead and Manhood in Christ. But the most curious of all these interesting rites is that of the semi-Oriental ritual of Gothic Spain and Gallia Narbonensis, now known as the Mozarabic. In this most in- teresting rite the celebrant is directed to break the oblate in two halves, one of which halves is to be divided into five parts,

and the other into four. 'He then forms a cross with seven of the fragments, putting five in a line to make the stem, and one on each side of the second from the top to make the arms. Each of these pieces has a special name. The uppermost in the stem is called *Corporatio* (i.e. Incarnation). Then follows in order *Nativitas*, *Circumcisio*, *Apparitio* (Epiphany), *Passio*. The piece which forms the left arm of the cross (taken from the spectator) is called *Mors*, that on the right *Resurrectio*, in a line with it.' This curious arrangement is shown in the following diagram:—



The arrangement, it need hardly be explained, is designed to symbolise the entire 'course of our Lord's being, acting, and suffering in the flesh, with the fruits thereof.'

The same diversity of rite prevailed also as to the Fraction for the purpose of distribution among the communicants. In the earliest notices of the Eucharistic rite this fraction alone is alluded to, but without any details as to manner; nor is the liturgy of St. Mark more circumstantial regarding it. But in that of St. James the rite of putting the bread into the chalice is distinctly described.

'The second part of the prepared loaf, which is stamped XC (for *χριστός*) is divided for the communion of the priest and his assistants, who receive the elements separately. The other two (marked NI and KA) are also divided according to the number of communicants, and put into the chalice. As intinction began to appear in Spain in the seventh century, the method of practice now described as attendant on it was

probably in use among the Greeks so early as the sixth. In the fourth and fifth we find Cyril of Jerusalem, Basil, Chrysostom, and Cyril of Alexandria still recognising the practice of receiving in the hand, which is incompatible with intinction (p. 689). In the Mozarabic rite the priest was directed to put into the chalice the particle called "Regnum" and to receive that called "Gloria;" and it is presumed that the remaining divisions were used for distribution among the communicants, if there were any such. The present rubric of this rite directs that the guest shall himself consume all the remaining particles in order.' (Ibid.)

With these interesting peculiarities of the Eucharistic rite in the various liturgies of East and West, it is curious to compare a very early practice regarding the Eucharist which is described in the article CATACOMBS, viz. its use in connexion with funerals and with the dead. We cannot do better than transcribe the passage; but it is right to say that Roman Catholic authors by no means acquiesce in the view taken in the article as to the import of the rite, or as to the belief with which it was performed. They contend that the use of the Eucharist in relation to the dead, even in its most corrupt form, was not based on any supposed 'magical power of the consecrated elements,' or any supposed 'charm' involved therein, but upon a real belief of their supernatural efficacy, and of the extension of this efficacy beyond the limits of life into the world of spirits. They hold, of course, that the Eucharist was offered for the departed soul, and that the Communion received with prayer on its behalf was believed to profit the soul after death. The superstition consisted in ascribing spiritual efficacy to the act of administering it to the inanimate corpse. It may also be added that the best and most recent Roman authorities still maintain that, although some of the glass vessels found in the catacombs certainly did contain wine, as described in the following extracts, a very large proportion of them no less certainly were depositories of the blood of martyrs, and must be regarded as indisputable evidences of martyrdom.

'We know that it was the universal custom of the early Church to celebrate the Eucharist at the time of a funeral, provided it took place in the morning. By degrees a corrupt custom crept in, based on a superstitious view of the magical power of the consecrated elements, of administering the Holy Communion to the departed. The prohibition of this profane custom in the canons of some early councils (*e.g.* Auxerre, A.D. 578, can. 12; Carthage iii., A.D. 395, can. 6; Trullo, A.D. 691, can. 83) is evidence for its existence. The consecrated bread was laid as a charm on the breast of the corpse. The wine, inclosed in small glass or earthenware bottles, was placed in the grave, or imbedded in the mortar, at the mouth of the loculus, and the red colour left by

the exsiccated wine, mistaken for blood in the early stages of catacomb investigations, has created thousands of false martyrs. Another analogous custom was that of pouring libations of wine on the graves after the old heathen fashion, and supplying the dead with food for their last journey, *viaticum*. The twenty-second canon of the Second Council of Tours, A.D. 567, mentions those who "in festivitæ cathedræ domini "Petri Apostoli, cibos mortuis offerunt." Paulinus of Nola (*Pœm.* xxvii. vv. 566, 567) thus alludes to the libations:—

"Simplicitas pietate cadit, male credula sanctos
Perfusus halante mero gaudere sêpulchris."

'Another purpose of the *cubicula* was for the celebration of the Funeral Feast on the anniversary day of the death. This was a custom inherited from the heathen sepulchral rites, which too often degenerated into heathen license. St. Augustine deplores that "many" drink most luxuriously over the dead, and when they make a feast "for the departed, bury themselves over the buried, and place their "gluttony and drunkenness to the score of religion" (*De Mor. Eccl. Cath.* c. xxxiv.), and condemns those who "make themselves drunk "in the memorials of the martyrs" (*Cant. Faust.* xx. 21). In primitive times it may be charitably believed that such abuses were the exceptions, and that the anniversary was observed in a seemly manner, and with a cheerfulness tempered by religion. The pictures on the walls of the *cubicula* of some of the catacombs furnish representations of those funeral feasts of which they were the scene. The most curious is from an *arcosolium* in the catacomb of SS. Marcellinus and Peter (Bosio, p. 391). Three guests—a woman between two men—are seated at a crescent-shaped or sigma table, at the ends of which in stately curule chairs two matrons are seated. No dishes appear on the table; they are placed on a small three-legged stand in the centre, at which a lad is stationed, prepared to execute the orders of the guests which are written above their heads: "Irene da Calda," "Agape, misce "mi" (Cf. Juven. *Sat.* v. 63; Martial, lib. i. ep. 11; lib. viii. ep. 63; lib. xiv. ep. 95). Another painting from the same cemetery represents six persons, three of each sex, seated at an empty table. One is drinking from a *rhytion*; another stretches out his hand to receive a cup from a person of whom no more than the arm is left. (Bosio, p. 355.)—*Art. Catacombs*, p. 310.

This propitiatory rite on behalf of the dead was by no means confined to the Eucharist. It extended also to baptism; and two distinct uses in relation to that sacrament are found at a very early date. In one of these the baptismal rite was performed directly upon the deceased; in the other, it was received vicariously by a living person in the name of the departed. An interesting article, which combines under one heading these post-mortem rites of Baptism and of the Eucharist, supplies a number of very curious details. The writer accepts in their literal sense the words of St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 29—*Βαπτίζομενοι ὑπὲρ νεκρῶν*—although the argument of

St. Paul for the resurrection contained in them is understood by Chrysostom, Theophylact, and later commentators to refer, not to any rite of baptism received vicariously for the dead, but simply to the profession of faith in the resurrection which is made in baptism. It is certain, however, that, independently of this passage of St. Paul, there is abundant evidence for the existence of both practices—the administration of baptism to the dead, and the vicarious baptism of the living on behalf of the dead.

‘It is better to take the words in their obvious sense, and to remember that St. Paul simply draws from the practice of which they speak an *argumentum ad hominem*, and does not in the slightest degree sanction the practice itself. However startling it may seem that a feeling so gross in its superstition should spring up so soon, we have to remember that it was more or less analogous to the “sorrow without hope” of which St. Paul speaks in writing to the Thessalonians (1 Thess. iv. 13), and which sprang out of the belief that those who died before the coming of the Lord were shut out from all participation in the glory of the kingdom. So it was at Corinth, and, it may be, elsewhere. Men were told that by baptism they were admitted to the kingdom of God; that it was the pledge, not only of immortality for the soul, but of resurrection for the body. But what would become of those who, although they had believed, were cut off by death before receiving baptism? His answer led to the expedient of “a vicarious baptism” (Tertull. *De Resurr. Carn.* c. 48, *adv. Marcion.* v. 10), to which the usages of later Judaism afford at least some remote analogies (Lightfoot, *Hor. Hebr.* in 1 Cor. xv.). The practice assumed among the Ebionites (Epiph. *Hæres.* 30) and the Marcionites (Chrysost. *Hom.* 40 in I. Cor.) a somewhat dramatic form. The corpse was laid upon the bed, and beneath there was concealed a living man. The question “Wilt thou be baptised?” was formally put and answered, and then the rite was performed on the living, as the proxy for the dead. There is no reason for thinking that the practice ever became common in the Church. Its adoption by heretical sects probably secured its condemnation. But the feeling had showed itself in another form more widely. The stronger the feeling that baptism conferred what could be conferred in no other way, the more men lamented over the non-fulfilment of the condition by those they loved. The Church allowed baptism *in articulo mortis*, it is true, even when the ordinary conditions were not fulfilled. It might, in case of necessity, be administered by a layman, or even by a woman. But still death might come beforehand. What was to be done then? What was to be done in the parallel case of the baptised man dying without communion? In all parts of the Church, and for some centuries, we find traces of the prevalence of the practice of administering baptism to the corpse. It is forbidden, it is true, by Councils, but the locality and date of the Synods that prohibit it are significant as showing how widely spread it was. We have canons against it, and against the analogous practice of placing the Eucharist within the lips of the dead, in the Third Council of Carthage (A.D.

ART. VI.—*Daniel Deronda.* 4 vols. 12mo. By GEORGE ELIOT. Edinburgh and London: 1876.

THE career of George Eliot as a novelist has been a very remarkable one. She has had no preliminary struggle to go through, no uphill toil, no slow approaches to the admiration and attention of the public. Beginning with mature powers, and that command of her tools and knowledge of her material which only full development can bring, she seized at once upon that better part of the public which forms the taste of the world; and since then her progress has been from triumph to triumph, an almost uninterrupted course of appreciation and success. It does not always happen that those who hold the position of authorities in the literary world have the power of conferring anything that deserves the name of fame—indeed, it happens not unfrequently that their verdict, though so far respected by the public as to gain for their nominee a place upon some dusty shelf or step going the way of reputation, is never frankly endorsed or received with acclamations by that broader mass of readers who form the final tribunal. But in George Eliot's case the critics only at best preceded the public by a single step. A more unanimous and a more enthusiastic verdict has rarely been got by any competitor for the prizes of literature. She has outstripped even those who hold the highest place among the kindred writers who were a little way before her in the race. There are many, to whom Bulwer Lytton is nauseous, and Thackeray cynical, and Dickens vulgar, who have nothing but unbounded admiration to give to the author of 'Adam Bede' and 'Silas Marner.' Her insight, her wisdom, her power, her tenderness, her knowledge of human nature, have scarcely ever been called in question; and at length the very critics who helped to make it have grown timid before this universal fame. Having thrown ourselves, with a completer worship than any other writer has obtained for some generations, before the feet of this great writer, the storm of applause which we have aided in calling up has alarmed and silenced us by its thunders. It is amusing to see how the weekly censors of the newspapers have shifted and hesitated in their attempts to modify the enthusiasm without committing themselves with the mass of enthusiasts, in whose eyes any failure in veneration for their favourite author would be a kind of crime; and the boldest has held his breath when venturing to express a faint and timid disagreement with the great novelist, or even a doubt of her absolute

skill, power, and success. To have reached to this height of popular esteem is in itself a great and very unusual attainment. Scott did it in his day; but even the reputation of Scott was perhaps less dazzling, inasmuch as it was the franker, simpler enthusiasm of a world not so full of *illuminati* as at the present moment, and which was more simply enthralled by the charm of story, the picturesqueness, the variety, the flood of life, which poured over the country at the frank and manly touch of the homelier Scotch Shakspeare, whose kind, broad, genial imagination created but did not analyse. The work of George Eliot claims to be something more than this, and is certainly something quite different. It is founded, not upon story, not upon creation, but on that anatomy of meaning and motive, that profound investigation and research into the workings of the heart, which is at least a higher intellectual exercise, if not a higher effort of genius; and which, attracting most of all the keener intelligences among the crowd, becomes by degrees a kind of intellectual standard by which the general opinion is formed. This is made evident by the fact that the individual in ordinary society, who ventures to express disapproval of George Eliot's works, requires a very large amount of sincere stupidity or confidence, and that it amounts to something like self-conviction of dullness to avow it boldly. Hence a great deal of spurious enthusiasm and false applause, which, being without any real foundation of understanding, is delusive in the highest degree—an injury at once to the writer and to the public taste. Indeed, besides being acknowledged on all hands as a woman of great and noble genius, and placed by universal consent at the head of the fiction writers of the time—and a very long way beyond any of them, in the opinion of her warmest admirers at least—George Eliot has also had the less desirable fortune of becoming the fashion, so that everything has concurred in securing her fame.

A fame more thoroughly deserved has seldom existed. Writers more versatile, more sensitive to the varying phantasmagoria of life and all its perpetual change and play of meaning—even more sympathetic, answering more warmly and divining more delicately the touches of feeling that are as ripples on the water and as shadows on the mountains—there have been and are; but none more nobly conscious of the larger developments of nature, or able to trace with a more masterly hand the growth of character and the deeper convulsions that affect it. We are not sure that any woman writer, with a mind so broad, so large, so able to conduct a mental

investigation to the end, so little apt to be seduced into digression, or moved into change of purpose, has ever been. The breadth of the full, clear, homely landscape, both earth and heaven, is in her contemplative eye, which misses nothing, and makes no partial sketch. It is not always so, even with the most accomplished literary artist; sometimes the landscape is too great for him, confuses him, misleads him into dabs of colours and misty vagueness, or drives him into a corner with some miniature scene which is within his compass, and which he represents to be the world. But George Eliot is above this weakness of vision, this blurred or microscopic sight. With a calm and steady power she looks abroad, undismayed by the breadth of the scene, seeing all its details in full roundness, with their atmosphere about them, lucid, impartial, certain: the individual life she treats—great as her power is in dealing with that—being in the first place almost subsidiary to the general effect of the large and fully furnished picture. It is not only Mrs. Poyser, but all her surroundings, the tranquil fields, the bustle of serene business in the farmhouse, and all the rural concerns around, which fill up and perfect that study of homely English existence, with all its quaint realism, its close observation, its shrewd traditional wisdom. This was the greatest charm of the earlier stories, in which there are none of those creations which have a kind of independent existence, and which form an author's highest title to fame. The 'Scenes of Clerical Life' did not add any new inhabitants to the world, though there is abundance of character and life in them; for even the sweet and noble wife of Amos Barton, a sketch most true, impressive and deeply felt, was neither sufficiently original nor sufficiently wrought out to take a permanent place among the creations of genius; and these tales, though they must always have delighted the generation for which and among which they were produced, would have had little claim upon posterity on their own account. In 'Adam Bede,' however, the author rose to a higher level, and measured herself for the first time by the supremest test of poetical power. The figure of Hetty is like nothing that art had before developed out of nature, and yet it is profoundly true, with a reality in it which makes the heart ache. The very landscape, hitherto so broad and large and calm, changes and intensifies round this being, so tragical in her levity and shallowness. Never was the hapless simpleton, strange mixture of innocence and that self-love which is the root of ill, deserving of her fate, yet not deserving, in her lightness and reckless ignorance, of any such tremendous encounter with

destiny and the powers of evil, so wonderfully set forth. In most cases, when a human soul, either in history or fiction, is brought face to face with the darker passions and calamities, it is of a nature lofty enough to cope with and combat them; but George Eliot was the first to thrill the spectator with the sight of a helpless, frivolous, childish creature, inadequate even to understand, much less to contend with, those gigantic shadows, confronted all at once by despair, crime, remorse, and destruction—things with which her soft childlike foolishness and baby character had nothing to do. The effect produced is much like that which would be roused in us did we see a child set in motion, by some heedless touch, a whole system of grim machinery, such as must crush it into a thousand pieces, and before which we stand trembling and appalled, not only by the horror itself, but by the shock of those tremendous forces employed for such a result. The anguish of pity in such a case is not mingled with any of those nobler sentiments which make the heart swell when we watch a worthy struggle, but is sharp and sore with our inability to assist, and with yearning over the helpless victim. There is nothing finer in modern literature than the power with which this contrast is kept up, and the slightness and frivolity of poor Hetty's being, preserved consistent through all the tempest of woe that comes upon her. A lesser artist would have made this trifling country girl develop into a heroine in face of the terrible emergency; but genius knows better; and the tragedy gains in depth and solemn force from the helpless weakness of the central figure. We have seen a spotless Desdemona, a lovely dream like Juliet perish with a less pang and shiver of feeling than that with which we watch this poor, pretty, self-regarding fool crouch helpless and dumb before the awful fates. The rest of the book is altogether on a calmer level—a picture fine in breadth and atmosphere, full of true observation and a large knowledge of human life; but Hetty is the only perfect and original creation in it, the only one beyond the reach of oblivion or decay. Her childlike and simple figure throws light upon a whole world of helpless creatures, who are innocent without virtue, and whose undeveloped and slight natures lie helpless between the counter winds of impulse and circumstance, on the edge of the most fatal whirlpools—scarcely guilty, or great enough to be capable of guilt, yet ready to be hurried into vague depths of criminality in the very stupefaction of their ignorance. The picture is far more tragical than more legitimate tragedy.

There are but three other personages in all George Eliot's

works whom we count worthy to be placed beside this wonderful impersonation, and of these, two are so separated by the mode of treatment as to call for consideration on a different ground. Once only has an inspiration of purest poetical creation come within this great writer's reach, and grown into being in fitting form and garments. The Romolas and Dorotheas are at once too intellectual, too high-flown, and too little tender, to enter within the poet's circle of fair women. Maggie Tulliver is her only woman of true heroic mould—spontaneous, unconscious, sweet yet lofty, great in simplicity and power. The surroundings of this noble figure are so wonderful in their prosaic realism and truth to a very unpleasant phase of nature, that to many readers they have pushed forward out of their natural place in the background, and become the most important part of the work. But against the dull background of commonplace, the self-trained poetic girl, of whom Nature has made, as in Wordsworth's poem, a 'lady of her own,' rises like a lily, fine even in her faults, great in her misadventures, perhaps the most beautiful ideal creation of this age. Her story is the least part of her charm, yet even in that story the crisis is nobly original in conception; and only a woman, we think, could have conceived the idea of a woman, so loving, yet so much above her love: so conscious, notwithstanding the universal theory that in the life of woman love is everything, that love is not everything, is indeed inferior and subordinate, as happiness is, and all personal good, to truth, honour, and duty. Thus the individuality of sex, which so often tells, and which is so much oftener supposed to tell, in the way of weakness, throws a nobler grace for once upon the intuitions of genius; for we doubt whether any man would have ventured to suggest such a sacrifice at once of her love and her good name as Maggie Tulliver makes without flinching. The growth and development of her mind and nature are worked out with a noble unity; and nothing interferes with the perfect effect of this fine conception, no cross-lights or bewildering expedients to recompense goodness or break upon the pure and soft tragedy of the conclusion—an end so pathetic, yet so satisfying, better than any resuscitated passion or trial of a second love.

These two unlike yet perfect images are perhaps George Eliot's highest triumphs. Yet there are two others in which the power evolved is still greater, though the manner of employing it is less attractive. In Hetty the author works purely as an artist, perceiving and revealing—with that higher touch of imagination which lifts reality out of realism into truth—what she sees in the human nature she has sounded and

fathomed, without love or hate, yet with, even in her own creating mind, a certain half awe, half pity, for the being which grows under her hand, yet over which, like the rest of us, she can scarcely choose but wonder. In Maggie Tulliver she is the sympathetic poet working out, who can tell what tender recollections, what lovely dreams and fancies of departed youth? But in the two most notable figures which remain, Tito and Rosamond, she is another and a different being; she is the avenging prophetess, the Scald, the Sibyl, chanting her tremendous maledictions out of that elevation from which she can see, with pitiless, all-penetrating gaze, through and through the pretences, the screens and coverings, of miserable humanity. No other living artist, no poet indeed alive or dead, has produced with such vindictive and remorseless strength the examples of character which she hates. In this point of view the treatment is as original as the conception. An artist seldom hates the productions of his own genius, and this perhaps is the reason why we cannot call to mind a single example of the same unswerving force of adverse portraiture. Generally the effect is exactly the reverse; relenting over the creatures of his fancy, and feeling an instinctive interest in their fortunes, the writer is led to swerve a little from the sterner path, to misdirect Nemesis, to depart even from his cherished plan, and soften all his harder lines; or even to do violence to art altogether by forcing an unnatural repentance, which is what Dickens does with perpetual balking of his own efforts. But George Eliot pursues Tito without a compunction, with a remorseless power which overawes the reader, and looks like personal vengeance upon an actual sinner more than mere dramatic following out of a great conception. Perhaps also the unique character of this treatment arises partly from the fact that few great writers have given either by choice or misadventure the principal *rôle* to the villain. We say by misadventure—for Romola is no doubt intended to hold that place which the much more powerful drawing of her husband's figure secures for him. But even had Shakspeare made a similar failure in 'Othello,' and thus elevated Iago into the chief place of the tragedy, we should still have missed a feature which increases the cruel effect of the modern drama—the fact that Tito is introduced to us in a bloom of beautiful youth with everything in his favour, and that we are betrayed into admiration and even partisanship before we are aware that the author's aim is totally different, and that we are to assist at the gradual deterioration of this half-divine Apollo, in all the freshness of beauty, youth, sweetness of temper and of nature, whose only

apparent fault is his love of love and beauty and applause, luxury and advancement, and all that is pleasant in life. The steps by which he ripens out of the early amiability which gives him a certain pleasure in pleasing others, besides that of securing for himself the praise and advancement which he loves—into an ever-increasing egotism; and the darker attendant strain of deceit which from the first half-falsehood of silence upon a material point in his history, grows into lies, treachery, betrayal of all who trust him, and the final melting of every better possibility in life—are drawn with masterly power. And we are obliged to acknowledge that we have been beguiled into a momentary belief, at the commencement, in this beautiful young traitor—a fact which adds a pang to the contempt and loathing which his wickedness calls forth. But the author does not suffer from this contrast, rather it inspirits and excites her, as she traces him with vehement, still revengefulness through every step of his career, until the clouds that have been gathering come together in one wild gloom of destruction; and the doomed man, still so young, still full of all the elements of enjoyment, perishes in a sudden horror of fate, the vengeance which has dogged his steps to the very edge of escape and safety. There is something appalling in the growth of the evil, the gradual advances it makes, here lightly taken and voluntary, there forced by the always increasing velocity of downfall, and the course of events. Tito is, we think, the only male character who rises to the height of a creation, of all that George Eliot has done: but what force and vehemence and power are in this one picture! force almost too great, a power that alarms and disturbs the reader, not like a work of imagination so much as a tremendous and splendid revenge wrought upon some real foe.

A companion picture, wrought with the same extraordinary and seeming vindictive power, is in the character of Rosamond in 'Middlemarch.' Here there is the same beauty, smoothness, and desire to please, but not the same possibilities of good to delude us in the beginning. Rosamond has not the poetic margin, the natural sweetness of Tito; she is planned upon narrower lines, and never has it in her power, as he seems to have, to turn the corner which leads to all that is noble, instead of that which goes the way of ruin. Nor does Rosamond come to external ruin and downfall as Tito does. The atmosphere of doubt that is about the adventurer, the instinctive want of trust which honest men feel in this quick-rising, subtle, shifty Greek, are wanting in Rosamond's career, which is even more intensely tragical in being veiled throughout in

garments of common life and never revealed to the common eye. Her brother distrusts her, having found out in the unvarnished intercourse of the household her inherent selfishness; but nobody else suspects the constant self-reference, the strait and narrow limits of nature within which her petty mind moves, untouchable by anything from without, confounding all reason with cut-and-dry little arguments, simpers or tears. This fair young creature, beautiful, clever, accomplished, who lives by the side of the man who loves her absolutely unmoved by him, shut up in her own little armour of self-affection, sweetly cold, gently cruel, calmly wringing his heart: but never doing anything unbecoming or unladylike, and living on in serene complaisance after he has been done to death, as unconscious of being to blame as if she had been made of wood—is a study as remorselessly worked out as that of Tito. The author leaves not a corner of her little soul unexplored, allows not a spark of finer meaning to neutralise the supreme love of self which is her leading principle, and reveals her nakedly in her petty undercurrents of thought, impervious to all the early fervours of love, all the desperate attempts to get into communication with her soul which her husband tries in vain, all the fiery flashes of indignation and assaults of misfortune. Every external influence beats upon her self-contained soul as vainly as the waves beat upon a rock; yet how soft and dainty and delicate that being is, which is more obdurate than any rock, less affected by all the ebb and flow of human feeling! Other authors have contributed the evil along with the good to our knowledge of human nature, but no one that we can remember has given us studies so powerful, so unflinching as these. Perhaps it is only for the faults of the good that the eye of the recording angel grows dim: but never a shade of pity, never a tremble of the eyelid, weakens the dazzling and all-penetrating vision of this great writer. She who is so tender over the poor weaver in his solitude, so indulgent to the children, so tolerant to the rude prose of rural life, has no ruth for these creations of her genius, whom she makes only to brand with red-hot irons of moral reprobation. We know nothing which we can set beside this remarkable development of creative power—Tito and Rosamond are as unique as they are wonderful in art.

We have been betrayed into more prolonged disquisition than we had intended on these greater points in the literary career of George Eliot. It is natural that the very name of a writer who has attained a social reputation so rarely equalled should suggest the nobler foundations upon which that fame

has been built, and the recollection is particularly appropriate at a moment when the English public has been agitated by the gradual development of another of those elaborate webs of moral meaning to which the very fabric of story-telling, most primitive and widely spread of all the arts, has grown in her hands. Never certainly since the days of Scott has any new work of fiction attracted the same amount of attention; and in Scott's days the monthly issue, that tantalising expedient for long drawing out of the links of literary fascination, had not been invented, nor could any one book have kept the country agog for so many months, and caused so much general excitement and interest. We have already said that the determined prepossession in the public mind in favour of George Eliot, the certainty of the educated classes that what she has to say must be profoundly interesting, and that a new work from her hand is the most exciting event which can happen in literature, is of itself a remarkable achievement, a real triumph such as seldom falls to the lot of the literary artist. The announcement of her appearance in a book has an effect more like that produced by the appearance of a great actor or singer than by the impersonal advent of a writer which cannot be attended by the external accessories of enthusiasm, the leap of admiration from eye to eye, the accumulated sentiment of a multitude. The appearance which we have now to notice has been accompanied by the ordinary stir of anticipation. It was natural that '*Daniel Deronda*' should rise upon the high tide of previous successes to a still more universal extension of interest, a warmer curiosity than that excited by any of its predecessors. It has the advantage, as the author herself would say, of the cumulative force of enthusiasm which has grown out of the repeated and ever-increasing plaudits of the past; and the eagerness with which this work has been looked for, the wide and general reception it has met with, the anxiety of critics who have not even waited for its completion, but have discussed it piecemeal as an object of national interest, if perhaps somewhat discouraging to those calmer observers upon whom the cumulative force does not tell, is perfectly natural and reasonable. But there is a moment when this universal enthusiasm becomes fictitious and when the mere habit of applause carries on an empty hum of acclamation, out of which the meaning has gone. This book, which we have all received with a respect which Shakspeare himself could scarcely equal, is, it is impossible to conceal from ourselves, a disappointment, even a failure. We say it with bated breath: yet there can be little doubt that both in public and in private this convic-

tion, growing less timid as it discovers itself to be general, is very widely felt. It fails in interest, in construction, in creative power, and, above all, it fails in that power of expression for which the author has been so justly famed. She from whose writings it has been thought well to cull a volume of 'Sayings' as from a prophet, and to whom it has become the fashion to attribute every fine thought, be it from Scripture, be it from the poets, which defective memory or education failed to trace to its proper source, here addresses us in sentences which are so many puzzles to our perplexed understandings, and which are as difficult to construe as if, mistress of English though she be, they were in a foreign language. To talk of the 'dynamic' power of a glance, may be a trivial vanity enough; but our heart fails us amid the stony wilderness of big words, like the dried-up watercourses in which harsh boulders have taken the place of living water. We will not insist upon this defect, grievous though we feel it to be, but it is impossible to pass it over altogether without notice. There may be differences of opinion about the characters and treatment of the story, but there can be none about this most patent and palpable mistake. When we feel ourselves compelled to go back three or four times upon a sentence like the following:—

'Since the unemotional intellect may carry us into a mathematical dreamland where nothing is but what is not, perhaps an emotional intellect may have absorbed into its passionate vision of possibilities some truth of what will be—the more comprehensive, massive, life-feeding theory with new material as the sensibility of the artist seizes combinations which science explains and justifies.'

is it possible to refrain from impatience? or to regard without a certain fury the enthusiastic mob of readers which has cheered on its literary idol into pretences of impossible wisdom and refinements of moral meaning too elaborate to be consistent either with nature or with art?

The story of 'Daniel Deronda' is by this time too well known to require any re-telling. Putting aside the curious double retrospection which makes of the first two parts a double beginning, and defers to the third published portion the real commencement of the story, we are introduced with much elaboration of detail to a high-spirited and beautiful girl—proud and wayward and self-confident, full of that belief in herself and her destiny which is common to youth, and ambitious, yet not with a very lofty ambition. In the many elaborate touches with which Gwendolen is put on the canvas, we are led to expect a character full of interest and

changeableness—impatient, fanciful, self-willed, careless of others, and even cruel—for the spoilt child is said to have wrung the neck of her bird in a sudden fit of anger, and to have feigned sleep rather than get up to fetch a necessary medicine when her mother was ill, which are incidents which prepare us for something very far from amiable in the character of the heroine; while at the same time a sudden thrill of superstitious terror, which comes over her at sight of a ghastly picture, encourages us to expect that something weird or unearthly, some terror of the soul, should step suddenly in to restrain or to appal, and that superstition should to some degree take the place of principle in her mind. This beautiful undisciplined creature, who impresses her personal sense of importance on almost everybody who approaches her, and is a kind of princess in her little world, is the daughter of a mild and much-tried widow, who has a second family of unconsidered daughters—much in Gwendolen's way, and constantly repressed by her—but whose hopes and love are specially bound up in the sole child of her first marriage, her beautiful daughter, of whom she is at once proud and afraid, yielding meekly to all her vagaries, and supporting her reticences and assumed superiority. Mrs. Davilow's second husband has died, to the evident relief and satisfaction of the entire family, who have come to England and rented a country house at the moment when the story really opens, though it is not with this that the author has chosen to begin her book. The whole *mise-en-scène* is intended to be, and is, full of pregnant indications of something great to come; and the least imaginative reader can scarcely have regarded the detailed picture of Gwendolen Harleth without some throb of anticipation, some prevision of a career which should at least be stormy and full of vicissitude, of strong temptation, perhaps of crime, with wild revulsions of superstitious compunction, perhaps even of absolute conflict between the worldly ambitions of her nature and the unseen influences which touch her so suddenly and strongly. Even the incident of the gaming-table, at which the reader finds her when the curtain rises, the excitement of play which has possession of her, the impulsive act of selling her necklace in order to supply further funds for that wild assault on fortune, seem to promise a something above the ordinary fate for a creature so self-willed, so impetuous, so much beyond ordinary rule; and it is impossible to believe at the beginning of the story that all these striking circumstances have been conjured up solely for the purpose of establishing a shadowy relation between her and the stranger whose eye she feels

upon her at the gaming-table, and who takes the unusual and daring step of redeeming and returning to her the necklace which, unseen himself, he has seen her pledge. Some novel development of nature, some new wonderful struggle between good and evil, seems to be promised from so remarkable a scene. After this glimpse has been given us, with all its suggestions, the machinery creaks, the scene opens, and Leubronn and its roulette tables disappear. Is the young player to stake in life as she has staked at *rouge et noir*, and be played out and saved once again on a greater scale by the somewhat conventional guardian angel who thus appears, in the form of a handsome young man? This is the question of the beginning, and all the preparations are on so grand a scale that it appeared impossible at the first glance to give any answer but an affirmative. With such a great prospect before him, the reader does not stop to question the entirely unwarrantable conduct of Deronda in thus thrusting himself into the concerns of a person with whom he has nothing to do, and taking the character of a rectifying Providence, making wrong right. We are ready to pass over this, as well as the curious constructional faults—the double return upon the story, and strange difficulty in getting under weigh—which would have damned a new or feeble writer, but which in George Eliot might be only the masterly temerity of genius—careless of correctness, if only what was coming should justify what had gone before.

We cannot consider, however, that these indications of the struggle to come have been at all adequately carried out. The only consequence of this scene that tells in the after story is the influence of Deronda thus equivocally acquired; which is, however, held in abeyance during the first half of the drama. Gwendolen goes home to find her mother ruined, and on the eve of dropping into unlovely poverty; and after an interval of doubt and perplexed casting about as to what great thing she is to do to lift her family back into fortune, gaining for herself something more splendid still—fame and the worship of the world—in the act: she accepts the easiest way out of the dilemma by marrying the rich man of the district, whom she had all but decided to marry before, and for whom she had no personal disinclination, though no love. This decision does not shock us, for Gwendolen is not the kind of person to whom love is necessary; and as soon as she becomes certain that her lover will be content with piquant preliminaries of love-making, and will not tease her with unnecessary endearments, she resigns herself without any great pang to

the easy fate of becoming a great lady. There is nothing better in the book than her imperious determination—which softens to her the prospect of family ruin—to be something splendid and famous, a great singer, a great actress; and the confused and blinding mist of perplexity and helplessness which gathers around her when, having summoned the musician Klesmer to tell her exactly how she is to become great, the inexperienced girl in her vain pride and self-confidence is brought to a sudden standstill by the calm and pitiless good sense with which he points out to her the impossibility of her expectations. The pang of bewildered astonishment with which Gwendolen hears her drawing-room triumphs disposed of, and the conditions of true art pointed out; and her alarmed discovery, at first indignantly repelled, that no certainty of success attends the simple fact that it is she, Gwendolen, who asks the suffrages of the world—are done with masterly skill; and this confused pain and wonder of the girl who has hitherto felt herself supreme when she first feels herself helpless is, to our thinking, the truest and finest passage in her history. The false system of education, the false and superficial homage of society, which the inexperienced neophyte is so ready to accept as a simple tribute to her merits, and all those falsities together which combine to make beauty and youth and imagination fancy themselves the masters of the world, all burst asunder as she gazes appalled at the prospect before her; and when she finds that her only resource is in the dull virtue of a governess-ship, the reader's heart aches for the mortified beauty, the degraded princess. In such circumstances the majority will certainly excuse her for marrying Grandcourt, for whom she has no dislike, rather finding in him an indefinable attraction. The interruptions which come in the way of this marriage we cannot but feel to be melodramatic in the extreme; indeed, the whole story of Mrs. Glasher is singularly unreal. A man such as Grandcourt is represented to be, proud as Lucifer, and determined not only to have, but to exact, the deference of the world, would no more have committed social suicide by marrying his mistress—a woman who had lost her attractions for him in every other way, and who would have shut him out from the position his pride demanded—than he would have hanged himself; and the worldly perceptions, which the author never attempts to conceal from us in her heroine, must have made Gwendolen aware of this when she came fully to consider the situation, though her sudden flight, in the disgust and repulsion of the first discovery, fit in perfectly with the conception of the impatient, wayward,

and fastidious girl, as yet only playing with fortune, and fully assured of triumph wherever she may go. That she should toss from her with indignant loathing the idea of entering into competition with this man's mistress, or taking so soiled a prize from the right-in-wrong of its would-be possessor, is perfectly natural; but it is not equally natural that the repetition of the incident, after necessity and the dawning consciousness of failure had quickened Gwendolen's mind to the personal importance of the step she takes, should have an equal or even stronger effect. Her shrinking from all external signs of love-making in the courtship which is taken up after that interruption, while yet she does not shrink from the man, is, however, admirably done; and the courtship itself is touched with a cunning hand. The reader feels the strange spell in it as well as the half-reluctant, half-attracted girl, who is sometimes almost happy, soothed and flattered by its characteristic homage, and almost proud of the lover who can manage her so skilfully and lead on her impatient mind by a constant succession of delicate inferences and interesting suggestions. Knowing as we do that this marriage cannot be a happy one, we trace all these preliminaries with rising excitement and, up to this moment, without disappointment. And even when, after the tranquillity and almost content of the wedding journey, the returned diamonds are flung into the scene, and the spell of half happiness is broken, we accept the pictorial picturesqueness of the incident as a kind of compensation for its feebleness. It is the turning point, the moment of fate. Up to this time everything is in preparation; the real passion and struggle are all to come, and those indications of character which are given us at the outset, but which have been since held in abeyance, are now ready to burst into action. The climax and the crisis are great, and up to this moment 'Daniel Deronda' might still have turned out the author's masterpiece for anything the excited and eager world could say.

But from this point its decadence begins. Such a beginning gives us a right to expect much—and George Eliot has taught us to look for a closeness of texture in her work, an unrelaxed tension of meaning, which we do not demand from other writers. We are not careful to inquire whether or not the brilliant bit of many-coloured life with its deep background of shadow with which Thackeray beguiles us into forgetfulness of everything but his own laughing insight and easy power, fits closely into the framework of his story; nor do we exact from Dickens that the grotesque monsters of an occasional episode

should have very much to do with the irregular and often feeble thread by which he strings his personages together. But George Eliot is of a different habit; and as we have been trained to believe that she says nothing without solemn meaning and intention, our faculties are proportionably quickened, and our expectations raised. That all this elaborate preparation should end in the commonplace wretchedness of mere domestic incompatibility, even when carried to the length of brutal tyranny and suspicious omniscience on the part of the husband, and a cowed horror of submission on the part of the wife, in which there is an under-current of murderous rage and suppressed resentment, is an anti-climax of the most unexpected description, a disappointment quite unlooked for. Grandcourt and Gwendolen fall alike from the position they have hitherto held, and come before us in this second part of the story as creatures totally unlike what we had supposed them to be in the first. He who is described with such elaborate care, with only a cloven foot of brutality towards the dependants, whom he can scarcely help despising, betraying itself beneath the polish of his external aspect—whose courtship has been so refined, whose good taste so undeniable, and who has shown himself sympathetic and delicate enough to catch just the tone calculated to please the fastidious and capricious fancy of Gwendolen—it is with a sense of absolute confusion and bewilderment that we find him turned into a bully and coarse tyrant in a moment, as by the waving of a magician's wand; while she, with her high spirit, her imperious temper, her sense of personal importance, is crushed under his heel, once for all, never striking a blow for her freedom, never asserting herself, dropping into, of all things in the world, a miserable conscientiousness and desire for moral improvement. Never was there a more strange transformation. All this the author would have us to believe was brought about by the remorse with which the splendid and proud Mrs. Grandcourt contemplated her broken promise to her husband's former mistress. Writers of fiction are fond of giving undue importance to a fault which in ordinary life would tell for little; but George Eliot has always been above the necessity for such artificial expedients, and we are too much surprised to accept them from her hands. Had Gwendolen been an *ingénue*, ignorant of all evil, and unawakened from those first illusions of innocence which make the impossible seem possible, and show virtue as more natural than wrong, such an effect might have been within the range of belief. But this the reader is aware was very far from being the case; and it is

quite beyond the reach of our credulity that such a girl could have imagined the fate of Mrs. Glasher to be in any way involved in the question whether she herself should or should not marry Grandcourt. Under no possible circumstances could anyone be foolish enough to believe that Grandcourt, the most selfish and proudest of men, would marry the disgraced and no longer beloved woman who had for years been satisfied with an altogether different relationship to him. The idea is so curiously inconsistent with that profound knowledge of men's minds and motives which George Eliot has so often shown, that we are positively disturbed by it, as by an instance of perversity and wilful wrongheadedness. Besides, Gwendolen had exactly the same guilt, if guilt it could be called, on her conscience, when approaching her husband's house with the soothed sense of rest and tranquillity which is so well described on the afternoon of her wedding day; and it is putting much too great a strain upon our faith to ask us to believe that the mere pictorial effect of the return of the diamonds, which is thoroughly melodramatic, but no more, should have changed her feelings so completely. Mrs. Glasher's curse is almost ludicrously insufficient to have reached that superstitious side of her nature which was so elaborately indicated to us in the beginning of the story. Yet this is the only purpose we can suppose it to have, feeble and far-fetched as it is. Certainly it is the only following-up of that indication which the most subtle search can discover.

However, by whatsoever inadequate and objectionable means, the change has been made, the tide has turned in Gwendolen's fortunes; but the peculiar direction which it takes in the turn is more amazing still than the means which brought it about. If there was one thing more unlikely than all others to be indicated by her character as heretofore exhibited to us, it would have been that this strange powerfully endowed, yet, up to this time, consciously unsuccessful girl should turn all her faculties towards goodness. It is not, however, virtue in the abstract that moves Gwendolen, but rather that abstract of all the virtues, Daniel Deronda, he who had struck her imagination at the gaming-table, and who had returned her necklace to her, but whom she had never actually spoken to till she met him as the bride of Grandcourt; upon which she immediately throws herself at his feet, and, with a sensitive trembling and eagerness entirely unlike all we know of her, entreats his guidance in the way of virtue. Here we cannot but pause to note how unfortunate it is for Gwendolen that the author of her being has conceived her

rather in love than in hate. Had she been of the type which is repellent to George Eliot's mind, there is nothing in the way of passion and guilt to which we might not have hoped to see Gwendolen attain; and with what disastrous splendour a woman so constituted might have pursued her way through the world it requires no great stretch of imagination to divine: for she is as selfish at the outset as Rosamond herself, as little sensible to the feelings of others, and infinitely more powerful in mind and energy. This, however, unfortunately for Gwendolen and for her own great fame, is not how the subject has represented itself to the author's mind. She has resolved upon the moral reformation of her heroine, and from the moment that we fully discover this fact our hopes die painfully out. It is, as we have said, the reappearance of Deronda on the scene that brings about this change. It is difficult to understand the overwhelming interest with which he inspires the mind of the unhappy young wife. Probably George Eliot's intention was to show how, in the utter collapse of power which follows failure in the case of a mind so entirely self-confident, a wild clutch at something to believe in, something to hold by, is a necessary consequence of the new-born moral despair. But this is too subtle for the ordinary intelligence, and all that the reader sees is a sudden pursuit of Deronda, an unbounded confidence in him and dependence upon him which, there can be no doubt, are singularly out of place in Mrs. Grandcourt. That Gwendolen is utterly unconscious of entertaining anything like love (an influence, indeed, to which she is unsusceptible) for her handsome young spiritual guide is clearly evident; but yet that his presence should make of her a breathless aspirant to virtue, eager for private interviews and perpetual direction from him, and servilely dependent upon the instruction he gives, is an uncomfortable situation altogether, and one intensely derogatory to Gwendolen and our previously formed conception of her. If Deronda himself were not so utterly abstract and unreal, we should even feel a half-comic sympathy for the embarrassment which mingles with his interest in the beautiful but unhappy young creature who thus throws herself upon him.

We are, however, deprived of all the benefit which might accrue from the analysis of Gwendolen's character in its new light from our disappointment in her. All our anticipations in this respect have proved misleading; and we are tempted to feel that our anticipations were better founded, and more worthy of being realised, than the purely artificial and capricious intention of her creator. That she should have

made some violent dash for freedom, that she should have rushed at the throat of her tyrant and vindicated her own identity by any wild outbreak of nature, would have been comprehensible; but when she turns from her own passionate being, and all the impulses to which she was subject, to this servile and spaniel-like subservience, we no longer know our Gwendolen. And when the climax is reached at last, it is a positive downfall to find that a mere imaginary crime, the momentary hesitation about throwing the rope, which evidently had no effect at all upon the drowning of Grandcourt, is all that we are to have after the false pretences with which we have been flattered and led on. What has become of her passion, her cruelty, her superstition, all so carefully brought to our notice? Why were they indicated at all, if the only event they lead up to is again this timid, instantly repented, fault of the *ingénue*—no crime at all, except to a hysterical fancy? The scene in which she makes this weak confession has been called powerful. We confess that to ourselves it is simply irritating and insupportable that this crazed and servile creature should be Gwendolen, and that her god—her Deronda—should not have enough heart, courage, and manliness in him to settle the question at once and for ever, and to acknowledge (as he instantly perceives) that such a feeble school-girl's tentative at crime could have had no effect whatever on the final fate of the drowning man. Are his Pharisaic morality and her crouching feebleness all that George Eliot can give us at such a supreme moment? The disappointment of the reader is great in proportion to his expectations, which were too skilfully raised and fostered, to be allowed thus flatly and suddenly to fall.

Strangely unsatisfactory, however, as is the development of Gwendolen, it is in her that the interest of the story lies. Wherever we encounter her our failing attention quickens. The other half of the book, the hero, and all his special surroundings, are of an abstract character entirely fatal to interest. Daniel Deronda is meant to be an epitome of all that is admirable in man. He is a kind of Hamlet without a grievance, without anything to avenge, or indeed necessarily anything to do in this world; in whom a vague yet lofty ambition, perpetually foiled by over-thought, by inability to make up his mind what to do or how to do it, takes the place of that definite mission which the Prince of Denmark can never decide upon executing. If Hamlet were not put before us, and made to live and think in our very sight, if he were only described by his admiring friends or by a painstaking chorus, that finest

of all poetical conceptions would no doubt, if the reader will forgive the word, have become more tedious than interesting. And this is the case with *Deronda*. He is described and over again described; we are constantly hearing a great deal about him; how good he is, how noble, how stainless, and how wise. To use George Eliot's own simile, the effect produced is 'as if one should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of violets except the scent itself.' We are ignorant of nothing about this admirable being—except himself. Either he is too perfect to have any character at all, or else his character evaporates in the very abundance of the details about it, which one real appearance of the man would make unnecessary. It is his province to help his fellow-creatures, we are told; and he does help Hans Meyrick in the rather humiliating way of relinquishing the competition for a scholarship which he could have won over his friend's head had he not withdrawn from the conflict; a kind of benefit which few young men would receive with the gratitude it no doubt merits. As for his help of Gwendolen, it begins by an unwarrantable interference, as we have seen—the redeeming and return of her necklace, an intrusion upon her privacy, and presumptuous judgment of her motives, such as was more likely, we think, to sting her pride and rouse her wrath than to have the entirely contrary effect produced. And when, contrary to all the antecedents of her character, Gwendolen throws herself at his feet, so to speak, or at least flings herself helplessly upon his guidance, the platitudes with which he responds to her are so heavily vague and commonplace that it is inconceivable how they could have satisfied the judgment of the author. This is surely not the way in which a generous and gifted man would be likely to respond to the beautiful young woman who commits herself in touching if dangerous *abandon* to his spiritual guidance.

"I want to say something, and I can't stay long," said Gwendolen, speaking quickly, in a subdued tone. . . . "I want to tell you that it is really so. I can't help feeling remorse for having injured others. . . . And I can't alter it. I am punished, but I can't alter it. You said I could do many things. Tell me again. What should you do? What should you feel if you were in my place?"

The hurried directness with which she spoke, the absence of all her little airs, as if she were only concerned to use the time in getting an answer that would guide her, made her appeal unspeakably touching.

'Deronda said, "I should feel something of what you feel—deep sorrow."

"But what would you try to do?" said Gwendolen, with urgent quickness.

"Order my life so as to make any possible amends, and keep away

from doing any sort of injury again," said Deronda, catching her sense that the time for speech was brief.

"But I can't! I can't! I must go on," said Gwendolen, in a passionate loud whisper. "I have thrust out others. I have made my gain out of their loss—tried to make it—tried. And I must go on. I can't alter it."

"It was impossible to answer this instantaneously. Her words had confirmed his conjecture, and the situation of all concerned rose in swift images before him. . . . But as soon as he could he answered, taking up her last words:—

"That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrongdoing. But if you submitted to that, as men submit to maiming, or a lifelong incurable disease, and made the unalterable wrong a reason for more effort towards a good, that may do something to counterbalance the evil. One who has committed irremediable errors may be scourged by that consciousness into a higher course than is common. There are many examples. Feeling what it is to have spoiled one life may well make us long to save other lives from being spoiled."

"But you have not wronged any one, or spoiled their lives," said Gwendolen hastily. "It is only others who have wronged *you*."

"Deronda coloured slightly, but said immediately, "I suppose our keen feeling for ourselves might end in a keen feeling for others, if when we are suffering acutely we were to consider that others go through the same sharp experience. That is a sort of remorse before commission. Can't you understand that?"

"I think I do now," said Gwendolen. "But you are right. I *am* selfish. I have never thought much of anyone's feelings except my mother's. I have not been fond of people. But what can I do?" she added more quickly. "I must get up in the morning and do what everyone else does. It is all like a dance set beforehand. I seem to see all that can be, and I am tired and sick of it. And the world is all confusion to me"—she made a gesture of disgust. "You say I am ignorant. But what is the good of trying to know more unless life were worth more?"

"This good," said Deronda, promptly, with a touch of indignant severity which he was inclined to encourage as his own safeguard; "life *would* be worth more to you; some real knowledge would give you an interest in the world beyond the small drama of personal desires. It is the curse of your life—forgive me—of so many lives, that all passion is spent in that narrow round, for want of ideas and sympathies to make a larger home for it. Is there any single occupation of mind that you care about with passionate delight or even independent interest?"

"Deronda paused, but Gwendolen, looking startled and thrilled as by an electric shock, said nothing; and he went on more insistently:—

"I take what you said of music for a small example—it answers for all larger things: you will not cultivate it for the sake of a private joy in it. What sort of earth or heaven would hold any spiritual wealth in it for souls pauperised by inaction? If our firmament has no stimulus for our attention and awe, I don't see how heaven would

have it. We should stamp every possible world with the flatness of our own inanity, which is necessarily impious without faith or fellowship. The refuge you are needing from personal trouble is the higher, the religious life which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities. The few may find themselves in it simply by an elevation of feeling; but for us who have to struggle for our wisdom, the higher life must be a region in which the affections are clad with knowledge."

"The half-indignant remonstrance that vibrated in Deronda's voice came, as often happens, from the habit of inward argument with himself rather than from severity towards Gwendolen; but it had a more beneficent effect on her than any soothing. Nothing is feeblér than the indolent rebellion of complaint, and to be roused into self-judgment is comparative activity. For the moment she felt like a shaken child—shaken out of its wailings into awe—and she said humbly, "I will try—I will think."

"They both stood silent for a moment as if some third presence had arrested them, for Deronda, too, was under that sense of pressure which is apt to come where our own winged words seem to be hovering round us, till Gwendolen began again:—

"You said affection was the best thing, and I have hardly any—none about me. . . . What I used not to like I long for now. I think I am almost getting fond of the old things now that they are gone——" Her lip trembled.

"Take the present suffering as a painful letting in of light," said Deronda, more gently. "You are conscious of more beyond the round of your own inclinations—you know more of the way in which your life presses on others and their life on yours. I don't think you could have escaped this painful process in some form or other."

"But it is a very cruel form," said Gwendolen, beating her foot on the ground with returning agitation. "I am frightened at everything. I am frightened at myself. When my blood is fired I can do daring things—take any leap; but that makes me frightened at myself." She was looking at nothing outside her; but her eyes were directed towards the window, away from Deronda, who with quick comprehension said:—

"Turn your fear into a safeguard. Keep your dread fixed on the idea of increasing that remorse which is so bitter to you. Fixed meditation may do a great deal towards defining our longing or our dread. We are not always in a state of strong emotion, and when we are calm we can use our memories and gradually change the bias of our fear as we do of our tastes. Take your fear as a safeguard. It is like quickness of hearing. It may make consequences passionately present to you. Try to take hold of your sensibility and use it as if it were a faculty like vision." Deronda uttered every sentence more urgently: he felt as if he were seizing a faint chance of rescuing her from some indefinite danger.

"Yes, I know: I understand what you mean," said Gwendolen, in a loud whisper, not turning her eyes, but lifting up her small gloved hand and waving it in deprecation of the notion that it was easy to

obey that advice. "But if feelings arose—there are some feelings—hatred and anger—how can I be good when they keep rising? And if there came a moment when I felt slighted and could bear it no longer——" She broke off, and with agitated lips looked at Deronda; but the expression on his face pierced her with an entirely new feeling. He was under the baffling difficulty of discerning that what he had been urging on her was thrown into the pallid distance of mere thought before the outburst of her habitual emotion. It was as if he saw her drowning while his limbs were bound. The painful compassion which was spread over his features as he watched her, affected her with a compunction unlike any she had felt before, and in a changed imploring tone she said—"I am grieving you—I am ungrateful."

This termination to a singular scene is quite curious in its mingled success and failure. The author has too much genius not to perceive what a world beyond her hero's philosophical and somewhat complacent exhortations, which are vague as his own being, are the passionate misery and temptation of Gwendolen; but, strangely enough, she has (apparently) too much respect for the position of authority she has herself conferred upon him to make Deronda capable of perceiving this, except by the momentary sense of 'baffling difficulty' thus indicated. So he prosed dully on, shut fast in his intellectual armour, with only 'pained compassion' to give to the penitent whose real troubles are infinitely beyond and above his moral platitudes. The author cannot but allow us to perceive, by a sudden flash, that she knows how poor these wretched dogmatisms are—but this does not disturb her steady maintenance of her hero's superiority through all.

This is bad enough, but still worse is his response to Gwendolen's misery in the scene to which we have already referred, when she chooses him as the confidant of her confession about her husband's death. Here the behaviour of the perfect man can be characterised as nothing better than feeble and cowardly. He has sufficient perception to gather even from her confused self-accusations that the momentary hesitation, which appears a crime to her excited fancy, could have had no real effect one way or another. Yet he does not soothe and comfort the excited creature by simply telling her so, but rather keeps up and encourages her excitement and remorse for moral purposes, to 'do her good.' Oddly enough, all reference to Gwendolen's fantastic remorse is over with this scene. She seems herself to forget it, merging the pain which arises from this mad notion in the more rational, if less legitimate, distress which she feels at losing her mentor, the man whom she had selected as the keeper of her conscience. When we have made up our minds

to her abject devotion, we may admit that there is both power and beauty in the scene of their parting. Several painful interviews have taken place between them—she, a newly made widow—he, a newly betrothed man; during which, more enlightened as to the nature of her regard for him than she herself is, Deronda has not dared to tell her of his approaching marriage. At last the moment comes when this can be delayed no longer. He has told her that he is going to the East; and this is hard enough.

‘Gwendolen’s lip began to tremble. “But you will come back,” she said, tasting her own tears as they fell before she thought of drying them.

‘Deronda could not sit still. He rose, grasping his coat collar, and went to prop himself up against a corner of the mantelpiece, at a different angle from her face. But when she had pressed her handkerchief against her cheeks, she turned and looked up at him, awaiting an answer.

“‘If I live,” said Deronda; “*some time*——” There was a long silence between them. The world seemed getting larger round poor Gwendolen, and she more solitary and helpless in the midst. The thought that he might come back after going to the East sank before the bewildering vision of those wide-stretching purposes in which she felt herself reduced to a mere speck.’

Then the other and still more important revelation has to be made.

‘At length something occurred to her that made her turn her face to Deronda, and say in a trembling voice, “Is this all you can tell me?”

‘The question was like a dart to him. “The Jew whom I mentioned just now,” he answered, not without a certain tremor in his tones too—“the remarkable man who has greatly influenced my mind, has not perhaps been totally unheard of by you. He is the brother of Miss Lapidoth, whom you have often heard sing.”

‘A great wave of remembrance passed through Gwendolen, and spread as a deep, painful flush over face and neck. It had come first as the scene of that morning when she had called on Mirah, and heard Deronda’s voice reading, and been told, without then heeding it, that he was reading Hebrew with Mirah’s brother.

“‘He is very ill, very near death now,” Deronda went on nervously, and then stopped short. He felt that he must wait. Would she divine the rest?

“‘Did she tell you that I went to her?” said Gwendolen, abruptly looking up at him.

“‘No,” said Deronda; “I don’t understand you.”

‘She turned away her eyes again, and sat thinking. Slowly the colour died out of face and neck, and she was as pale as before—with that almost withered paleness which is seen after a painful flush. At last she said, without turning towards him, in a low measured voice,

as if she were only thinking aloud in preparation for future speech, "But can you marry?"

"Yes," said Deronda, also in a low voice; "I am going to marry."

'At first there was no change in Gwendolen's attitude: she only began to tremble visibly; then she looked before her with dilated eyes, as at something lying in front of her, till she stretched her arms out straight, and cried with a smothered voice, "I said I should be forsaken. I have been a cruel woman. And I am forsaken!"

'Deronda's anguish was intolerable. He could not help himself. He seized her outstretched hands and held them together and kneeled at her feet. She was the victim of his happiness.

"I am cruel too! I am cruel!" he repeated with a sort of groan, looking up at her imploringly.

'His presence and touch seemed to dispel a horrible vision, and she met his upward look of sorrow with something like the return of consciousness after fainting. Then she dwelt on it with that quivering pathetic movement of the brow, which accompanies the revival of some tender recollection. The look of sorrow brought back what seemed a very far-off moment—the first time she had ever seen it—in the library at the Abbey. Sobs rose, and great tears fell fast. Deronda would not let her hands go; held them still with one of his, and himself pressed her handkerchief against her eyes. She submitted like a half-soothed child making an effort to speak, which was hindered by struggling sobs. At last she succeeded in saying brokenly—

"I said—I said—it should be better—better with me—for having known you."

'His eyes, too, were larger with tears. She wrested one of her hands from his, and returned his action, pressing his tears away.

"We shall not be quite parted," he said; "I will write to you always, when I can, and you will answer?"

'He waited till she said in a whisper, "I will try."

"I shall be more with you than I used to be," Deronda said, with gentle urgency, releasing her hands, and rising from his kneeling position. "If we had been much together before we should have felt our differences more, and seemed to get further apart. Now we can perhaps never see each other again. But our minds may get nearer."

'Gwendolen said nothing, but rose too, automatically. Her withered look of grief, such as the sun often shines upon when the blinds are drawn up after the burial of life's joy, made him hate his own words; they seemed to have the hardness of easy consolation in them. She felt that he was going, and that nothing could hinder it. The sense of it was like a dreadful whisper in her ear, which dulled all other consciousness: and she had not known that she was rising. Deronda could not speak again. He thought that they must part in silence, but it was difficult to move towards the parting till she looked at him with a sort of intention in her eyes which helped him. He advanced to put out his hand silently, and when she had placed hers within it, she said what her mind had been labouring with. "You have been very good to me. I have deserved nothing. I will try—try to live. I

shall think of you. What good have I been? Only harm! Don't let me harm *you*. It shall be the better for me——"

'She could not finish. It was not that she was sobbing, but that the intense effort with which she spoke made her tremulous. The burthen of that difficult rectitude towards him was a weight her frame tottered under.

'She bent forward to kiss his cheek, and he kissed hers. Then they looked at each other for an instant, with clasped hands, and he turned away.'

There is a certain childishness in the mutual drying of each other's eyes, which is more like the folly of happy lovers than the tragical emotion of two who are about to be parted for ever; but yet this is a powerful and pathetic scene, and one in which we feel, after much doubting, that we are once more face to face with George Eliot. The profound wonder of repeated failure fills up the measure of the pangs of love disappointed, but Gwendolen has no longer strength or courage to resist it. She submits to her woe with a piteous helplessness. Such absolute casting off of all womanly concealment, all pretence at indifference, seems half justified and excused by the very circumstances that make her clinging to Deronda unjustifiable. She had no right to love him. The pursuit has been all on her side. Yet the reader does not feel disposed to blame the unhappy creature; we pardon her self-betrayal because her affection has been from the beginning so fantastic and vain. We are not so sure, however, that we pardon Deronda for his consent to the fact of her disappointment without any attempt to veil it over, even from herself, such as would, we think, have been the first thought of a man of delicate feeling and noble heart.

We have kept entirely to the story of Gwendolen and her relations with the hero, though half the book is occupied with a different subject, and one which, no doubt, has given the author much more trouble, and has been intended as an entirely original feature in the work. We have not yet heard, however, of any reader who has responded warmly to this special claim upon his interest. The whole Jewish part of the story is feeble and laboured. Mirah is the most trifling of angelic heroines, bepraised by the author, and a little chorus of admirers, till her tame sweetness becomes positively objectionable; and the hectic figure of Mordecai, the visionary prophet-Jew, is as much an absolute failure as anything produced by the hand of genius can be. It is painful to say so much of a fiction so elaborate and which has cost a great artist so much, yet which is so farfetched and tedious. Our

best feeling in respect to it is that uncomfortable one which we sometimes feel in regard to a great preacher who has disappointed our expectations, when we are painfully aware of our own restlessness, and that of all around us, and feel that the stir of suppressed movement, the coughs and shufflings, must have betrayed to him too the discouraging fact that he has failed to secure the attention of his hearers. We cannot but believe that this impression was in George Eliot's mind, as she wrote—that she had lost hold of her audience, that it was necessary to prick them back again by goads of philosophy, by elaborate descriptions, by big words, and those ponderous sentences which ‘will not construe.’ Mordecai is never presented to us without evident marks of this anxiety that we should be struck by him—which we are not, and have no inclination to be, and which even the author feels we are not—showing it by an uneasy increase in all her endeavours. The saving of Mirah from suicide is very sweetly told, though we fail to share in the enthusiasm which she and her very conventional story awaken in the bosom of Deronda and of his friends; and his first searches among the Jews for the relations of the exquisite creature he has fished out of the river, tremble, now and then, upon the borders of the absurd, notwithstanding the elaboration of the pursuit, and all the fastidious shrinkings of the hero from the greasy family circle which may be awaiting the girl in whom he is so deeply interested. The reader, however, is more quick-witted than Deronda, and sees from the first that he too must have something to do with the mysterious people who are so instantly attracted by him. The question of race is evidently a favourite one with George Eliot; and the story of Deronda is but another and happier version of the theme of the ‘Spanish Gypsy,’ corrected by further thought and cooler reason. The heroine of that poem throws over love, home, all the traditions in which she has been bred, all the habits and surroundings of her life, at the first call of the gypsy leader who calls himself her father, every conscious principle and affection of her life giving way before the mysterious impulse of race. Deronda does not do so much as this. He is elaborately prepared for the very melodramatic revelation of his real parentage, and has already fixed both love and friendship upon members of the Jewish race; so that his absorption into that people becomes less difficult to believe in, and his romantic sentimental departure for the East to reorganise the Jewish nation is a little subdued out of those heights of ridicule which we fear would have fallen sharply upon any other hero of fiction who had taken up this some-

what visionary project. But all the author's attempts to interest us in her new friends have, we fear, failed completely, and that not, we are bound to say, out of prejudice on our part. The consumptive vehemence of Mordecai has but one or two gleams of interest, and these chiefly arise from his connexion with the humble family of Cohens, vulgar Jews of the common type, who alone, and not the solemn personages that are intended to call forth much loftier feelings, awaken any real interest in us. The Cohens, however, and especially little Jacob, in whom George Eliot has whimsically embodied all the qualities that popular prejudice assigns to the race, with a delicate and tender humour for which we are grateful to her, and with all that exquisite insight into childhood and sympathy with it, which seems to be one of the special gifts of great genius—make a pleasant picture. Jacob, indeed, is the only thoroughly delightful Jew in the whole group, more interesting by far than Mordecai, more captivating than Mirah, who is little more than the ordinary *ingénue* of fiction, notwithstanding all her experiences. The princess, who is Deronda's mother, and who is, we suppose, intended to represent the unbelieving and worldly side of the Jewish character, is a mere tragedy queen, and as nearly absurd with her theatrical gestures and addresses as it is possible for George Eliot to be—a great deal more nearly absurd indeed than we at all like George Eliot to appear.

All this is very painful to say, for it is a disturbance of the sentiments which we have ourselves shared with all the rest of the English public; but there is a time when dissent must find voice, and when it is well both for the public and the magician who sways it that a frank opinion should be expressed without fear or favour, especially at a moment when the public and its guides have alike grown timid, and everybody hesitates to say what most people think. 'Nobody except George Eliot could have written it, but —,' has become the formula with which even the boldest preface their faltering disapproval. Surely this is a dangerous state of affairs. And yet, perhaps, it is true that only George Eliot could have written this book, but George Eliot fooled and flattered, led to believe that her sayings are valuable as those of any sage, that her reflections are wiser than those of Solomon, that even the headings of her chapters are objects of adoration to a throng of readers on their knees. Genius has little safeguard against the intoxicating philtres of adulation. The satisfaction which the artist must have in work which he

knows to be worthy has its attending weakness, and he may be easily deluded into believing the imbecile plaudits which are not content with less than divinity for their idol. Our heart fails when we remember the evidences of labour on every one of those pages over which we have passed with feelings of disappointment—labour which touches our feelings while it wounds our taste and offends our judgment. Here is no carelessness, no presumption upon the favour of the reader, but a laborious conscientiousness, an anxious virtue which is more fatal than any levity can be. The mark of the hammer is upon every sentence, and there is a strain after deep views, close analysis, original treatment, which is at once affecting and painful. How much more truly great was the broad and noble expanse, the spontaneous eloquence, the simple insight of ‘Adam Bede,’ and ‘Silas Marner’! It is our fault who have done everything a country could do to spoil a great genius by foolish flattery and indiscriminate worship, unparalleled by anything this generation at least has seen. Would to heaven that we had made our favourite careless, stimulated her to play with the admiration of which she was the object, and balk it by that lighthearted sport of self-mockery in which genius takes refuge now and then from its own fame! But George Eliot is not of the temperament which can thus escape, and her response to our devotion is solemn as that of a serious goddess, who will not let us sing praises in vain, but will strain all her divine powers to requite us and give us a more and more worthy recompense. Not hers the lighter soul that presumes upon favours past—rather she will strain every faculty ever further and further, at once to reward that favour, and to go beyond it to new and higher fame.

Nothing can be loftier in morals than this attempt, but we cannot but feel it is unfortunate in practice. In the same way did not Turner strain his faculty of colour, anxiously aspiring to more and more forcible effects? It is rash to give forth any theory as to the best way of exercising the greater faculties of art, since great artists are very individual, and take each their own way of working, in profound indifference to our theories. Yet there is a grace in the spontaneous, in the easy play of great powers, in that beneficent humility of everyday work which is done for love, or for honest need, without any immediate thought of fame. So we believe devoutly, Shakspeare worked, but faintly conscious if at all that he was of all poets the prince and easy sovereign; nor have we any reason to believe that his generation was at all

aware how infinite was the distance between him and the other poets of his time, who thought most likely much more highly of themselves. A little of this element of unconsciousness is, we believe, of the greatest value to all creative genius. Most writers, even when they have more or less gauged their own powers, and secured a certain following in the world, are yet kept from the temptations of supreme success by some convenient Mordecai, some useful little knot of scoffers in the gate, who keep them down for their good. But George Eliot has had no Mordecai. The spontaneousness, the unconsciousness, has been made almost impossible to her, and hence the severe excess of labour, the zeal and fervour of elaboration, over which we mourn. In earlier days she would have described Deronda indeed—having been always, to our thinking, a little too fond of description, called by enthusiasts analysis—but she would have put him into action, and breathed life into his nostrils. There are indications, however, in the present work that art, high art, has grown more to her than nature, and that man has become a creature to be analysed rather than a being primarily made for life.

ART. VII.—*Problèmes de Morale Sociale.* Par M. CARO, de l'Académie Française. 'La Morale Indépendante.' 'Les Théories contemporaines sur le Droit naturel.' 'Le Droit de Punir.' 'Le Progrès social.' 'La Destinée Humaine, d'après les nouvelles écoles scientifiques.' Paris: 1876.

IT is not uncommon for practical men to despise the power of ideas. Novelties of thought are regarded as the imaginations of clever men rather than as new forces launched into the world. Yet nothing is more certain than that it is ideas which govern the world, and that any change in the higher tides of thought soon begins to tell upon the lines of practical life, and to mould them anew into changed forms. The ways of the world and the old modes of morality and religion seem fixed from the ordinary point of view—and happily there is a powerful conservatism in all social conventions—yet, in point of fact, the most practical relations of human existence are undergoing sure if fitful modification, as the scope of men's thoughts alter in the higher regions of philosophical inquiry. This is the revenge which philosophy takes for its neglect by the common mind. By-and-by it changes the common mind to its own likeness. Ideas at first received with suspicion or

even derision gradually gain ascendancy and gravitate downwards from the higher to the lower levels of thought till they begin to direct and colour all the currents of life. Opinions which seemed mere speculative abstractions in an abstruse guise are found moving the world in a new pathway, and often changing its most familiar habits. Mere eccentricity of opinion passes away ; but the power of thought always tells in the end.

It can hardly be doubted by any that our own time is one in which not merely new fancies but new thoughts are very active. The former will vanish and be forgotten, but the latter are evidently gravitating themselves deeply into the consciousness of the time, and working changes of the utmost consequence to society. Especially are these changes conspicuous in the modern attitude towards religion. The old idea of religion was in the main that of authoritative dogma elaborately defining the unseen world and its bearings upon the present world. Certain definite notions of God and of the Future, and of the infallible character of certain books which announced or contained the revelation of these notions, were generally accepted and acted upon. And even those who disputed the validity of such notions, like the Deists of last century, taught or held for the most part certain definite notions of their own which they were prepared to substitute for the established and commonly accepted religion. They proclaimed a religion so far resting on the same principles as that which they opposed, however abbreviated in its substance. If they denied the especial doctrines of Christianity, such as the Trinity and the Atonement and the Divine authority of the Biblical books, they yet believed in God as the Creator and Preserver of the world, and that the Divine will as discovered in nature and providence was a rule for His intelligent creatures. In short, the fundamental ideas of a Divine Author of Nature and of a Divine Providence of man still survived ; and Butler, as is well known, constructed his famous work, 'The Analogy of Religion to 'the Constitution and Course of Nature,' on the recognition of these ideas and the argumentative consequences which he supposed that they involved in favour of Christianity.

But the modern spirit of negation has advanced far beyond the stage of last century. Characteristically it is a different spirit, and the difference perhaps cannot be better expressed than by the use of the word which it has become common to apply to it, viz. *Agnosticism*. Beyond the sphere of the present life and its varied experiences, nothing is recognised as known or surely existing. The cluster of experiences which

make up life in its higher as well as its lower moments, is taken as *fact* or an accumulation of *facts* to be analysed, classified, and co-ordinated; but the old inferences drawn from these facts of a higher sphere of existence in relation to which the facts were supposed to be alone intelligible are repudiated as unauthorised. Dogmas transcending experience and aiming to define for us the unseen world are represented as mere guesses or conjectures, plausible or otherwise, but wholly incapable of verification in the well-known phrase of modern scientific nomenclature. This mode of thought is now so common that it is hardly necessary to give examples of it. It is, as it is said, 'in the air.' All that belongs to the order of *experience* is fully admitted. All beyond is rejected or ignored. If a religion can be made out of the facts of experience, good and well. Let it be admitted also. But no words of ridicule are too strong for a religion founded upon the old metaphysical ideas of a Personal God or of soul as distinct from its manifestations in the present world. This is the general and most characteristic idea lying at the root of modern unbelief. But the idea takes many forms; some of them highly dogmatical in their negation. While what is called 'experience' is the standpoint of all, some content themselves with simply announcing this and leave religion aside altogether. Others are not satisfied till they have turned their doctrines of experience into a new religion. And here, again, there is a marked distinction betwixt those who set out from a cosmical and others who set out from a specially human basis of experience; betwixt those, in short, who specially call themselves Positivists and those who, for want of a better name, may be called Moralists.

The purely scientific position which leaves religion alone seems the most consistent of these modern negations. There is, we are told, an ascertainable cosmical order verifiable by science; and our business is to be satisfied with this order. 'Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing? . . . With a view to our duty in this life, it is necessary to be possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events. Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally as often as we like to try.* This is the most direct, as it seems the

* Professor Huxley's Lay Sermon 'On the Physical Basis of Life.'

most downright and honest, attitude of the materialistic school. The laws of nature and of life are verifiable. It is our business to know them and to submit to them, and further to realise that our own volition is one of the collective elements of nature, which it is our duty to make to tell on the right side in the incessant play of cosmical law of which we are a part. This alone is genuine Positivism, unsatisfactory as it is to the advocates of what is known as the Positive Religion. It is at the same time the only genuine Agnosticism. If the *Agnostic* attitude has any force at all, it has an absolute force. It shuts up the door, if not of religious sentiment, yet of religious worship altogether. It is a mere impertinence of morbid intellectualism to tell man, on the one hand, that there is no Being superior to himself, and, on the other hand, that his highest instinct is that of worship. If we believe that there is no God, the honest thing is to say so, and to be done with the idea of worship altogether. Something bearing the name of *religion* may survive, but anything of the name of religious worship is a ghastly mockery where the worshipper not only offers the incense, but is himself the object to whom he offers it.

The position of the ethical school of experience is more interesting, if not more consistent. Equally with the mere physicist and the Comtist, this school ignores and despises all metaphysic; but it is from the study of human life and conduct, rather than from the facts or laws of the cosmos, that it draws its code of experience. It advocates strongly the reality of moral phenomena and the value and beauty of all the higher aspects of life. It would be doing injustice to this school not to recognise how far it rises above mere materialism. Like its congeners it will have nothing to say to ultimate questions. But the facts of moral experience are to it greater than all other facts. Human life in all its sublimities of emotion and heroism of conduct is no less a part of the world than any of the lower mechanical laws that environ and control this life. These sublimities may be nothing more than wonderful transformations of mechanical law; probably they are nothing more; but here they are at least, and they are to be taken into account no less than lower facts. Nay, they are the distinctive facts of humanity; and religion—the only religion of which man is rationally capable—consists in their recognition. It is not a conclusion drawn from the facts; it is the knowledge of the facts themselves. Of God Himself, what He is, or whether He is at all, we can never know anything. But the Divine is revealed to us in these higher

moments of life. The Ideal, all the Ideal we can ever know, consists in them. And the true Atheist is not the man who denies the existence of God, but the reality of this moral Ideal revealed in experience. 'Theologians with metaphysical heads' make this Ideal self-existent. God is with them a Supreme Person who claims and is worthy of adoration. But experience knows nothing of a Supreme Person or Great First Cause. 'All these fancies come from an excessive turn for reasoning and a neglect of observing man's actual course of thinking and way of using words.'* The only safety is in keeping close to experience. Metaphysic may be good or bad in its own place, but it has nothing to do with religion or morality. Religion is not even a 'theory of life, but only a mode of directing it practically.' 'This can stand on its own feet—it has no need of theories which after all are not the parents of religion but its children, which have been invented to account for a thing that existed before them, and can quite well continue to exist without them. Reasoning (or "metaphysical reflection") can do nothing to increase the reality and authority of the experiences from which religion springs; they are original and suffice for themselves.'†

Nothing perhaps is more curious amongst the diverse phases of modern unbelief than the appearance of this ethical school of experience, of which Matthew Arnold is the chief representative amongst ourselves, and which has been set forth with something of systematic completeness by a new school of divines in Holland. The watchword of both alike, as of the more purely scientific schools, is 'religion and morality without metaphysic.' The importance of religion is admitted; the value of morality strongly asserted. But metaphysic is mere moonshine, or at least is so vague, shadowy, and contradictory in its principles as to be beyond all practical bearing on human life. It contains no single proposition in which all philosophers agree, or which has even a manifest balance of authority in its favour.‡ Religious authority and moral unity must, therefore, be sought for in some other direction—and the only line in which any certainty has hitherto been found is in that of the sciences of experience. We know what we can experimentally verify, and nothing else.

* Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma,' p. 33.

† We quote this pointed statement from an interesting account of the ethical theory of experience, 'De ethische Richting,' of the modern Dutch school of divines, given in the Appendix to Principal Tulloch's recent Lectures on 'the Christian Doctrine of Sin.'

‡ An Agnostic's Apology. 'Fortnightly Review,' June 1, 1876.

There is no one acquainted with the history of thought who can fail to realise how grave is the question which has thus again been raised on a deeper and wider basis than ever before. The authority of religion in almost every historic form has been the authority of an unseen Power—a Living Will—capable of rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. Moral unity has been sought in the acts of this Will made known in some definite law or revelation. It has been, in short, a Power above nature, or a metaphysical Power, ruling in the realms of the unseen as well as of the seen, which has formed the basis both of morals and religion. It has been the awe of this Power addressing the human spirit which has been the chief factor or moving spring of human conduct. It involves, therefore, nothing less than a revolution of thought to banish from knowledge the idea of such a Power, and to substitute for it any mere generalisation of experience, whether in the form of cosmical Law or of an ideal and glorified Humanity. We are aware that the religious Positivist professes so little to banish this idea, in his sense of it, that he makes it the pivot of his so-called religion. According to Comte himself, 'Religion must in the first instance place the man under 'the influence of some external Power possessed of superiority 'so irresistible as to leave no sort of uncertainty about it.'* But this is merely one of those tricks of devout nomenclature of which the positive religion furnishes so many examples—a piece of the cast-off clothes of Catholicism, in which it delights to array itself to the astonishment of all sane minds. The 'Eternal Power' of Comte is merely in his own peculiar language 'the full development of that primary notion of sound 'biology—the necessary subordination of every organism to the 'environment in which it is placed.' It is the enthronement of Circumstance, in short, at the head of the universe—something as unlike the Supreme Will or Person of historical religion as anything can be. It is a mockery at once mournful and ludicrous to use the old language of religion to dignify such dreams of an insane materialism. If there is no living Intelligence above man, the Author of his being and the Guide of his life, then let the old language be banished, and let man realise that he is the creature of circumstance—of the adaptation of organism to environment, without playing, however eloquently, with the dead words of the ancient faith, and putting on for display its worn-out garments.

* Comte's 'Positive Polity,' quoted by Mr. Harrison, 'Contemp. Rev.' November 1875.

It is undeniable that the great basis both of religion and morals has hitherto been among historic nations the recognition of some conscious Intelligence at the head of the universe, whose mind and will, however made known, was the only true light of human thought and guide of human conduct. The idea of such an Intelligence is a metaphysical idea and nothing else. It presupposes a sphere beyond the physical—beyond all that is the mere product of natural causes of whatever kind, Verifiable or not, rational or not—this is the catholic idea of God, and it is a real abuse of sense and language to use the word in any other meaning.

It is the aim of our modern schools, one and all, to blot out this meaning, and to substitute for it some mere generalisation of facts around us or within us—a generalisation which, differing as it does in different schools, is in this respect the same in all, that it has not and cannot have any conscious personal relation to man. Religion, whatever be its particular form, is to be sought outside the region of personal communion of spirit with spirit; and morality is to be sought not in the recognition of a Higher Will controlling our wills, but in a consensus of experiences elaborated and organised by science. It is confessed that a scientific system of morals is still in its rudiments. 'Exact definitions' are not to be looked for.' It is still only the day of small things in this difficult region of inquiry. But the principle that science in the same sense in which there is a science of chemistry or physiology must be our only guide also in morality, is laid down without any hesitation. No distinction of sphere is allowed in passing from the phenomena of nature to the phenomena of will. However refractory these latter phenomena, they can only be considered as the last transformation of the great natural forces of light and heat and electricity, passing through the mysterious involvements of the human nervous system. Conscience merely makes the last step in the upward evolution. It has no independent reality, no distinct laws. It falls with all that depends upon it under the empire of force which rules all nature. Freewill vanishes as a dream, and the moral world in its true aspect is merely the last form and highest potency of the cosmical system.

According to M. Caro, from whom we summarise these latter sentences, a slow but irresistible change is proceeding under the influence of these ideas. By a show of scientific arguments little to the purpose, the human conscience appears to him weakened, and yielding to a crisis the results of which no one can foresee. To this he attributes the source of so many paradoxes which by-and-by come to be assumed as acquired

truths. Facts are elevated to the height of principles. Ideas of might outweigh those of right. Numbers are reckoned the final reason of things and only organ of justice. Moral responsibility is denied, and the right of punishment esteemed a social usurpation. Religious sanction is taken away from duty as the last idolatry, and progress reduced to a fatal system of evolution, interpreted in a purely industrial sense. Human destiny is only the amelioration of the species. No other or higher prospect awaits man emancipated from the chimera of an unseen world and a future spiritual existence.

It is the aim of M. Caro, in the volume before us, to study, as he says, this invading movement of physical science into the domain of the moral sciences, and especially of social morality; and we propose for a little space to follow M. Caro in his studies.

Our author first explains very clearly the pretensions of a science of 'independent morality.' In France, as with ourselves, these pretensions are loud-voiced. All novelties of thought in our time there, as here, are rapidly transferred from the schools to the world. The crudest guesses of scientific men, who in many of these guesses show anything but a scientific spirit, pass directly into the popular lecture-room and the *salons* of society, and so become fashionable. Many who ventilate them really know nothing about them. But as it was once the fashion to be orthodox, so now it is the fashion to be heterodox and run into all sorts of extremes. To really thoughtful men there are few things more intolerable than this modern chatter of drawing-rooms over the audacities of an irreverent speculation. M. Caro has evidently suffered from this as many have done. Hundreds, he says, whose opinions are of no scientific value, have given a temporary vogue to the so-called scientific theory of morals. The programme of the theory is thus expounded by him in the mouths of its advocates.

'What really divides men, they say, is the fury of dogmatising about objects which are really inaccessible and chimerical. It is morality which alone can unite men, but on one condition, that it be emancipated from all religious and metaphysical belief. This alone will give an immovable and catholic basis of morals—that its principles be sought not in systems, but in the natural conscience. Then Jew, Christian, and Mahomedan will cease to have each his own ideas of morality, and to stifle the voice of nature under a host of religious prejudices. Ethics separated from all foreign conceptions will become a science in the same sense as any of the exact or physical sciences. Once placed on the same foundations as geometry, it will attain to the same definiteness. A Positivist, an Atheist, a Spiritualist, notwithstanding the divergence of their philosophical notions, may have the same conception of right and duty as they have of number and space. Let

this conception be fixed, and it will become the gage of peace amongst contending factions. Let the sphere of contradictions be abandoned, and a neutral sphere of morality common to all be recognised. This will prove the inviolable sanctuary of conscience, the refuge of humanity weary of barren struggles, and eager for light and peace.' (Pp. 10, 11.)

The dream is a fair one. It is our business to inquire how far it is capable of realisation. Is it really possible to establish an ethical theory apart from all metaphysical preconception as to the origin and destiny of man? Is there any complete parallel between a science of ethics and a science of geometry? This is the task to which M. Caro addresses himself. But before entering upon it he interposes a digression, with the view of showing more clearly that the real novelty of this modern doctrine is not the proposed separation of morality from religion, but of morality as well as religion from metaphysic. In his own country, as he thinks, the popularity of the theory is greatly derived from its supposed anti-theological bias. Any attack upon the Church or the prevailing theology rapidly draws to itself numerous supporters; and it is this presumed bearing of the theory which gives it in France its chief element of popularity. But this is not really the original or most important element in the theory, as he shows at considerable length. The attempt to construct a system of moral philosophy apart from theology, so far from being a novelty, has been frequently made from the time of Socrates downwards. Even in the Middle Ages, when theology seemed to absorb the whole sphere of knowledge and to leave no place for the development of any independent science, it is by no means rare to meet with the most formal assertions of an innate and essential morality. In grand words, which recall the finest accents of Cicero, Thomas Aquinas celebrates that natural law of truth in which all men share. And since the commencement of the eighteenth century ethics, or a theory of natural virtues and social relations, has taken a definite place amongst the philosophic sciences. None in the present day, save the most extreme theological bigots, would deny the validity of such a science. The essential novelty of the modern school does not consist therefore in the separation of morality and religion, but in the attempt 'to separate moral science 'from the other philosophical sciences, and to make it a science 'by itself, abstracted from all metaphysic or any element 'derived from the pure reason—to make it, in short, a positive 'science like geometry or mechanics, and establish it on a basis 'of pure experience.' This is the special note of the modern

school. It proposes to have done with all philosophical no less than all religious dogmatism, and no more to find the idea of God at the summit than at the base of its moral doctrine. Every conception of a metaphysical order or of rational origin is to be proscribed. And this is not only to raise a question grave in itself, but to advance to a point without precedent in the history of philosophy.

M. Caro is at some pains to make good his point as to the absolute novelty of this position. It finds no precedent in the ethical standpoint of Aristotle, or of the Stoics, or of Kant, although all these names had been invoked in its behalf. 'The ethics of Aristotle rests upon his psychology, and his psychology itself is intimately connected with his whole system of philosophy. His treatise on "Soul" is unintelligible to those who have not penetrated to the general principles of his "Physics" and "Metaphysics." Besides, who does not know that the "end" is everything in the Aristotelian theory of ethics, that this "end" is identical with the good, and that the good only completes itself in the act *par excellence* which achieves our likeness to God, and leads us back by different ways to the transcendent principle of the Platonic morals, the "Ὁμολογίς τῷ Θεῷ?" And so in like manner he has little difficulty in explaining that the Stoical principle of *living according to nature* was really to live according to the Divine order exhibited in nature and revealed in reason. As to Kant, what moralist is more lofty in his aspiration or more severe in his principles; more rigorously scientific, and therefore more independent in the true sense of the word? And yet none is so opposed to the modern school, in his clear recognition of the moral law and the authority of reason. Whereas the principle of this school is entirely empirical, that of Kant is entirely rational. In the great systems of German philosophy which he initiated, the religious idea is everywhere the indispensable crown of morality. The conception of God, if it does not lie at the root of these systems, yet always stands at their summit. And in the ethics of Kant especially, this with the great cognate conceptions of Immortality and Law place the standpoint of this great moral philosopher at the very antipodes of that of the modern school, to whom the unknowableness of God and of the Future is the condition of all disinterested action. The only points they have in common are certain formulas about the respect due to the liberty and the rights of the individual. But both in principles and in method they present a radical divergence.

The real founder of the modern school in France, according

to our author, is M. Proudhon, in his famous book on 'Justice in the Revolution and in the Church.' Here the fundamental propositions of the school were laid down and worked out with the logical severity characteristic of the writer. The Church having failed in its great mission of founding a kingdom of righteousness, it belonged to the Revolution to accomplish this task; and for this purpose it commenced with the negation of the old ideas of religion and philosophy as worn out and useless. Metaphysic had proved itself the shameful accomplice of ecclesiastical lies. It was necessary, therefore, to establish the reality of a moral sense apart from the thought of God, natural or revealed. All notion of a 'transcendental Protectorate' must be abandoned. Justice must lean upon itself as a fact—on nothing else. Nor is it enough merely to dismiss the idea of God, but every *à priori* idea whatever, and liberate the human conscience entirely from all trace of mystical servitude. The opposition betwixt the two theories may be very well expressed by the antithesis suggested in M. Proudhon's language of *immanence* and *transcendence*, the former of which places the principle of right in man himself, and the latter in God or the Universal Reason. The formal repudiation of a transcendental sphere of any kind—whether a mere idea or a God—and the attempt to found morality and the fact of liberty solely on an experimental basis, constitute the real originality and interest of the new school.

The development of the school is closely connected with the rise of the Positive philosophy. It is, in fact, merely a side development of the same tendency of thought. The prodigious fertility of the physical sciences in our time has prompted the ambition of extending their method over the whole domain of knowledge, and of bringing moral no less than material facts under its control. Just as Positivism takes the general facts of each science, co-ordinates and generalises them, and calls this *ensemble* of systematic results a philosophy, so Proudhon and his disciples, seizing upon the great fact of human liberty, and analysing it, profess to find in it an adequate theory of moral duty. In another respect also the resemblance is striking. It has been a boast of Positivism that it maintains an absolute neutrality amidst divers tendencies of thought. It knows neither materialism nor spiritualism as theories. So far from suppressing the exercise of imagination and faith, it gives free rein to both, only it draws a sharp line round the borders of science. All beyond the facts of experience are unknowable in the scientific sense. But what is this really but to identify the region of faith and imagination with the region of nonsense,

and to banish it from the sphere of knowledge altogether? The professed neutrality of Positivism is therefore an illusion. If it recognises the spiritual side of human life, it is only as a subjective dream without any absolute reality or corresponding object. And in like manner the new school of ethics may profess neutrality amidst contending schools of thought, but its fundamental position already places it on the side of materialism. It is impossible to limit our view to the mere facts of consciousness, and to deny all legitimate inferences from these facts in favour of a higher sphere without sinking into a secularism at variance with all the conclusions of the higher philosophy.

But it is necessary to examine the pretensions of this new ethical school more carefully. It professes to follow the method of the exact sciences, and to admit nothing into its creed which is not verifiable in the sense in which the truths of geometry or mechanics are verifiable. It is the bane of metaphysic that its principles admit of no verification. They are merely dreams of the individual thinker. They cannot be established on any universal basis of fact. But a true science of morals must rest on universally admitted facts and laws no less than the science of geometry. In geometry there are no questions of the nature of the will, of the nature of reason, or of the existence of God. It simply takes the idea of extension as found in the human mind—studies this idea, and reasons from it. It draws hence a science perfectly distinct and complete, with its own axioms and definitions. It is no matter whether *space* be conceived *à priori* according to Malebranche, or as a pure abstraction from the outward forms of things. The science is the same to all intelligences. It is neither idealistic nor sensualistic. It is itself—geometry. All true, M. Caro admits, as indeed everyone must admit; but then the truth has no bearing upon the subject. There is really no parallel betwixt geometry and ethics. The one deals with an abstract conception, which can be entirely isolated and viewed by itself; the other deals with a complex and living reality—with man, and not merely with one of the forms of his thought arbitrarily isolated from others. It is impossible, therefore, to separate ethics, like geometry, from other studies, and make it independent. The ethical relations of man run upwards and downwards into all the other relations of his being, and are obviously conditioned by the view taken of these relations.

It is so far, of course, impossible to deny this, and the new school admit the intimate connexion betwixt psychology and ethics. It by no means excludes psychology—only metaphysic.

Let all the facts of mind be examined, only do not go beyond these facts. But this is merely to disguise the character of the problem, and carry it a little farther back. The facts of mind are different according to our different conceptions of mind itself, of its essential character and origin. 'Who does not know that there is a spiritual psychology and a materialistic psychology, radically distinct? The theory of reason, for example, which is a psychological theory—is it the same in Locke and in Leibnitz? The theory of the passions—is it identical in the Positivist and in the theological schools?' The truth is that the philosophical sciences are all intimately connected and all dominated by metaphysic—that ethics especially draws from all, touching every element of human nature, and neglecting none.

Moral science, therefore, differs entirely from geometry or any of the positive sciences by the quality of its object, viz. man in the totality of his activities as a social being, and not any mere isolated side of his thought and experience. Moral science is, in fact, 'the science of human life in its concrete fulness idealised—the science in which all the complex elements of this life find their law, their end, and their harmony.'

But ethics differs not only in the nature of its object, but in its kind of certitude. Its failure to verify its principles in the manner of the positive sciences, so far from being a defect, lies in its essential character. Its truths or laws are as sure of their kind as any other truths; but are neither demonstrable like those of geometry, nor capable of experimental verification like the laws of physical science. They always imply a personal element wanting in these cases. The simplest moral principles imply difficulties of application, and a possible complexity of circumstances that leave them not indeed in any doubt, but without the clear impersonal assurances which belong to scientific demonstrations. They cannot be certified for all intellects in the same manner. M. Caro gives various illustrations of this difference, which we need not repeat. They are designed especially for his own intellectual and literary atmosphere. He urges the dilemmas in which the scientific moralists must find themselves in a conflict of duties, where conscience is divided betwixt two alternatives. 'In such cases,' he says, 'do you pretend to impose your formal interpretation as alone right and true? The mere fact that the conscience hesitates implies the necessity of discussion. And this necessity is enough to distinguish moral science from any exact or positive science. It is science without doubt, but of another order, and its certitude is neither that of a theorem of Euclid nor a principle of

‘Archimedes.’ Metaphysical questions as to *being* and *purpose* lie at the root of all science which deals with man as its object. And every moral theory is either found to imply the previous settlement of such questions, or to attempt their settlement. Those which seem most to stand aloof from them are found really obeying their inspiration, and animated by some foregone metaphysical bias often of the most audacious kind. It is well to speak of independence, but in this region there can be no absolute independence—the roots of morality and reason are too closely intertwined in the human consciousness.

Our author is careful to point out that he does not mean to identify ethics with any special metaphysical theory—with the philosophy of Aristotle as to matter and form, or that of Leibnitz as to monads. He means merely that all moral problems lie upon a metaphysical basis. Psychology, logic, ethics, the circle of what he calls the philosophical sciences, presuppose primordial questions, which can neither be cut off from them nor left alone. Their shadow is constantly obtruding, and must be faced. He uses the word ‘metaphysic,’ he says, simply because there is no other scientific word that suits his purpose; but what he means is no special system of thought, but rather the collection of primitive beliefs which, transmitted from generation to generation, and mixing with the very life-blood of human thought, have so become a part of our intellectual being that we cannot detach ourselves from them without an effort of violence. The product partly of the most noble instincts of our nature, and partly of our finest religious thoughts and most elevated speculations, they have become the pervading spiritual atmosphere in which the human intelligence lives and moves. According to this ‘spontaneous metaphysic,’ as M. Caro calls it, the moral is distinguished from the physical order, and acts of the human will are quite different from mere mechanical movements. Ultimate laws cannot be measured by generalisations of experience, nor right by might. An intelligent and moral cause lies behind all existence, and alone explains it. This background of ‘metaphysic’ survives all attempts to remove it. The ridicule of science, the derision of criticism, and the decay of systems, alike leave it untouched.

Armed with this weapon, he enters upon a special polemic with the French school of independent moralists, Proudhon and his disciples, and has little difficulty in showing that they have really borrowed from the metaphysical armoury while professing to discard it. The mere conception of *personal liberty*, and still more the conception of personal inviolability or right, upon which they base their speculations, are plainly enough me-

taphysical. 'The one implies a certain view of man as distinct from the rest of nature, and the other a rational law which no experience can explicate.' On such assumptions our author has an easy victory. Neither of these conceptions can be consistently maintained on an anti-metaphysical basis, and neither, in fact, is allowed by the German materialistic school. It is an essential principle of this school to allow to man no other liberty in kind than that which belongs to other animals, to ignore any distinction of a moral and physical order, and to conceive of nature as one and absolute with all its diversity of development and activity. It is no reply for the Proudhonists to say that liberty is a fact. This is no reply from their point of view, because they have already shut the door through which such a fact can alone enter. The very idea of liberty implies a break in the order of nature or mechanical law. If man is free, the life of the world cannot be summed up in the mere physical system of things. The chain of necessity is broken, and a new order inserted. Humanity is no longer dominated by the mechanical laws which it is the boast of the empirical school to apply universally. These laws are either universal or not. If universal, then it is true that metaphysic disappears; but so also does human liberty. Personality, however real an experience in the individual, can be nothing else than a subtle compound of physical sequences. Man, however he may feel himself free, can be no more really free than any other product of nature. He is the child of nature, and nothing else. But if, on the other hand, human personality is admitted to form a break in the order of nature, then not only does liberty come in, but metaphysic. The fact of liberty, if a fact at all, is a revelation of a higher order. It introduces a new and invisible region of causes. And so metaphysic, which was put out at the door, returns by the window. It lays hold of us when in thought we suppose ourselves denying and excluding it. As M. Caro says, 'It is present not only in the abstract speculations of the reason, but in the laws of science and the facts of life. It mixes itself up with all the roots of our psychological existence.' And the very school which boasts to have got rid of it, is found reasserting it in its fundamental proposition of freewill.

But the second proposition of the school no less implies a metaphysical basis; and M. Caro conducts his argument here, as it appears to us, with great force and ingenuity. This second proposition may be formulated as follows: 'If I am free, others are also free, and personal rights are therefore mutual and inviolable. What I feel due to myself, I am bound to extend

‘to others, gifted with the same consciousness of freedom; or, at any rate, as others are no less capable of asserting their liberty than I am, the undue assertion of my freedom would necessarily encounter an antagonism which would compel me to respect the rights of others.’ This is the usual explanation of the idea of law given by the empirical school. It deserves to be carefully looked at.

Two supposed facts are implied in it—the fact of personality and the fact of conscience. We have seen how far the first fact carries us. Let us examine the second. Supposing personality admitted as a true element of experience and nothing else, it is clear that when we pass to what is due to this liberty in ourselves and others, or, in other words, to the idea of law, we pass into a new region of assertion. The two elements are distinct—the consciousness of personality, and the consciousness of right; and even should we grant the first to be a fact of experience, experience can never give the second. A fact can never be more than a fact. ‘So-and-so has always happened. In the same circumstances, the same thing will happen.’ This character of contingency belongs to all generalisations of experience. But the idea of *right* is of quite a different character. Whereas the empirical formula is simply, ‘This will always happen,’ the formula involved in the idea of right is, ‘This ought always to happen.’ Betwixt a law which expresses the mere result of a generalisation, and a law which expresses a moral necessity, there is a gap which no logical subtlety can leap over. No accumulation of contingencies can convert a fact into a principle of authority. No amount of experience can warrant the assertion that *so it ought always to be*. Take away this principle of universal authority, and the idea of right disappears. Admit it, and by the admission you at once again transcend the region of experience. ‘In the one case the moral law descends from the sphere of principle to that of fact. But what is the authority of a fact? In the other case you introduce without perceiving it a rational element in flagrant contradiction to your method—an element which transfigures the fact and converts it into a principle of authority.’

Betwixt the mere self-preserving instinct of liberty and the idea of liberty as a right, there is all the interval which separates man from the lower animals. The former springs from the root of our physical organisation, the latter is an idea; the former is the statement of a fact, the latter is the assertion of a principle which is true always and in its own nature. Respect for personal liberty as such, our own or

another's, implies a law or authority above man, which no amount of experience could yield, which could only come to us from a higher source.

The materialistic genesis of the idea of right, according to M. Caro, is not only inadequate but contradictory. The idea is represented as only coming into full play in the face of opposition. There is first the feeling of respect for our own liberty and then of respect for the liberty of others. But how is this latter feeling confessedly generated? Only by the fact of the resistance which the action of our own wills encounters by the action of other wills. The idea of *right*, in short, only emerges at the moment that self meets self in mutual antagonism. 'So long as the will encounters no opposition,' he is quoting from the organ of the independent moralists,* 'the sentiment of personal freedom and its inviolability is *unilateral*, but so soon as man finds one who resists him and claims the same respect as he demands for himself, he is ready to respond to this claim. Mutual force establishes an arbitrary agreement with the understanding—respect me if you wish me to respect you. This is the basis of social right and duty.' But what is this really but to make *might* the source of *right*, and to carry back the most sacred principles of human order to an original antagonism of brute force? And what if the supposed equipoise of resistance be not encountered? If the respect for mutual rights only appears in the face of mutual resistance, does it not follow that in the absence of the latter the stronger must hold itself in possession of the right and occupy itself simply with the development of its own power? What is this but to consecrate at all hazards the principle of force?

'There are always two races in the world,' says M. Caro, 'those typified by Cain, and those typified by Abel. According to the above theory, when the weaker races, like Abel, resign themselves to death without resistance, the stronger destroying race need have no sense of crime. It ought to be to it a clear revelation that righteousness triumphs. What a manifest contradiction to all facts! Who does not know, on the contrary, that it is the very weakness of the subject race which all the more marks the violence and brutality of the stronger? The resignation of Abel only brings into bolder relief the murderous violence of his brother. Cain—the Cain of all time—is already condemned before doom is pronounced against him. His odious abuse of superior strength is all the more flagrant that it encounters no opposition. No; the idea of right can never be explained in this manner. It is something anterior to any imaginary stipulation

* *La Morale Indépendante*, Année 1866-7, p. 45.

arising out of balanced forces. It is a revelation within the human conscience—a sentiment so little associated, in the first instance, with any respect for mere force that it seems rather to spring out of a respect for weakness. It is in the face of weakness, and not in the face of force, that the sentiment attains any purity and strength.'

The whole analysis of the materialistic school rests upon a false psychology. Mere will opposed to will could never generate mutual respect and hence the idea of right. What one man respects in the will of another is not mere will or self-assertion. Brutal constraint generates the idea not of obligation but of fear. The former idea is alone born of an anterior sense of duty lying behind the will, and quite independent of any conflict of force. Nothing can be more untrue to genuine psychological experience than the pretended analysis of pre-historic instincts rising gradually into a human consciousness. Such a theory is mere blind guessing in the dark, and only assumes any probability whatever by a whole series of assumptions far more extravagant than those of the most dogmatic theories on the other side.

It is the feeling of *obligation*, something entirely different from any mere correlation of facts, out of which the idea of *right* alone springs. No analysis of external facts or their relation to one another can give us the feeling. It comes and can alone come from the revelation of an authority and law within us. And it is exactly this element which the greatest of all modern moralists has signalised by the well-known phrase of the *Categorical Imperative*. It says, 'You ought,' and man obeys. But it is not the acceptance of the authority by man which makes the law. It is there whether he obeys it or not. It pursues him with unmistakable evidence of its reality amidst all the blindness of his perversity. It corrects him by its authority even when he most resists and disobeys it. The distinction, in short, is that long ago drawn by Butler (Sermon II.) 'between *mere power* and *authority*.' So far the same, the ideas are not only not co-ordinate, they are contradistinguished. The idea of *power* comes to man through every element of natural faculty, every avenue through which the external world addresses him. The idea of *authority* is the revelation of a special faculty essentially distinct in its nature.

'It is manifestly superior and chief without regard to strength. . . . To preside and govern from the very economy and constitution of man belongs to it. Had it strength as it had right, had it power as it had manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world. . . . And how often soever men violate and rebelliously refuse to submit to it for

supposed interest which they cannot otherwise obtain, or for the sake of passion which they cannot otherwise gratify, this makes no alteration as to the *natural right or office* of conscience.'

We rejoice in quoting these old and well-worn words, not only for themselves (although their severe beauty is as fresh as when they were first written), but because they serve to recall that in this question, as in so many others, there are really only two well-marked sides of opinion—the side which identifies man with the other creatures of earth as merely a higher development of the animal series, and the side which connects him in his higher or moral nature 'with the angels' or a higher order of being. According to the one side, morality can never be anything else than an idealisation of brute instincts, however its origin may be specially explained; according to the other side, it is the revelation within man of a spiritual sphere—a life above him. In the one case its organ is self-interest, in the other conscience. And this at least may be said, that any difficulties which the loftier spiritual view implies are more than equalled by the difficulties of the other view. Not only so, but great, confessedly, as has been the progress of materialistic psychology in our time, and unwearied and in some respects illuminative as have been its researches into the roots of all the higher human emotions, it is as far as ever from having reached any conceivable genesis of these emotions on the mere animal side. If Butler's line of argument is still substantially the same line along which the principles of a spiritual ethics must be defended, it is equally true that modern materialism has in point of substantial argument advanced little beyond the position of Hobbes. With far more pretence indeed modern materialistic literature has far less manliness and incision of thought than the writings of the old cynic of Malmesbury. The wild hypotheses of the modern school and the 'leaps in the dark' by which they bridge over their 'genetic' demonstrations—the forced analogies and explanations which are merely a restatement of the facts without any *explanation* whatever—their mimetic theories and accumulation of resemblances mistaken for philosophy, would have provoked his laughter rather than his sympathy. His own naked assertion of men as naturally animals at war with one another, and only subordinated and controlled by the strong arm of the State, in other words of the sword, is really a far more respectable and tenable theory than the pseudo-idealisation of modern Materialism with its professed idolatry of human rights and respect for their inviolability. Plainly, if man is merely a higher animal, the principle of authority can never come from

within. It must come from without. The law must be laid upon him by some species of external force, however disguised; and in such a view the idea of right disappears except as a transmuted and idealised form of might. The supposed facts of personal liberty and of moral law vanish as dreams of the human consciousness conceived under the nightmare of positive religions no longer credible. All that is noblest in human experience and human life can at the utmost only excite regret as a romance of the past gilding too fondly the darkness of the future.

Is all this really more rational than to take the facts of human nature as we find them? I find within me a law which by the very fact that it commands me I have not made, which, so far from being the result of experience, judges with authority all the facts of my life, sits above them, and approves or condemns them. No mere fact, however general, no induction, however extended, can have this authority. How can I explain it then? It not only exists, but it exists in harmony with my reason, fitted to comprehend it, and my will, formed to obey it. And this *constitution* of faculties within me is it not in itself a significant fact—the final cause of the law revealed within me. The law explains the constitution or order—the order the law. There is nothing analogous to this in the mere spectacle of physical order.

You say that you have nothing to do save with facts. But it is the very nature of the facts here to carry us beyond themselves. They are only intelligible in the light of a higher sphere. You cannot remain neutral as to this higher sphere. You must either exclude it or admit it. But in the former case you take a side as much as in the latter, and a side which leaves the facts without any adequate explanation. For how can the eternal sense of duty within us be resolved into any process of self-calculation or the moral law into any balance of chances? You are really metaphysical in trying to exclude metaphysic, and your metaphysic, moreover, is of a bad and false kind.

We have hitherto followed M. Caro's argument somewhat closely, summarising and interpreting it rather than translating it. Well and decisively as he argues, it must be confessed that his language, like most of the philosophical argumentation of his countrymen, admits of condensation. He returns frequently to the same line of thought, and reinforces his reasoning from new points of view without much enlarging its substance. There is a tendency at times to sink into rhetoric and to mistake diffusion for advance. But he always writes with interest,

and a vein of moral enthusiasm inspires and animates his style even when it runs into desultoriness and vagueness.

It has been the great aim of his argument so far to show how impossible it is to separate morality from metaphysic according to the principles on which the French school of independent moralists proceed. These principles, the simplest of them, already involve metaphysic. They involve, that is to say, a break in the physical order. Without such a break the fact of personal liberty can never be sighted, and still less the fact that this liberty is inviolable in ourselves and in others, from which the school deduce their idea of right. The inviolability of personal freedom is, indeed, as he plainly shows, not a fact at all, but a principle, something which reason has added on to the fact. And even supposing, therefore, that the prior fact was granted, an hypothesis which no genuine materialist can grant because inconsistent with his fundamental principle of a universal mechanical order, the fact becomes entirely barren without the further metaphysical dictum that freedom is to be always respected in ourselves and others. The transformation of the fact into this rational principle is a pure metaphysical process. For why is personality always to be respected? Why, in other words, does the idea of law arise from the relation of personalities? Supposing this relation to be purely empirical, why should it be more to us than any physical relation which claims from us and receives from us no respect? The materialistic theory, therefore, entirely fails to account for the great ideas of *law* and *right* which preside over personal relations. These ideas only emerge from a higher metaphysical sphere.

It is of great importance, our author holds, to distinguish betwixt the two conceptions of law which are necessarily confounded by the materialistic school. A physical law is nothing but a short-hand affirmation of the facts. It is contained in the facts whose co-ordination it expresses. It is quite different with moral law, or the idea of law applicable to human conduct. Here it is not the simple co-ordination of facts at all—mere antecedence and consequence—that is expressed, but something *sui generis*. When we speak of human conduct we do not say, 'in such circumstances such things will always happen.' But we say, on the contrary, that 'such conduct ought always to be.' 'In place of obeying facts, the moralist commands them.' He rules them in advance; he does not wait for their repetition and then say this is their rule. Repetition, however universal in the case of human acts, not only does not establish any law, but the

moralist, on the face of it, has the right of saying, not this but something—it may be the very opposite—is the true law.

And whence this right—this categorical imperative—which lies at the root of all morality, and apart from which morality is inconceivable? Certainly not from experience. The necessity of the idea alone proves this. Moreover the course of human conduct, or, in other words, human history, so far from guaranteeing any such idea, is in flagrant contradiction to it. History is filled with the triumphs of violence and darkened by the prevalence of wrong. No accumulation of historical facts could yield us the idea. That it is so frequently in the face of these facts, the judge, and not the result of experience, is one of the strongest evidences of its higher origin.

Having shown in this incontestable manner how impossible it is to get quit of metaphysic even on the professed principles of the independent school so far as a theory of right is concerned, M. Caro pursues his argument into the higher departments of morals, or the departments of virtue and self-devotion. It will not be necessary to do more than rapidly indicate his line of thought in these higher relations of the subject.

The *theory of right* our author admits is a great part of morals, no other part can do without it; and its realisation would constitute an enormous step in the progress of the world. But a complete ethical doctrine involves much more than a theory of right. It involves not merely respect for law, but the cultivation of virtue. To enlarge our intelligence, purify our sensibilities, to strengthen our good will, and increase our good work for others no less than ourselves, so as to eliminate the amount of intellectual and moral misery in the world—all this is a part of ethics. This is admitted by M. Caro's opponents no less than by himself. It follows directly upon his principles. But how is the same conclusion reached by the experience school? They equally assert that the juridical element, or the element of law, is not the full complement of morality. How do they get beyond it? By adding on to it the 'obligation of transforming oneself and all 'around oneself.' An admirable principle. But who does not see that this implies an entirely new thought. The most subtle logic cannot pass from the one to the other by way of identity. To respect the liberty of others in exchange for the respect accorded to our own is a strict and positive duty exigible by the mutual constraint which the law imposes. But to labour for self-improvement and the improvement of others,

for the amelioration of the social state—here is an entirely new line of duty, clear when seen in the light of reason and of a higher ideal everywhere encompassing human life, but no longer capable of being exacted or calculated. No mere analysis of the fact of liberty (supposing the fact granted) will yield this higher doctrine—no mere respect for law stimulate it. It must come, it can only come, from the vision of a spiritual ideal within the soul.

But there is something even above virtue in human life for which a comprehensive ethics should account—call it heroism, or love, or self-sacrifice. How are we to explain this supreme element, which is universally admitted to crown the moral fabric? The negative school of moralists have not shrunk from facing even this question. They profess but little admiration indeed for what they call *instinctive* forms of self-sacrifice, such as a mother exhibits for her children, supposing such acts sufficiently accounted for by the mere responsive sensibility many animals show for their offspring. It is only self-sacrifice animated and approved by reason that they recognise. And this is explained as merely another form of justice, the highest and rarest form, but sufficiently accounted for by the impulsion of this principle. But this is surely, as M. Caro says, to play with words. If self-devotion be merely justice, or the rendering of what is due to others, it is no longer devotion. If it is duty, it is no longer sacrifice. The essence of this highest moral act is its entire freedom. Take away this, and you take away its distinctive quality. Leave it, and the act passes far beyond the sphere of mere law or duty into that of pure goodness, the response of a beautiful soul to a ravishing ideal. What but the revelation of such an ideal as a fact in reason and conscience can account for the heroisms of human life and history, those lights showing in the darkness even when the darkness failed to comprehend them?

And so the insufficiency of an independent morality is proved at all points.

‘In its abhorrence of metaphysic it strives at all hazards to extract the whole of morality from facts, and facts alone. But facts yield only regular associations and constant successions. They neither contain nor reveal the moral law in its august and sacred character. The authority of this law is derived from another source. The feeling of obligation and respect which cleaves to it indicates its higher origin. Whether we give to this origin the name of *conscience*, *intuition*, *pure reason*, or permanent and natural *revelation*, is of no consequence. These several names merely point to the higher source of the law imposed upon free wills—a law which at once rules them, secures by its righteous force their reciprocal respect, and by its dictates stimulates

their most splendid developments. They will tell us that this is metaphysic. Let it be so, if metaphysic consist in giving an objective reality and a loftier origin than experience to certain conceptions which the mere facts do not contain, and which at the utmost they can only give occasion to without ever explaining. It must be so, if we allow that facts, however generalised, can never constitute either a mathematical or a logical necessity—above all, that special form of necessity which emerges with the new order of moral phenomena, addresses us as personal beings, and is known as *obligation* or *duty*.' (Pp. 85–6.)

In his polemic with the independent moralists M. Caro has sought, he says, up to this point to keep clear of an appeal to sentiment, and to combat the empirical school as far as possible on their own chosen ground of fact. Granting the facts, this school, according to him, fails to explain their true meaning. The facts do not yield the moral ideas attributed to them. These ideas are really introduced from a rational sphere which transcends experience. In order to get a foundation for morality at all, we must get beyond the mere facts of experience. But although he has excluded from his argument hitherto the question of sanction and rewards, he maintains rightly that an ethics which ignores this question is incomplete as well from the scientific as the practical point of view. And here, as in many other points, he falls back upon the authority of Kant, whose ethical doctrine included the ideas of God and Immortality, no less than of sovereign Good. The last idea irresistibly led to the others as necessary to its development and consummation. 'Commonplaces,' exclaim the disciples of the empirical school.

'Yes,' says M. Caro, 'but "commonplaces" consecrated alike by Plato and Kant. Moreover, if this contempt of vulgar thought be legitimate in art, it has no value in morals. All men are here on a level. All share the same moral life, and are fitted to comprehend the same moral ideal. Art may have its *élite*. Ethics has no select circle. It appeals to humanity at large. Duty knows no privileged classes. Commonplaces here are the utterance of the universal conscience.' (P. 88.)

But morality, say the modern school, is degraded by any thought of ulterior consequences. Virtue is its own reward. There is a sense in which this—the old principle of the Stoics—is true. No one has insisted upon it more strongly than Kant. He pushed it to such extreme as to provoke the well-known epigram of Schiller, 'It pains me that I should have 'pleasure in doing my duty.' In truth the principle may be easily exaggerated. The highest motive of goodness must be the love of goodness; virtue can have no higher sanction than its own advance towards perfection. But the ideas of

reward and punishment are not, therefore, false and useless. They are deeply embedded in the moral consciousness, and could not be relaxed or still more eliminated without serious detriment to human society. Like all other facts of that consciousness, they point to outward and objective realities in which alone they fully verify themselves. If they were merely dreams they are not without their social value. But this would be no adequate reason for defending them. Let them be proved to be lies; then let them vanish with all other lies. But their very universality witnesses to their reality. They are the gleams within us of an ideal righteousness which is not yet made perfect, but which will ultimately realise itself from amidst all the defects and confusions of the present life.

'Moral philosophy may start without the idea of God, but it must ascend to this idea. It is a quest, a science setting out from man, but mounting to God. It finds its initial principle inscribed in conscience, but this principle carries it above. The idea of law enclosing the successive ideas of duty, sanction, end, leads directly to God. It asks to have the authority which commands without constraining, and ordains without humiliating, and whose special and noble prerogative it is that service to it glorifies the servant will. It is at this lofty point of the inner life that religion mingles with morality, not changing, but transfiguring it. The law passes from a pure rational necessity into a Divine commandment. The love of God is added to the love of duty, lending it grace and efficacy without weakening or corrupting it. This is the highest reach of science, and a true process of reason. It is not because I believe in God that I am led to believe in duty; it is because I believe in duty that I am logically led to believe in God—a God who is at once Supreme Justice and Supreme Goodness, at once Law and Love. Morality thus understood, and completing itself in an act of rational adoration, so far from humbling man, aggrandises and elevates him. Obedience to law becomes a free co-operation with the Divine order, with that Supreme Providence which is the final and only explanation of man and of the world.' (P. 99.)

There is much besides the argument we have summarised in M. Caro's volume. We have advanced, indeed, but a small way into its table of contents, which diverges from the fourth chapter through upwards of three hundred additional pages into a variety of subordinate discussions. All, however, either expand or lead back to the principles of his special polemic with the empirical school of morals, of which we have endeavoured to give our readers some account. Our space will only permit us further to advert to his fifth chapter, in which he gives a rapid and interesting sketch of the different theories of modern empiricism from the blank materialism of the Ger-

man school of Moleschott and Büchner to the revived utilitarianism of John S. Mill.

The German school, differing from the special type of French empiricism against which our author has directed his argument in preceding chapters, takes up with our own scientific materialism the position of the essential identity of all forces—physical, mental, and moral. It denies all idea of cause whether primary and final. There is only one order, that of external nature. All force is equivalent and correlated, passing through endless transformations and assuming the most diverse expressions: now as the efflorescence of the crystal and the tree, and now as the works of human thought and human life. Morality is a mere product of organism, a variety of the physiological necessities which bind human beings together. It is first a family, then a tribal, and then a national instinct, growing from its root in the aboriginal soil from which man has come, but without any higher meaning. This is the most genuine school of empiricism, which boldly makes man a mere animated machine, and recognises nothing in the world, whatever grandeur of intellectual and moral dignity it may assume, but changes of mechanical force.

The ‘organic’ theory of M. Littré, the distinguished leader of French Positivism, differs only in special elaboration from the grosser materialism of Germany and Britain. He endeavours to explain all moral phenomena as the growth of the two radical instincts of nutrition and propagation. The brain, working upon the materials supplied by these instincts, elaborates on the one hand egoism, and on the other hand altruism. In childhood the egoistic sentiments predominate, in riper age the altruistic. As the child grows and develops, ‘his organisation, both visceral and cerebral, fitly disposed for ‘sexuality, prepares by degrees for the altruistic life.’ Under the term sexuality, M. Littré, of whose own words the above clause is a translation, includes all the impulses, not merely of personal and family affection, but of patriotism and humanity. Egoism is, in short, the sentiment of individual instinct, and altruism that of social instinct. And to the natural question, What is the principle of adjustment betwixt these leading and rival powers? he replies, that in biology the simpler and more primitive functions are always subordinated to the more elaborate and more highly developed. And so the sexual principle, involving always at least two terms, is naturally the superior of the twin tendencies out of which all the complexities of moral life arise. The varying relations of these

tendencies is, in fact, an index of the different degrees of civilisation. 'In proportion as the idea of humanity asserts itself, egoism retires and altruism expands and enlarges its influence.'

But, we may well ask with M. Caro, what is there distinctively moral in all this physiological analysis? The instincts of nutrition and propagation are in their nature mere organic impulses. They furnish materials for morality, but they have themselves no moral character. They imply no idea of responsibility, right, or duty. And what is morality apart from such ideas? To suppose that any ingenuity of analysis can transmute mere animal affections into moral acts, is to tamper with language in a manner at once contrary to fact and philosophy.

With our author's criticism of Mr. J. S. Mill's special theory of utilitarianism, it is unnecessary that we should concern ourselves. It presents no novelty. But it may be interesting to some of our readers to see how he disposes of Mr. Darwin's ethical speculations, which he identifies substantially with those of Mr. Spencer in his 'Study of Sociology.' No part of his volume appears to us upon the whole more fair or more acute in its penetration.

'Mr. Darwin,' he says, 'is distinguished by the frankness of his method. He sets forth the ethical problem exclusively from the natural history point of view. Having encountered it in the course of his studies, he faces it with imperturbable candour, and resolutely attempts its solution by his ordinary methods. It is for him merely a phase of physiology, attaching itself to the general question—"What light the study of the inferior animals is capable of throwing upon the higher psychical qualities of man?"'

To answer this question is the object of several chapters of his book upon the 'Descent of Man and Selection in relation to Sex.' In this book he espouses definitely the hypothesis of the animal origin of man postponed or declined in his preceding books. Speaking of man's place in time and in the animal series, he says, 'The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the new world and the old world monkeys; and from the latter at a remote period man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded.'*

'According to this new history of creation the moral sense is only the most elevated form of the social instinct in animals. The idea of justice is only a complex idea which resolves itself into a multitude

* The passage is at p. 213, vol. i., of the 'Descent of Man,' 1871.

of associated impressions—sensations originally bound together, instincts successively acquired and transmitted. The chief factors in the growth of the idea are the transformations always in operation under the influence of heredity, habit, and finally language, which conserves each new acquisition in the community, and transmits it from one generation to another. This theory appears to Mr. Darwin to approach as near as possible to certainty, and in dismissing all metaphysical illusion to furnish with the utmost *vraisemblance* the origin of all the higher faculties of man, and especially of the juridical faculty which asserts the idea of right. The theory obviously implies certain others, such as that there are to be found in the lower animals the rudiments of all which constitutes humanity, that nature presents a continuous development, and that the moral and intellectual qualities of the inferior races of mankind have been greatly over-valued, while the faculties of the higher animals have been intentionally depreciated.

‘So far as the question is one of analogy betwixt the bodily structure of man and the anthropomorphic ape, of the gradation of organic forms, of anatomical differences explained by variations of circumstances and means, by the supple and fertile principle of natural selection, or the more capricious and arbitrary law of sexual selection—in fine, by heredity—it is beyond the province of the moralist, and must be left to the judgment of naturalists, some of whom of the highest merit and intelligence see in the theory, even so far, merely an ingenious hypothesis inflated out of all proportion to the facts. But in so far as the question invades the intellectual and the moral sphere, we ourselves become judges and witnesses. And if the theory remains as yet quite an open one in natural history—an hypothesis, that is to say, without any serious verification, we have no hesitation in declaring it to be absolutely chimerical in psychology. . . .

‘Let us run over the various steps by which it advances to its conclusion. Sociability exists amongst several species of animals as well as man. . . . Suppose now (what hinders you?) that the intellectual faculties of the sociable animal are indefinitely developed, that his brain is incessantly traversed by images of his past actions and the causes of those actions: a comparison is then established betwixt those actions which have as their motive the social instinct always prevalent, and those which have for their motive some other instinct stronger for the time, but not permanent, like hunger, thirst, sexual appetite, or any other individual instinct. From this comparison there arises in the animal a feeling of discontent which survives the indulgence of the individual or egoistic at the expense of the higher or more permanent instinct. This sentiment will be as durable as the latter instinct itself; and hence arise *regret* and even *remorse* under a new succession of influences. Hence the origin and *début* of morality, which resolves itself—just as on other materialistic theories—into a struggle betwixt *egoistic* and social or *altruistic* instincts. . . . But this is only the commencement of the vast construction of hypotheses at the top of which Mr. Darwin finds his ideas of right or justice. . . . Suppose further that the animal in question, already prepared by the activity of his brain, acquires some day the faculty of language. There is nothing

improbable in this supposition to Mr. Darwin, as many animals have the germs of a language in the aptitude with which they express their sensations and wants. Some new *variation*, some superiority in the exercise of the voice and the development of the vocal organs acquired by a happy accident and transmitted by heredity, will suffice to account for language. . . . Thanks to the power of abstraction thus acquired, both reason and morality are gradually developed. A public opinion is formed, the opinion of a race, of a tribe, of a social group, which perpetuates itself, and becomes more and more the chief model of feeling and the most powerful motive of action. Habit then lends its influence in filling up gaps, consolidating association, and fortifying instinct, till they issue in intellectual and moral phenomena.'

M. Caro contents himself in the main with exposing the endless series of suppositions which the Darwinian theory of morals involves, suppositions 'so arbitrary as to baffle the exposure of logic.' In its general character, he maintains there is no originality. It falls back necessarily, like every other materialistic explanation, upon a struggle of primitive instincts. Its only novelty consists in the means by which it traces these instincts through a long succession of influences operating upon the race, and transforming them gradually from generation to generation. No transformation, however, is able to change their radical character or to convert any accumulation of experiences into absolute and authoritative principles which are to him the only notes of morality. The very idea of explaining the rise of moral phenomena after such a fashion takes away, according to him, the essential character of the phenomena. All along the line of the supposed development nothing is seen but instinct or reflection upon instinct. At no point is a distinctive moral element seen to emerge.

'Is it,' he asks, 'the initial impulse towards sociability, at first wholly unreflective, which contains morality? Certainly not. Does reflection add it? By no means. Does language, tradition, or public opinion? Not at all. The element of authority, which is its essential characteristic, cannot be explained. It remains a mystery. It is its mystery which makes it sacred. If its natural sources could be traced, its prestige would be destroyed. If man were its author, its authority would vanish, for there is, and can be, nothing in man himself entitled to command man.'

The absence of the element of *authority*, of any true basis for it, is to M. Caro the fundamental vice of all these materialistic theories—as it appears to him, their greatest danger. It is impossible in his view to overestimate the gravity of the consequences which they involve. The world has grown to what it is upon the old ideas of morality. To what may it not grow

from the general acceptance of such propositions as the following?—

‘There is no higher law entitled to impose itself as a Divine or transcendental authority upon human conduct. Moral authority is nothing but the force of habit, of imitation, of the evidence of social utility. Any other conception of it is at variance with true scientific methods. What has been called the moral sense is not, as it was long supposed, anything innate, but a purely empirical taste, the transformation of animal instincts established by heredity and varying according to the exigencies of race and circumstance. In fine, in morals, as elsewhere, there is no other rule than the rule of facts. What have been so long respected under the name of *moral laws* are nothing but an extension of those natural or physical laws which alone exist.’

The revolution thus implied is doubtless a grave one, and deserves to be gravely considered. It is really the rise of a new dogmatism, and in no sense a result, although it is often supposed to be so, of a genuine spirit of scientific inquiry and criticism. It is put forth in the name of science, but science, strictly speaking, has nothing to say to the assumption which lies under all these theories—the assumption, namely, that there is no spiritual order. This question is truly beyond all the researches of physical science and remains untouched by them. We have no confidence in recent speculations, however able, which have gone in quest of the spiritual in the laws of the material world. The ‘unseen universe’ is not to be traced along that line. But the sciences of observation, if they can never yield us the spiritual, cannot, if true to their province, have anything to say against it—for the simple reason that it is beyond their ken, beyond the region of facts capable of being touched and objectively verified. To intrude negation therefore into a sphere which, if it exist at all, is by the mere fact of its existence beyond objective experiment—is unscientific. It is an impertinence, as unwarranted as that of the old metaphysic which did not hesitate to claim the whole field of knowledge. Such ambitions prove their own failure, and we cannot doubt that the very progress of science will destroy the presumption of an abusive scientific spirit which in losing its soberness and modesty has lost all its claim to respect.

It would be strange indeed if the progress of humanity were only through the ruins of the past, and men were to become wise and good by unlearning all the highest thoughts of their forefathers, and fixing their gaze downwards on the earth instead of upwards on the heavens. It is an obvious necessity of progress that old opinions be subjected to criticism, and that many dogmas of ages gone by should be seen in their true

light as merely 'guesses after truth.' A higher scholarship, a broader and better historical method able to distinguish more accurately betwixt the facts and the imaginations of the past, a more enlightened and tolerant comprehension of human character, and of the forces at work in all great social and religious changes, must modify powerfully our conceptions both of morality and religion. This is a progress which can never be stayed, and the consequences of which we must bear, however it may carry away with it many cherished prejudices which we have held as part of the Divine Truth which has come to us from former generations. But this is something entirely different from the course to which our modern materialistic schools invite us. With them it is not merely the form but the substance of past beliefs which must be abandoned. We must not merely change the dwelling of our highest thoughts, but we must disown them altogether. We must un-clothe ourselves of our spiritual heritage, and turn into the bleak open tracts of nature with no future before us and only superstition behind us. As the prospect is miserable, the necessity is unreasonable. There can be no true progress in cutting ourselves adrift from the highest results of former progress. For as a great if sometimes erratic writer of our own time has well said in a recent volume—'The knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built pinnacle after pinnacle on the foundation of those adamant stories of ancient soul'—the scriptures of past ages. 'It is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air, but in the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors—in the crannies and under the eaves we are meant for the most part to nest ourselves like swallows, though the stronger of us sometimes may bring for increase of height some small white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which is, indeed, done by those ordered to such masonry, but never without modest submission to the Eternal Wisdom; nor ever in any great degree except by persons *trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past.*'*

* Ruskin's 'Bibliotheca Pastorum,' vol. i., 'Economist of Xenophon,' Editor's Preface, pp. x., xi.

ART. VIII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Depreciation of Silver.* 1876.

2. *M. Michel Chevalier et le Bimétallisme.* Par HENRI CERNUSCHI. Paris: 1876.

SILVER has fallen twenty per cent. Silver, one of the reigning metals, elected to be a standard of value on account of its stability from the oldest times, has undergone the fate of plebeian ores. It has fallen and risen and fallen again, with violent and sudden fluctuations, as if it were no better than common iron or lead. Anglo-Indians are aghast. The financial world is in tribulation. Political economists are at their wits' end. Economical heretics are at the height of enjoyment. The event is heralded with the usual accompaniments of extraordinary phenomena in the present day—a deluge of pamphlets, an impatient cry for Government action, a convenient reference to a Select Committee, a Report without the indication of a policy, and, finally, the determination of the Government to 'wait and see.' In the meantime, the imperious orthodoxy of the Secretary of State for India finds congenial employment in the suppression of currency heresies, while the youthful smartness of the political Under-Secretary is awed into sobriety by the prolonged contemplation of an insoluble financial problem. Sir Louis Mallet is carried by the actual duties of the permanent Under-Secretaryship into those regions of speculative political economy for which he is equally qualified by his talents and his tastes, while the members of the India Council revel in a legitimate opportunity for an official discussion, in a practical shape, of all the financial crotchets which have exercised the ingenuity of Indian administrators for the last twenty years. In France, bi-metallists and mono-metallists are profiting by the occasion to pummel each other with truly theological fury. M. Cernuschi dashes off pamphlet after pamphlet, carrying a brilliant and imaginative fanaticism into the driest regions of currency controversy; while M. Chevalier, a weighty antagonist, joins a crusade for the dethronement of silver, with a not less determined onslaught than that he made at another time for the humiliation of gold.

But what does it all mean? Is the subject beyond the plain intelligence of people unversed in currency jargon? Must we perforce sound the depths of the argument between bi-metallists and mono-metallists before we can understand it? Alas! the meaning of the 'depreciation of silver' is but

too clear. It is written in ruinous mercantile transactions, in the deficit of the Indian Budget, in the diminished resources of many households. Whilst pamphleteers and economists are hammering out their difficult theories, and half the Governments of Europe are producing blue-books crammed with scientific and statistical information, a popular version of 'the fall of silver' can be procured from many a man whose views of currency and foreign exchanges are limited to an opinion as to the number of pence to which he thinks himself entitled in exchange for a rupee, or to the average amount of sterling money which experience has taught him to believe an ounce of silver ought to fetch. Ask the Indian civil servant what in his eyes the fall in silver means? He will tell you that when he sends home a portion of his pay, one-fifth is lost before his family can spend it. The same rupees are set aside for friends at home, but the hundred pounds they used to yield, alas! have dwindled to eighty. True, the rate of exchange has always been to Anglo-Indians an object of significant interest. The rise and fall of a penny per rupee has always meant an appreciable difference of money to spend, but a fall of fourpence to fivepence on every rupee had never entered the most despondent imagination. Such a loss means no less, to families dependent on Indian remittances, than a revision of the entire scale of their domestic budgets. Ask the Manchester exporter of manufactured goods for his version of the situation. His account will be clear enough. He has exported goods to India. The goods have been sold for a certain number of silver rupees. These rupees have to be brought home; but the value of claims on India payable in rupees fluctuates with the value of the silver those rupees contain. The same claims on Indian purchasers, which at the old average exchange, based on the then value of silver, could have been turned into 10,000*l.* of English money, will only yield 8,000*l.* when silver has fallen 20 per cent. A loss of 2,000*l.* stares the manufacturer in the face as an illustration of the depreciation of silver. So, again, London banking establishments, with branches in India, have found a regular and lucrative business in collecting deposits at home, at low European interest, and transmitting them, transformed into rupees, to India, to be lent out at the higher Indian rates. Debts in gold were thus incurred to English and Scotch depositors, and claims payable in silver established on India. When the English money deposited was transformed into silver for Indian use, the average price of silver was 5*s.* per ounce. But, suppose the exigencies of the banks or their depositors

compel the recall of such outstanding funds, and their retransfer into English gold, at a time when the worth of an ounce of silver has fallen from 5*s.* to 4*s.* One-fifth of the capital is lost at a blow! Not through default of debtors; not through imprudent speculations; not through any lack of business foresight; but because silver, the legal tender of India, has played false. No wonder if, in these days, when every public inconvenience is laid at the door of Government or law, and every accident is expected to be followed forthwith by an Act of Parliament, we hear an impatient cry for measures of redress! How is English capital outstanding in India to be brought home without enormous loss? Is it not the currency which is at fault? And are not the freaks of the precious metals pre-eminently a Government affair?

Take the case of Government stocks or railway debentures, of which the dividends are payable in silver, but which are held in countries where a gold currency prevails. Many Austrian securities are in this position. The unfortunate holders bought their stocks when silver was assumed to have a steady value, and to offer a scarcely less regular income than dividends payable in gold. But silver falls with startling rapidity, its price oscillates to and fro, and the holders of silver dividends find themselves, not in receipt of a fixed income, but speculating against their will in a metal of which the price may fluctuate 20 per cent. The same loss, the same miscalculation, occurs where Governments are so placed that under previous and irrevocable engagements they have to receive in silver and to pay in gold. The German Government, carrying out its stupendous operation of substituting a gold for a silver currency, is under contract to its subjects to withdraw the old silver coins, and to give new gold coins for them at a fixed rate of exchange. The relative values of gold and silver were taken when this rate was fixed, on the basis of the proportion which had been the law in France from the beginning of the century, namely, at 15½ to 1. For all silver coin presented for exchange the German Government must give gold at this rate. The fall in silver has changed the relative value; but the operation must be continued all the same. A pound of gold must still be given for fifteen pounds and a half of silver; but the fifteen pounds and a half of silver, when sold by the German Government, will no longer buy a pound of gold. The Indian Government receives the whole of its revenue in silver rupees, but of its payments no less a sum than 15,000,000*l.* sterling has to be made in gold. The disbursements in England and the interest on loans raised at home must be discharged in English coin. The conversion

of the silver received into the gold to be paid out, stripped of all the technicalities of exchange, leaves a loss, on the basis of a fall of 20 per cent., of no less than 3,000,000*l.* sterling per annum.

The foregoing illustrations of the consequences flowing from the depreciation of silver all disclose a clear and tangible loss. Indeed, the result is so self-evident that we should have hesitated to fill a page with such elementary instances, if we had not wished to be enabled, by setting them out in some detail, to point to one condition which is common to all these cases of loss incurred. It will be observed that they all distinctly involve a transfer from silver to gold. The loss is incurred in the process of an actual simple exchange from one metal to another. Silver and gold are in all these cases brought face to face. Silver, it is clear, has fallen when measured by gold, or to speak still more plainly, when sold for gold. But is this enough to establish and explain an absolute fall in the value of silver? Is it not possible that gold has become dearer? Is silver not a standard of value in one part of the world, as gold is in another? Is it sufficient, then, to illustrate the fall of silver simply by measuring its value against gold? Should we be satisfied to prove a rise in the value of gold by showing that it would exchange, as indeed it does now exchange, for more silver than before? Surely a fall in silver, as a rise or fall in gold, must be measured by its relation not only to another metal, but to the prices of commodities in those countries where it reigns supreme. How much of its purchasing power has silver lost within its own domains?

Unfortunately, we must travel very far before we find regions where silver is still the sole standard of value and rules with undivided sway. In Europe, it scarcely retains a single important kingdom. In Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, it has lately been formally dethroned, and gold installed in its place. In Holland, its rule has been suspended, and temporarily handed over to gold. In Russia and Austria, it has a mere titular sovereignty, under the anarchical *régime* of unlimited paper issues. Within the boundaries of the 'Latin Monetary Union,' that is to say, in France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, the area of the double standard, it scarcely enjoys a precarious moiety of authority, having been stripped of the chief privilege of monetary supremacy—the right to be coined without limitation. No wonder that under such circumstances, silver scarcely still receives the homage due to a reigning metal and is treated as a subject, not as a rival, of gold. But discarded in Europe, silver is still at this

moment sole mistress of the East. In India, and indeed over a vast portion of Asia, silver, and silver alone, is the standard of value. There we may accordingly attempt to test changes in the value of silver by examining its purchasing powers in relation not simply to gold, but to the prices of all commodities, and there a fall in the price of silver means the same as a rise in gold elsewhere, a general rise in prices. Can such a rise be traced?

Very little evidence is to be found in the Report of the Select Committee on this important branch of the subject. The fall in the value of silver was assumed. The Committee was instructed to investigate its causes. Were not the tables of the fluctuations in the price of silver per ounce in the London market and of the extraordinary fall in the Indian Exchanges plain and eloquent enough? But no review of the whole situation, no examination of the policy which ought to be pursued, can be at all complete unless evidence is adduced and carefully sifted, as to the degree in which general prices have been affected in countries like India, where silver is still the legal tender. And, let it be remembered that in the collection and review of such evidence, the principal points to be considered are not the prices of the commodities in which Europeans are most interested, articles of international commerce which are certain to be first affected by movements in the foreign exchanges. Laying aside as much as we can our European spectacles, we ought to bear in mind that what we want mainly to know is the position of the great articles of general consumption, in fact of the food of the people—grain and rice. Will a rupee still buy as much grain as before? Will a man's wages go as far to support him as before? Does the ryot who produces grain or rice find himself, measured by his receipts in rupees, a richer man than before? When a plethora of gold spread over Europe it was soon followed by tangible results. Are similar results being produced in India by a plethora of silver? Or, to ask an antecedent question, is there in India a plethora of silver at all? Before that action is taken with reference to India, which is so loudly demanded from an English point of view, let us at least know the facts. The Government appears to us to be bound to make most careful inquiry in India as to the effect produced on general prices by the fall in the value of silver at home, and to present exhaustive evidence to the public on the subject. Till that is done false impressions will be current, and false inferences drawn, on a most incomplete basis of facts.

We have reason to believe that, at all events, till very lately,

no general rise in prices had occurred in India. Indeed, it is exceedingly remarkable, though at the same time perfectly intelligible, that whereas a distinct and most decided rise occurred some years ago while silver still stood at five shillings an ounce, the average of prices for grain and rice are, at this moment, very much lower than they were then. The reason is obvious. The range of internal prices in India is not determined by the fluctuations in the London price of silver bullion, but by the amount of silver which actually reaches India and becomes part of the circulation. During the years of the cotton famine, enormous amounts of silver flowed into Bombay, and the consequence of this influx was in entire accord with the laws of political economy. Prices rose to a marvellous degree. Grain and rice in many quarters seemed indeed at almost famine prices. But, by degrees, the extraordinary addition to the circulation was absorbed, the accumulation was distributed over a vast area, and the redundancy apparently relieved. Prices fell, and, at this moment, with silver so cheap as to carry dismay into every quarter, they have scarcely felt the shock. The fact is, silver is cheap in London, but the effect of the cheapness has not yet resulted in surplus exports to the East; and till a fresh flood of silver is poured into India, the effect of the fall in the price is, and will be, little felt over the vast area of its internal transactions.

The extent of that area is a point of which we should never lose sight. In Europe, the late changes in monetary laws have so limited the uses, and consequently the demand for silver, that any excess in the supply produces at once a marked effect. But in India, with a silver circulation, which has been fed by an importation of two hundred millions sterling in the course of forty years, the addition of a few millions, when they have once been distributed, can exercise but an imperceptible influence, and during the last few years the additions have been even much below the nominal annual rate. The plethora of silver in Europe is therefore, as yet, not reproduced in India. All who require to buy gold for the purpose of paying debts abroad, all who desire to send money home, all in fact who have to make payments in gold, are mulcted in a most serious loss; they feel to the full the depreciation of silver as compared with gold. The Indian Government, as we have seen, is at its wits' end, as it receives its taxes in silver in India, and has to pay interest in gold at home. But to the mass of the Indian population, notwithstanding the existence of a silver currency, the great event does not yet signify that the means of existence have become dearer, that prices are visibly rising

before their eyes, or that the rupee which circulates amongst them is a coin which has lost value in the eyes of the world.

The practical bearing of these facts is not far to seek. The position of general prices in India must be one of the very first elements to be considered in any remedial measures proposed for meeting the present crisis; and we insist the more on this point, as the voices likely to make themselves heard are rather those of Englishmen who find themselves in the awkward position of having to exchange silver into gold at a loss, or of Indian officials who have the tremendous task before them of meeting a gaping deficit, than of the Indian population at large. Our meaning will become clear if we point to one of the remedies suggested. 'Change the conditions of the land-tax,' says an accomplished writer in the 'Times.' 'Exact gold in lieu of silver. The tax-payer will be amply recouped by higher prices for the produce of the land.' The proposed remedy is based on the rise in prices which must accompany the fall in the value of the currency, or which may indeed be considered simply as a different form of the same fact. But what if the rise has not taken place? We have pointed out that no evidence has yet been afforded that prices have risen. The laws of political economy teach us to expect such a result, and we know the process by which it will probably be brought about. It will be brought about by the actual conveyance of the surplus supplies of America and Germany to Indian ports, not by the quotation of prices current in another quarter of the globe, nor simply by the alterations in the rates of exchange. A deluge of silver must be actually felt—a deluge caused by the overflow from the European reservoirs. We know also that when that overflow takes place, the European markets, relieved from pressure, may exhibit a reaction; and that the very operations which will raise present prices in India, and perhaps bring about some depreciation of silver throughout the continent of Asia, may tend, on the other hand, to raise to a certain extent the value of silver elsewhere. We know the nature of the causes which will assuredly come into play, but not the time within which they will be developed or the degree to which they will be felt. But till we know more we are surely forbidden both by equity and prudence to interfere with private or public contracts, or to base action on a rise in prices, of which we can foresee neither the date nor the extent.

The operation of the law which must force silver to the East is very apparent, but still it may be worth while to present it in a practical form. The cheapness of silver stimulates

the purchase of Indian produce which that silver will buy, and discourages imports into India, for which silver would be received in payment. India, accordingly, sells more and buys less, and establishes a larger balance due to herself, which has to be settled in that metal which in India is legal tender. Or, to take an extreme instance, which, however, illustrates the working of the law in its simplest form. Let us suppose the case of an importer of silver from American mines who finds that his silver bullion is unsaleable in Europe. What can he do? One resource is always open to him so long as no legislative change takes place. He can carry his bullion to Bombay; there he can claim to have it coined into rupees; with his rupees he can buy what Indian produce he likes, and that produce he can ship to Europe and turn into gold. It will be observed that one condition is throughout pre-supposed—the unrestricted right of claiming the conversion of silver bullion into rupees. So long as this right exists, so long as the mints of India remain open to all who bring silver to be coined, a bar of silver in London is the equivalent of the rupees into which it can be coined, less the cost of its transport and its transformation. The operations of banks, the nomenclature of the Exchange, the numerous technicalities which surround the subject, must not be permitted to obscure the issue. So long as a precious metal is legal tender in any part of the world, that metal has the exact purchasing power of the coin of the country in which it remains a legal tender, subject only to the expenses to be incurred. When silver or gold are, in ordinary language, the legal tender in any country, it is not only meant that the actual coins manufactured out of that metal are to be universally received in payment, but also that the possessors of bullion may present it at the Government Mints and claim to have it turned into coin. The rule of gold in the United Kingdom does not simply mean that a sovereign is legal tender, but that bars of gold can be presented at the Bank without limit, and sovereigns be obtained in exchange. This practical identity between bullion and coin is one of the main attributes belonging to what we have called a reigning metal. Silver has been shorn of this attribute in France and elsewhere by recent decrees; but in India silver still retains its privileges unimpaired. No regulations close the doors of the mints upon any amounts which may be poured in, and no check is interposed to interfere with the certain action of regular laws. The ordinary channels may be blocked with difficulties; the tide may have to force its way through unaccustomed outlets; it may not flow freely for a time. Not everybody desires to

speculate in cotton or jute, disaster may have disheartened Indian trade, and speculators themselves may for a time recoil from buying 'potential rupees.' But so long as rupees are valuable, and there is produce purchaseable in India and saleable in Europe which those rupees will buy, surplus supplies of silver must in the long run find their way to the East.

The rectifying process, which this ultimate flow of silver to the East involves, deserves particular attention. It constitutes a further source of uncertainty which enjoins caution in the adoption of remedial measures. The absorption of silver by the currencies of the East, which we have indicated as an almost certain eventuality, unless artificial hindrances are interposed, and which will raise general prices where those currencies are in force, will, by carrying off the silver from Europe, tend to arrest the fall, and mitigate the effects of the surplus supplies. It does not follow as a necessary consequence, because silver has touched a point 20 per cent. below its former average value when measured by gold, that when the effects of the causes which produced that sudden fall are distributed over the vast regions of the East, a rise of 20 per cent. may be expected in the prices of general commodities when measured by a silver standard. It is possible that silver may have fallen below its ultimate value in Europe, and that in the interior of India it is still above that point. In such a case the level may, in the end, be found between the two. On this point Mr. Bagehot gave lucid and emphatic evidence before the Select Committee. Asked whether the discouragement of imports, and the encouragement of exports, which we have described, were not as regards the price of silver a 'rectifying cause,' he replied: 'It is a rectifying cause, and a rectifying cause of the first magnitude; because what I have said extends not only to India, but to all countries which have a silver currency; those countries are the great majority of the world; the circulation of silver in those countries is something enormous, and to all those countries you will have to send a certain amount if the depreciation of silver continues.'

It results that on two cardinal points we have still to await the current of events. When and to what degree will general prices in India rise? And to what degree will the very causes which will lead to that rise react upon the value of the silver in the world at large? Let it be well considered how the uncertainty on these two points bears on such propositions as the permanent dethronement of silver. We are not concerned at this moment to discuss elaborately the policy to be pursued: we

merely take advantage of the various points raised by an examination of the facts attending the fall of silver, to suggest considerations which cannot be overlooked. Any readjustment of the Indian currency would have to be based on some assumed relation of value between gold and silver. But no one is at present able to gauge, in the most approximate manner, the final results. We know, we are plainly told by all that occurs, that we so far only see the first half of the chain of events. It is true that many months have elapsed since the crisis began; and it may be said that we are patient indeed, if we are content to wait still longer before we admit a complete set of facts. In reply, it is sufficient to urge, as we have already argued at length, that the connexion is as yet most incomplete between Western causes and Eastern results. The influence of the fall has not yet spanned the world. The decline in the Indian exchanges must not mislead us into the belief that we know all that can be known; and till we feel surer ground under our feet, however much we may speculate and theorise, it would be unbusinesslike and unstatesmanlike to take an irrevocable decision.

Two results of the late movements in the silver market are often confused which should be most carefully distinguished: the *fluctuation* in the value, and the *fall* in the value; the sense of uncertainty produced, and the actual depreciation. M. Léon Say, the French Minister of Finance, drew special attention to this distinction in defending the maintenance, for the present, of the double standard in France. Silver would not be disqualified, he argued, from doing duty as heretofore in conjunction with gold simply by the fact of its depreciation. Re-adjustment would be necessary, but in other respects the battle between the mono-metallists and the bi-metallists would have to be fought out on the old lines. On the other hand, if when the German supplies are disposed of, and the production of Nevada is fully gauged, silver, instead of settling down at some new level, should continue to exhibit the constant fluctuations in value of common ores, not simply within such a range of limits as the past fluctuations covered during the first seventy years of this century, but with such violent ups and downs as have marked the last two years, then a change of policy might be rendered indispensable. The question of the deposition of silver might in such a contingency clearly have to be faced. But the fluctuations and agitation which we have lately witnessed cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence that the silver market has permanently lost its character. The immense operations of Germany keep up a state of pro-

longed suspense, but they cannot last for ever. It would be contrary to the experience of ages if a fairly steady level should not ultimately be found.

The evils and inconveniences of the moment are partly due to the state of uncertainty, partly to the actual fall. When a new level has been reached, trade will, of course, adapt itself to the new situation. What has caused grievous loss to Governments and individuals, has been the commencement of transactions in one state of things, and their continuance or conclusion under another. The illustrations of losses incurred, noted by us at the beginning of this article, all fall under this condition. The settlement of the salary of the Indian civil servant, the sales of British goods in India, the remittance of English and Scotch deposits to the East for profitable employment at high Indian rates, the purchase of stock with silver dividends, the passage from a silver to a gold coinage, the levy of taxes in silver abroad for the payment of charges in gold at home, are all instances of transactions commenced on the assumption of a certain general relation between the values of silver and gold which has been falsified by events; or, if no such actual assumption was made, the loss at least has been due to silver having been at one price when the bargain was struck, and at another while its effects were still in operation. So long as extreme uncertainty prevails, or so long as such violent changes in price are apprehended as have inflicted great losses during the past year, it would be extraordinary if bankers, merchants, and manufacturers were not to show extreme reluctance to embark in any transaction in which the price of silver formed an element of calculation. It is, therefore, not merely the fall, it is the impossibility of reckoning on any certain price, which paralyses the movements of trade, and even prevents those rectifying causes from beginning their work, to which we may look with some confidence in the end.

It would be most unwise to underestimate the great damage and suffering incurred in all branches of the Indian trade through the present condition of the silver market. On the other hand, it is well to observe that, apart from this most serious temporary derangement of trade, caused both by the suddenness and the magnitude of the late fluctuations, and apart from the specific losses suffered by those who have to change silver into gold, the public at large does not lose by the fall in silver so far as it is caused by the discovery of larger supplies. The addition thus made to the store of the world is an addition to its wealth, not a source of poverty. Nor is it necessarily or even probably a source of injury to English

interests. If additional millions worth of silver are produced, those who produce them become purchasers of goods. The trade of the world is increased, and English banking and commercial supremacy always succeeds in causing a large share of such an increase to be entered in English ledgers. Manchester manufacturers may exclaim, 'Why, part of your argument is, that a diminution of exports to India is to be a certain result. It is even pointed out to us as a "rectifying cause." How then shall we not be sufferers?' But the diminished exports in one direction will probably be compensated by increased business in another. We again quote the evidence of Mr. Bagehot:—

'Of course it will be evident that if this country has to export silver to the East, it must buy that silver somewhere. That silver it will have to buy in America, and therefore a consequence of the new state of things will be that the English exporters of goods to some parts of the world will be benefited. I do not say the English exporters of goods to America, for probably we shall not pay America directly. The nature of the trade between America and this country is—that America sends us directly a great deal more than we send her; and America buys, in various parts of the world, coffee, and rice, and tea, and a variety of articles, and that the sellers of those articles draw upon England, and so the balance is struck; we shall have to pay America in some way for the silver, and we shall pay her by exporting to the countries from whom she buys some of those articles, and, therefore, though it is perfectly true to say that the effect of the depreciation of silver may be unfavourable to the English exporter of goods to the East, yet it will be favourable to another class of English exporters, that is to say, those who pay America. . . . We are the great settling-house of the world.'

So far, therefore, as general trade is concerned, this country need be under no apprehension that the new source of wealth discovered in America means, to us, a fearful calamity. It has created problems difficult of solution, much financial inconvenience, much individual loss. It taxes to the utmost the ability of our Indian administrators; it opens, alas! a wide field for mistakes; but when all is said, it would be an offence against economic laws, and an ungrateful return for the precious gifts of the earth, if the shining stream of silver, which is pouring forth in such rich volume from the mountainsides on the Pacific coast, should be denounced by the world at large as a disastrous flood!

In the preceding pages we have discussed the popular and practical meaning of the depreciation of silver, we have examined the methods in which it affects individuals and governments, and have called attention to some of the incidents by

which it is accompanied. The Parliamentary Blue Book, however, which is the text of our present article, deals mainly with the causes which have led to the present situation; and, as the final result of the crisis, and the expediency of meeting it by any actual administrative or legislative measures, must depend entirely on the character of those causes, we shall make no apology for passing them under review, though little difference of opinion exists as to what these causes have been: They are described as follows in the Report of the Select Committee:—

‘1. The discovery of new silver mines of great richness in the State of Nevada.

‘2. The introduction of a gold currency into Germany in place of the previous silver currency. This operation commenced at the end of 1871.

‘3. The decreased demand for silver for export to India.’

‘To these causes it must be added:—

‘4. That the Scandinavian Governments have also substituted gold for silver in their currency.

‘5. That the Latin Union, comprising France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, have since 1874 limited the amount of silver to be coined yearly in the mints of each member of the Union, suspending the privileges formerly accorded to all holders of silver bullion of claiming to have that bullion turned into coin without restriction.

‘6. That Holland has also passed a temporary Act prohibiting, except on account of the Government, the coining of silver, and authorising the coining of gold.’

A further cause has been assigned. It has been said that the Committee failed to comment, as they should have done, on the suspension of specie payments in many States. If inconvertible paper money had not been declared legal tender in Russia, Austria, and Italy, those countries would have absorbed a vast amount of silver. Italy and Austria figure on the list of sellers of silver instead of appearing among the purchasers, and the great empire of Russia is set down in the Report of the Committee as having bought only four millions sterling during the last four years. War Committees organised to render pecuniary aid to foreign provinces cannot entirely dispense with actual coin, and possibly a portion of the silver imported into Russia has already been exported to other quarters. No symptoms of attempts to work up to a resumption of specie payments are visible either in Russia, Austria, or Italy. Indeed the two latter countries have contributed to that over-stocking of the silver market, under which the price has broken down. But these countries, like the United States,

had suspended specie payments long before the price of silver fell. By far the greater value of the silver coin which retreated before the advancing wave of paper issues was absorbed long before the possibility of a fall of many pence per ounce had been even so much as thought of. This transition from silver to paper can, therefore, scarcely be cited among the immediate causes of the late fall, though it is abundantly clear that the monetary situation of these countries has a most important bearing on the question. The present situation would be very different if an actual silver currency were in force in other countries of Europe besides the members of the Latin Union. The diminution of the area in Europe over which silver exercises sway, through the substitution of paper money, is clearly an element well entitled to much consideration. On the other hand, the continuation of the forced circulation of paper money in France cannot be properly adduced as having contributed to depress silver. For the stock of gold and silver bullion held by the Bank of France is more than amply sufficient to enable specie payments to be resumed. Other motives than lack of bullion must be assigned for the delay. Though banknotes have a forced circulation, and the Bank of France is therefore not compelled to part with gold or silver, we understand that large payments are often made in specie by the Bank of France. We shall probably not be wrong if we assume that the uncertainty of the silver market and the extreme difficulties caused thereby under the system of a double standard are amongst the foremost motives of the French authorities in causing the postponement of a resumption of specie payment. But they have not been sellers of silver, they have been buyers to a large extent during the last five years.

We return to the causes of the depreciation of silver enumerated by the Select Committee.

The effect of the discovery of the new mines in Nevada is narrated with much detail in the Report. The richness of the mines appears so extraordinary, that we are not surprised that the Committee cautiously confined themselves to quotations from official documents. Yet the wondrous yield of the new 'Bonanzas' could not fail to inspire even official writers with poetical fire, and their reports contain passages which would be rhapsodies if they were not sustained by figures and facts. The following is an eloquent burst from the Report of Mr. Whitehill, 'the State Mineralogist' of Nevada, in which he lights up his mining statistics with poetry and politics:—

'The past two years have been a period of unexampled prosperity in the history of this State, and at no time have the prospects for future

success been so encouraging. Dependent, for the most part, upon the products of the mines, the fortunes of Nevada are at all times liable to the fluctuations incident to mining; bodies of ore are exhausted, and some time must necessarily elapse before other bodies are discovered; but at present, such a wealth of the precious metals has been disclosed in the mines upon the Comstock Lode, that many years will have passed before it can be exhausted. Competent persons have estimated the value of the ore now in sight in the Consolidated Virginia and California mines at more than 100,000,000 dollars, and yet these two mines occupy only about 1,300 of the 22,000 feet located and worked on the same lode. It has also been estimated that the product of all the mines in the State for 1875 will reach 50,000,000 dollars, and this is but the commencement of a new era in the mining interests of this State. From the present indications our mining resources are practically without limit, and, with one of the most industrious and bravest populations to be found in any country, no uneasiness need be felt in the decay of mining enterprises in Nevada. No safer investment for capital can be made where such speedy and remunerative results are obtained. The fruits of our mines have made thousands of men wealthy, and have built a hundred palaces more gorgeous than those of ancient story, and still our army of courageous prospectors are searching on every mountain slope and in every deep ravine for the stores of wealth which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon this section of our fair land. Many old districts are being reorganised, and abandoned claims relocated, while those at work, with rare exceptions, are greatly cheered with anticipations of a brighter future.

'The present population is estimated at about 75,000. The number of votes cast at the last general election was 18,094; being 4,000 votes more than was ever before polled in the State.' (P. 55.)

Dazzled by the vision of gorgeous palaces, it will be seen that Mr. Whitehill, notwithstanding, keeps a watchful eye on the progress of political power and activity among the 'courageous prospectors.'

We are not minded to astonish our readers with the more fabulous accounts of the mines belonging to the 'Consolidated Virginia' and 'the California' Companies, which 'are beginning to open up and lay bare some of the secrets of the northern end of the Great Comstock Lode.' Reporters to American papers write under the heading of the 'Heart of the Comstock' of a 'perfect mountain of silver ore, and of the uselessness of attempting a fair description of the rich character of the ore, the sides and face of the drift being one glittering mass of sulphurets mixed with the richest character of chlorides,' of 'every shaft run, in fact almost every stroke of the pick made, adding to the already immense wealth of the mines.' The reality, however, is sensational enough. The annual production of silver in the world has been doubled since

the United States commenced their gigantic contribution. In the years previous to any supplies from the United States, the total annual production was eight millions sterling. The total production for 1876 is estimated at sixteen millions. Of this sum nine millions is set down to the account of the United States. The progress is indeed astonishing. Till about the year 1860 the production of silver had for a series of years been apparently very steady. In that year the United States are credited with the modest sum of 30,000*l*. Two years afterwards it nearly reached a million. In ten more years it nearly reached six millions, and now nine millions is considered a moderate estimate! The total production of silver elsewhere than in the United States is not supposed to have increased. Indeed the statistics given show a slight diminution. 'To arrive at the present time to the total production of silver, the yield of all other countries should be taken at about seven millions, and the production of the United States should be added to that amount.' Such is the final result. The rest of the world produces seven millions, and the United States produce nine, of which almost the whole is a distinct annual addition to the total supply. Can any surprise be felt at the perturbation this change has called forth?

The figures we have quoted are exclusive of the large proportion of gold which is found in the ores of the silver mines of the United States. The Committee informs us that in the Comstock Lode the value of the gold contained in the bullion is stated, on all hands, to amount to nearly 45 per cent. When the incalculable wealth of the new mines is described, the value of the gold is of course included. In the earlier days, when accounts first reached Europe of the Nevada discoveries, no distinction was drawn, and the total value of the bullion reported to be found was supposed to be silver. Hence arose exaggerated estimates and fears of a much greater production than what has actually taken place. Nevertheless, this rich admixture of gold has a most important bearing on possible supplies of silver, not in the direction of counteracting the addition to the silver market, but, on the contrary, in the direction of heightening its effect. We have heard the opinion put forth, that as fresh supplies of gold and silver appeared to flow in almost equal proportion from this new source, there was the less apprehension of a disturbance in the value of silver. If an increased production of the two metals took place on the same scale, surely their relative value might be expected to be fairly maintained. This view is clearly quite fallacious; not only because the addition to the supply of gold

is infinitely less in proportion than the addition to the supply of silver, but because silver and gold are not required for the same purposes, and, above all, not over the same area.

A scarcity of gold may exist, causing the eager absorption of a few additional millions of gold, while the identical amount of silver, coming on a market already overstocked, might cause an actual panic and a heavy fall in the price. If silver and gold had continued to relieve each other as partners in the duties of a circulating medium over the same area, the argument would have considerable force; but if gold is wanted for some countries and silver for others; if the gold countries are scantily supplied, and the silver countries over-stocked; no parity in the scale of increased production will prevent the possibility of decline in the value of one market, while the other may remain undisturbed. The admixture of gold in the silver ore has a very different effect. Professor Fawcett called marked attention to it in the debate on the Indian budget. The quantity of gold is so large that its value will alone pay the expenses of the mine, so that the silver may be said to be produced gratis. In the Consolidated Virginian Mine the total yield of bullion for one year is stated to have been 17,000,000 dollars, and dividends were paid out to the proprietors to the amount of 12,000,000 dollars. An outlay of 5,000,000 had accordingly produced a net increase of 12,000,000. If of the total value of the bullion only one-third was gold—and the proportion is in fact nearer one-half—the gold alone would have paid the whole expense of the mine, and the whole silver produced would have represented net profits. What does this mean? It means that so long as this state of things exists, so long as expenses do not increase and gold is found in the same proportion, no fall in the silver market will arrest production in these mines. The proprietors would gain less, but still they would gain. They escape from the risks of working at a loss if silver declines. They may contemplate with comparative equanimity, though not with indifference, fluctuations in price which to mine-owners in Chili or Mexico would bring ruin and despair. How long the Nevada mines may fulfil the hopes of their owners by continuing to yield on their present or even on an increasing scale, we profess ourselves, after the most careful perusal of the evidence, quite unable to judge; but it seems proved that, irrespective of quantity, the peculiar quality of their ore is such as to render their working more independent of the price their silver will fetch than is commonly the case with mining industry.

On the other hand, the question may well be put, will

the proprietors of other silver mines be able to compete with the explorers of Nevada? What percentage of profits has been made on silver mines in Mexico and South America, while silver was worth 5*s.* an ounce? If that percentage of profits was not more than 15 per cent. on an average, the profits are now swept away. The present price of silver must of necessity, one would think, compel the closing of some mines. The poorer class can clearly not contend against such a decline. If 'a perfect mountain of silver' enriches the courageous prospectors of Nevada, the production will be curtailed elsewhere, where the proportion of gold is insignificant, and every ton of silver ore must yield its own proportion of profits.

The Government, if it desires to form an opinion, and to assist the public in forming theirs, on the probable future production of silver, should instruct its representatives in the United States to furnish continuous information on the progress of the new discovery, and the fulfilment of the expectations raised; but they should at the same time not neglect to ascertain, so far as they have the means, the effects of the fall in price on the production elsewhere, and to collect evidence as to the percentage of profits and the prices of silver which would enable silver mines still to be worked in those countries to which twenty years ago the world looked exclusively for its supplies.

The second great cause of the depreciation of silver is stated by the Committee to be 'the fall in the surplus supplies which 'have been thrown, or may still be expected to be thrown, on 'the silver market by the measures taken in Germany with reference to the silver coinage.' We shall not attempt to follow the Committee through their description of the various stages of this gigantic operation. The series of laws passed, and the several steps taken, are set out in the Report in considerable detail; and as, to the best of our belief, no other connected narrative of the process pursued in Germany has been published in the country, the Committee will probably be pardoned for having placed before the public not only estimates of the probable amount of surplus silver, but a history of the *modus operandi*; the more so, indeed, as in view of the favour with which the plan of changing the Indian currency from silver to gold is regarded in many quarters, the experience gained in a late actual conversion is of the very highest importance. The Committee state that they have received from the German Government a complete set of all the official printed documents bearing on the late monetary changes.

These documents ought to be most carefully ransacked by those whose duty it may be to consider the question with reference to India in a thoroughly businesslike and responsible manner. The previous accumulation of a vast store of the metal to be substituted; the equitable adjustment of the rate at which the exchange is to be effected; the consideration of existing contracts and vested interests; the predilections of the public for various coins; the length of the various periods of transition; the temporary concurrent circulation of old silver and new gold; the relations of the new coins to the foreign exchanges; the probable requirements in subsidiary or token coinage; the estimates of the quantity of coin to be withdrawn; the ultimate falsification of expectations; and the miscalculation as to amounts; in fact, every possible incident or consideration which can arise in connexion with a change of currency, will be found to be treated in these documents with all the elaborate and scientific treatment which Germans bring to such work. Our space forbids us to linger on these topics, interesting as they are; nor can we stop to probe the suggestive question as to the success which has attended the ambitious operation which, flushed with an indemnity of 200,000,000*l.*, the German Empire undertook as an appropriate financial commemoration of their stupendous victory. The unification of the currency was doubtless a necessary and admirable sequel to the unification of Germany into one Empire, and it was a fitting symbol of the union achieved that new coins with the common effigy of the Imperial power should replace the multitudinous coins which, stamped with the motley devices of many separate kingdoms and principalities, bore significant witness to the divisions and subdivisions of German nationality.

As to the wisdom of the change from silver to gold, the views taken in Germany, even amongst the highest authorities, are far from unanimous. English opinion would indeed be ungrateful, if it did not give an enthusiastic approval to the change. For English example, and the writings of English economists, inspired the idea, though it might be cynically added that occasional English raids on the German silver market, which perturbed the circulation at inconvenient moments, no doubt gave a decided stimulus to the plan. But the universal loyalty to a gold standard in this country, based as it is on the suitability of gold both to our vast international transactions and to our domestic habits and circumstances, is not conclusive evidence that gold must in all countries, even though they be quite differently situated from our own, be necessarily more convenient and desirable than silver for cur-

rendy. On this point we pronounce no opinion; we only place a protest on record against any argument in favour of a silver currency, in other countries than our own, being treated with contemptuous indignation.

We gather on the whole, from the Report of the Committee, and the evidence appended to it, that the surplus silver to be expected from Germany is far less than was originally anticipated. The first figures were appalling. The first fact to be ascertained was clearly the total amount of silver coins known to have been struck and issued in Germany, looking back over a long series of years. This element would form the basis of every calculation, and it was possible to ascertain it with entire accuracy. Since 1760 the value of silver coins manufactured and issued in Germany was 89,000,000*l*. Another figure, if placed beside this amount, appears to lend it increased significance. New gold coins to the value of 70,000,000*l*. had been struck under the recent laws up to June 19, 1876. Are we, then, to understand that at least 70,000,000*l*. of silver coins had to be replaced by gold? The facts are not so serious as this. Simultaneously with the change from silver to gold, large operations have been undertaken with regard to the circulation of banknotes of small denominations. Small notes to the extent of 23,000,000*l*. had been withdrawn and practically replaced by gold. In fact, we may put the sum of gold coins manufactured out of sight and look only at the figures given for silver. The question then arises, if silver coins to the amount of 89,000,000*l*. have been issued since 1760, what amount was probably in circulation when the recent coinage change commenced? Here was a splendid statistical problem, and full justice has been done to it by the German public. Statisticians and bankers, ministers and deputies, threw themselves into a spirited controversy with the greatest ardour, and have continued it up to this moment with unabated vigour. The Committee, analysing the calculations which had been made, state that they were based:—

‘Partly on theoretical inferences as to the extent to which the causes which diminish any currency, such as export in the ordinary course of trade, export by means of emigration, export in consequence of war indemnities, melting down for manufacturing purposes, the ordinary wear and tear of coins, the actual loss of coins—may have as a matter-of-fact diminished the total of silver in circulation.

‘Partly on the facts revealed in the series of coins already withdrawn.

‘Partly on evidence afforded as to the actual amount now circulating by Returns stating the stocks held by the banks, savings-banks, public and local treasuries, and so forth.’

It will be seen how vast was the field for speculative statistics offered by such a range of contributing causes and circumstantial evidence. The Statisticians maximised, the Ministers minimised, the Deputies criticised the ministerial estimates; the bankers disbelieved every estimate alike. Under the circumstances we cannot be surprised that the Committee have not made themselves responsible for any particular figure.

From the total amount in circulation when the laws were passed, they had to deduct two amounts before they arrived at the stock of silver remaining to be sold—the aggregate of the sales already made, and the quantity which would be required for the new subsidiary coinage. The total value represented by the sales already made was furnished to them officially. The figure stood at about 6,000,000*l.* on April 26, 1876. Compared with the extent of circulation dealt with, and the great effect produced on the market, this amount must strike all persons as exceedingly small; yet it is the whole amount of surplus stock disposed of up to that date. Some further sales have, doubtless, been made since; but, as far as we have heard, they have to be measured not by millions but by hundreds of thousands. The quantity of silver required for new subsidiary coinage could not be known with equal accuracy. We find a provisional amount fixed by law, but still it is only an estimate. The calculation has been that silver token coins should be struck at the rate of about ten shillings per head of the population of the Empire. The population being upwards of 40,000,000, a sum of upwards of 20,000,000*l.* will be absorbed for this purpose. The Committee express their opinion, based both on evidence and on argument, that the estimate taken is rather too low than too high; still it is the amount assumed in the various calculations which have been put forward; and on this basis, and taking into account only the amounts already sold, what surplus stock are we to expect? Nearly 90,000,000*l.* had been coined. Not more than 30,000,000*l.* are accounted for by the estimated needs of the subsidiary currency and the quantity already disposed of. How much, then, remains to be sold?

That very large sums have disappeared owing to the various causes which operate to diminish any metallic currency, is universally admitted; but, as might be expected, the divergence in the estimates of what remains to be sold is immense. They appear to range from 8,000,000*l.* to 30,000,000*l.*, the latter sum being about equal to the total production of the world for two whole years. Still it is important to distinguish between the maximum amount based on actual calculation and the

vague views in which the total amount of the silver coins issued in Germany figured as the most prominent element. Till a comparatively late date, estimates varying between 50,000,000*l.* and 60,000,000*l.* of surplus silver were very currently entertained. Now that exhaustive controversies and some experience in the retirement of the smaller series of coin, and an examination of the stocks of silver held in the tills and vaults of banks, or in Government receiving offices, and local treasuries, have supplied better means for forming an opinion, it is possible to come to closer quarters. A careful perusal of the evidence adduced will probably cause most readers to believe that 8,000,000*l.*, the minimum estimate, is too low, but that it is certainly not probable that a surplus of as much as 30,000,000*l.* will be reached. The German ministers base their argument mainly on the absence of evidence as to the whereabouts of so large a surplus, if such a surplus is ultimately to appear. It is not to be traced in those places through which a circulating medium generally circulates. If it exists it must be hidden away. Or, if neither hidden away nor circulating through pay-offices, banks, and treasuries, through those channels and receptacles which belong to the larger transactions in which coin is used, it must be performing the identical duties for which the employment of silver, though in the humbler guise of subsidiary coinage, is still reserved. It must be engaged in making the little domestic payments, which, in a country where not one lady in a thousand has a cheque-book, where cooks pay ready-money in the market for the wants of each day, and the weekly or monthly bills of English households are almost unknown, reach in the aggregate a gigantic amount. And, if wanted in such large quantities for that purpose now, even after 10,000,000*l.* of subsidiary coinage has been issued, it is clear that the estimate of a total subsidiary coinage of 20,000,000*l.* will not suffice. If large quantities of silver coin are thus actively engaged they will continue to be wanted. The silver may exist, but it will have to be recoined, not to be sold.

Such are the arguments which may be cited in support of the notion that the surplus silver in Germany, though still very considerable, will not reach such alarming proportions as those to which the quantity of silver which certainly once circulated in Germany, seemed originally to point. The withdrawal of a vast quantity of small banknotes has materially contributed to this result. On the whole, even if we do not share the view of Herr Camphausen, the Prussian Minister of Finance, who assured the German Parliament that the trans-

action had been a matter of child's play, it certainly appears that the proportions of the immense operation have dwindled in the course of its execution. Yet the Germans have been deeply disappointed. They are burdened with less silver to exchange for gold than they had feared; but in their forecast of the possible troubles before them, they seem never to have dreamt of the violent fall which has occurred, or of a bottomless market.

Of the secrets of Nevada they could, of course, have no inkling. They could not foresee the rivalry of the Comstock Lode. But they have been deceived in another respect. They courted purchasers and the purchasers have kept aloof. They are said to have fondly thought that the tempting opportunity of buying silver would be obligingly utilised by the neighbouring Powers, possibly even that Russia and Austria would profit by the occasion to build up once more a metallic currency. At the worst they knew, or thought they knew, that France and Belgium with their double standard would be convenient receptacles into which silver might be poured as legal tender, spreading the effect of any fall in price over an area as vast as the aggregate currencies of the Latin Union. Alas! most European Powers were painfully inconsiderate. Events took quite a different turn. Russia and Austria with their paper currencies let the 'silver opportunity' slip. Several countries followed suit with Germany, and instead of buying silver sold it themselves. The Scandinavian kingdoms demonetised silver and introduced gold. Holland made gold a legal tender, and the whole of the Latin Union suddenly barred the doors of their mints, refusing public admittance to the metal they had been expected to absorb and only passing in a limited quantity by ticket. Germany was deeply disappointed, and silver fell twenty per cent.

But there was to be another unfortunate coincidence. A third cause, entirely disconnected with the coinage operation in Germany or the discovery of the Nevada Mines, strangely enough also came into operation at the same time, and heightening the effect which has already created so much sensation, gave the *coup de grâce* to the market. India has for a long series of years absorbed an annual amount of silver which was counted by millions. In most countries there is an ebb and flow of the precious metals. According to the varying balance of trade, and indeed according to a thousand other circumstances, peace or war, prosperity or panic, Government loans or private speculation, the waves of bullion advance and retreat, requiring like the waves of the ocean, most scientific

watchfulness if we wish to study their periods or to measure their length and height. But the set of the stream of silver to the East seemed as steady and certain as the Gulf Stream. No limit as to quantity seemed to exist. Sixty-three millions sterling were poured in during the five years between 1861 and 1866, the period of the cotton famine, but still the stream flowed on. During the next four years nearly thirty millions more were added to the stock. Upwards of ninety millions of silver were retained in India in the course of nine years! In 1870-71 came the first check. Little more than three millions were absorbed, but the check seemed simply to be temporary, for in 1871-72 the quantity rose once more to six millions and a half. But in the next year, when Nevada and Germany were preparing to flood the world with rival supplies in undreamed-of proportions, the demand for India suddenly fell, and the surplus of the imports of silver over the exports dwindled for that year to 700,000*l.* Larger sums were despatched in the two following years, but still infinitely less than in any year since 1853, and in 1875-76 the quantity dropped to little more than a million and a half! No wonder that silver fell, no wonder that the fall seemed bottomless. Fresh sources of supply of mysterious and incalculable magnitude and an unprecedented decline in the requirements for the East!

The Committee present voluminous tables showing the movements in the exports and imports of general merchandise as well as of treasure into India. They prove the remarkable fact, that as far as general trade is concerned, no sufficient changes have occurred to explain the diminished demand for silver. It is true that the amount required to be remitted to India to settle balances was lower than in former years, but only lower to a very small extent. The cause of the diminished import of silver into India had accordingly to be sought elsewhere. It was clearly found in another fact: 'in a change of the mode of remittance.' The increased sale of Government bills on India has supplanted means for making payments in India which have displaced an equal amount of bullion remittances. The aggregate amount sent to India in bills and treasure together during the last four years was 67,000,000*l.* During the previous four years it had been 69,000,000*l.*, scarcely an appreciable difference when distributed over four years. But the change in the mode of remittance was most significant. In the former period, *forty millions* were despatched in gold and silver, and a little less than *thirty millions* in Government bills. In the last four years the despatch of bullion did not reach *seventeen*

millions, while upwards of fifty millions were sent in Government Bills. It will be seen how completely the proportions were reversed, and how fully the decline in the demand for silver is explained. The diminution in specie remittances was divided between gold and silver, but was greatest by far in the case of the latter metal. The Committee, speaking of the diminished imports of silver to the East, accordingly state :—

‘ Whatever these effects may be, they are simply to be accounted for by the large amount of bills on India, which the Indian Government have now annually to sell. It may be said that their requirements are in round numbers about 1,250,000*l.* per month, or 15,000,000*l.* per annum. This is the sum which has to be paid annually by India to England, and this sum, *pro tanto*, displaces the despatch of bullion. It appears that previous to 1862–63, the bills drawn in England never reached the sum of 4,000,000*l.* The excess of the present requirements is, therefore, 11,000,000*l.*’

We need not dwell on the significance of these figures. They speak very plainly for themselves. If the treasures of Nevada had remained buried in the earth, and Germany had never troubled the waters by the great change she has made, the portentous increase in the bills drawn by England on India for Government account could not have failed to have exercised a marked effect. It is for the public good that serious attention has been excited with regard to this remarkable fact. It has important bearings, far beyond its immediate effects on the price of silver. It is a very grave financial and political fact. Unfortunately, it does not appear that any abnormal causes are contributing to increase the amount. Fifteen millions sterling per annum seem to represent, to use the words of the Committee, ‘ the present normal expenditure of the Home Government,’ and ‘ unless by some marked change of policy, ‘ no diminution of that amount can be looked for.’ We should not omit to state that the Committee point out that the full effect of these increased requirements has only recently been felt. For a time the growing bulk of this tribute was hidden and its effect on the silver market retarded by the temporary resources which the particular financial mode in which the expenditure for the construction of railways in India was met, afforded to the Government.

‘ So long as railways were in course of construction in India on an extended scale, and money was being raised in this country for their construction, funds which were to be spent in India on wages or other expenses came into the hands of the Government here, and were paid out by the Government in India. . . . The Government were thus

furnished with funds to that extent without the necessity of drawing bills; or, to put the matter in a different form, so much more money had to be remitted to India in one form or another; the proceeds of the railway loans (so far as they were not spent on materials purchased in England), passed over to India. The Government did not themselves remit silver, having silver at their disposal in India, but they had so much less silver to pass over to merchants in India, and accordingly the merchants had to buy and remit so much more silver themselves.'

This resource is now, not only exhausted, but it has left behind it effects operating in the reverse direction. Whereas the Government used to *receive* money in England by encashing the proceeds of the railway loans, it has now to *pay* in England the interest on these loans. Its receipts have diminished, its disbursements increased. The advantage was temporary, the burden is permanent, and points a moral, which, looking to some of the wild suggestions which have been made under the influence of financial despair, is not entirely superfluous: that no policy could be more fatal than any attempts to meet the present emergency by the negotiation of loans, the proceeds of which might temporarily remove the necessity for Council drafts, and create an artificial demand for silver to be sent to India.

We will not, at this point, dilate on the interesting question which we have already touched on, as to the power of India to absorb more silver in the future. We have expressed our belief that larger quantities will undoubtedly be sent, so long as the mints of India are not closed. Fifteen millions per annum to be remitted to the Home Government, form a most formidable first mortgage on the balance of trade, and it is most intelligible that the commercial public interested in India or in the silver market, follows with intense and suspicious watchfulness the operations of the Indian Council, as they attempt to carry out their task of selling bills to the amount of a million and a quarter every month. But as surely as water finds its level, so surely will silver find its way to regions where it is legal tender. Nor are we prepared to say, irrespective of this economical law, that even the heavy charge which we have described exhausts the capacity of our Indian Empire. The demand for silver in India appears to be absolutely inexhaustible, and possibly her population will rather forego the purchase of a certain portion of European goods, and devote a portion of the proceeds of their exports after the fifteen millions are paid, to the importation of silver, than leave unsatisfied

that craving for the possession of the precious metal which is so characteristic of an Oriental race.

The Committee pass from the consideration of the diminished demand of silver for India, to the action taken by the 'Latin Monetary Union.' Here, however, we practically approach a different branch of the subject. The members of the Union took measures, as we have explained before, for limiting the conversion of silver bullion into coin. These measures are, no doubt, correctly described as having contributed to the fall in the price. They closed large outlets. They cut short a natural demand. But unlike the causes which we have analysed hitherto, they were themselves the consequences of the alarm which those other causes called forth. They were not steps taken voluntarily, like the change of currency in Germany, nor were they forced on by exigencies extraneous to the silver question, like the necessity for drawing bills on India. They were the direct but unwelcome consequences of the action taken by Germany, and of the threatening aspect of the silver market. We have already stated with some emphasis that silver must flow to those countries where it is a legal tender. Silver was legal tender in the Latin Monetary Union. Silver therefore would, in the natural course of events, if not in demand elsewhere, flood those countries. The members of the Union became alarmed. They were peculiarly situated. Silver was falling in value as compared with gold, and debtors under the reign of the double standard could choose whichever metal they liked in which to discharge their debts. Silver would therefore be introduced in unlimited quantities, and expel gold to those countries where its falling rival could no longer command its average price. How could the risk be prevented? The danger has been met by a common agreement among the members of the Union to suspend the privilege of presenting silver bullion to the mints for exchange into coin. Silver coins within those countries retain their character of legal tender. To use a phrase employed by the Select Committee, the metal has been demonetised, but not the coin. A five-franc piece has the same position as before. We have not learnt that it has lost any of its purchasing power, nor that it is in any way discredited. On the contrary, the Report of the Committee contains evidence that no discredit attaches thus far to silver coins. But only limited sums can be turned into new coin.

We have heard the proposal made to apply this remedy to India. It has answered its purpose, it is alleged, in Europe;

why not imitate the example? We can at once adduce conclusive proof of the absence of analogy between the two cases. In the Latin Union such decrees left gold, the second legal tender, untouched. No limitation was placed on gold. The circulation could be increased *ad infinitum*, or rather according to the self-acting process which the identity between bullion in bars and bullion in coins creates, so long as the mints are open without restriction. But in India silver is the sole legal tender. If, therefore, the self-acting process is destroyed and the mints are closed, a limit is at once placed on the circulation. Coins become a monopoly, and while the law declares that rupees are the sole form of legal tender, debtors or payers, if we may use the word, would be deprived of the powers of importing the means of payment from abroad, if the supply at home ran short. We often hear the fallacious statement, that, owing to the Bank Act in England, the circulation is limited. It is no such thing: the power to extend the circulation in England is coextensive with the power of commanding supplies of gold from any quarter. So long as a man can procure gold bullion, he has himself the power to create circulation. Similarly, the power to extend the circulation in India is coextensive with the power of commanding supplies of silver. So long as anybody can procure silver and claim to have it changed into rupees, so long he can add to the circulation. In the Latin Union, the circulation could be increased at will by the holders both of silver and gold. Through the exclusion of silver, the power to create circulation is reduced by one half, but still no limit is created. Gold remains an unlimited resource. But if silver bullion in India ceased to be practically on the same footing as silver coin, that is to say if excluded from the mints, the invaluable self-acting and expansive process, which lies at the root of a currency based on bullion, would be lost. The measure is impracticable and most inequitable, *unless gold be made a legal tender at the same time*. The latter course was taken by Holland as a temporary expedient, when the Dutch Government followed the example of the Latin Union and arrested the manufacture of silver coins. The mode in which the double operation has been conducted is not disclosed in the evidence taken by the Committee. Holland, with its Eastern possessions, in which silver is a legal tender, offers a particularly interesting study, but very unfortunately the information supplied by the English Minister of the Hague in reply to the questions sent through the Foreign Office appears more meagre and incomplete than that received from any country with reference to which information was re-

quested. Full details should be procured by the Government when further materials in respect to the silver question are presented to Parliament.

We have briefly described the several causes which, during the last four years, have shaken confidence in the stability of the value of silver to such an extent, that its summary rejection as a standard of exchange has been very generally discussed; and we must fully admit that the situation has amply justified any degree of apprehension. We are loth to stigmatise that apprehension as panic. We should call it natural and legitimate alarm. Time may modify the effects produced. Compensating influences will probably set in. The law of compensation in the movements of trade works with extraordinary certainty; but the almost simultaneous appearance of three entirely distinct influences, each of most uncertain magnitude, except that each was undoubtedly great and all likely to depress the silver market for a period which defied calculation, naturally created an impression that the fall might be bottomless.

How remarkably the facts come out if chronologically arranged!

1871. Germany resolves on the demonetisation of silver. The gross amount of silver which had been coined and issued in Germany was said to amount to nearly 90,000,000*l*.

1872. The yield of the United States silver mines approaches 6,000,000*l*. In 1870 it scarcely exceeded half that amount.

1872-3. The imports of silver to India fall from 6,500,000*l*. to 750,000*l*. The Indian Government sells bills for 14,000,000*l*., precisely double what they had sold three years before.

1874. Astonishing accounts reach Europe of fresh discoveries in the Comstock Lode. The members of the Latin Union close their mints against silver.

1876. The yield of the United States silver mines is estimated at from 9,000,000*l*. to 10,000,000*l*.

But if these strides are gigantic when chronologically arranged, they appear no less so when stated in proportions. The production in 1876 is expected to be *double* the amount produced in years previous to 1862. The German operations may result in throwing a supply on the market equal to the production of *four* years on the old scale. The addition to the drafts of the Indian Council is equal to almost *one* year's production on the old scale. If Germany, spreading the sale

of her surplus silver over a series of years, should find herself able to sell 4,000,000*l.* annually, the old scale and the new scale would compare as follows:—

<i>Old Scale</i>	<i>Present Scale</i>	<i>£</i>
Total annual production, 8,000,000 <i>l.</i>	Total annual production . . .	16,000,000
	Supplies from Germany . . .	4,000,000
	Additional Council drafts (which take the place of silver) }	8,000,000
		28,000,000

The new scale is three times and a half as large as the old! Who is to purchase the additional supplies? What has become of the surplus hitherto; what will become of it hereafter?

As to the 'hereafter,' the Report of the Committee is very cautious, but as to the mode in which the increasing supplies have been hitherto absorbed, full and significant details are furnished. Under the heading 'General Movements of Silver,' the Committee trace, country by country, the disposal of all the silver produced or thrown on the market as a surplus stock during the four years 1872 to 1875, and strike, as it were, a balance-sheet of the result. The amount to be accounted for was 54,000,000*l.* after the requirements of India had been satisfied, compared with 18,000,000*l.*, the corresponding sum for the previous four years! And this was not all. Austria and Italy added to the surplus stock, and the grand total to be accounted for was nearly 75,000,000*l.*

Within a single million the Committee account for the whole of this sum in their review of the purchasing countries. A very short table shows the result. We quote it because we believe that no similar analysis has been placed before the general public, and because the facts it presents have a most important bearing on the probable future.

	<i>£</i>
Taken by India	9,100,000
„ France	33,500,000
„ Russia	4,000,000
„ Spain and Portugal	4,000,000
„ England	5,000,000
„ United States	7,600,000
„ Japan and China	7,500,000
„ The East (other than India, China, and Japan)	3,000,000
Total 1872 to 1875	73,700,000

Here there is a list of the past customers of silver. Are they

regular customers on whom the market can rely? or speculative customers who have taken advantage of the fall? or chance customers whom a temporary need had brought to the rescue? Almost each of the lines of this short table contains a little history of its own, and represents a not uneventful chronicle. The stability of English institutions is reproduced in the line allotted to her. Her imports and exports are large, but they are not for herself. For her own use she has taken, with remarkable regularity, a million and a quarter each year. She is a regular customer on a small scale. No surplus stocks of any moment can be absorbed by England.

Spain and Russia have also bought, but as spasmodic customers. We do not know whether it is true that the silver taken by Spain was bought for the use of the armies in the field during her protracted civil wars. But, in any case, Spain could certainly not be counted as a permanent buyer. As for Russia, who can say what we ought to expect? Germany hoped that her Imperial neighbour might be allured to buy for the purpose of currency reform; but the hope has been in vain.

The great relief to the market came from a quarter least expected. The figure which starts into prominence amongst the recorded purchases of silver is that which chronicles the doings of France. No line in the table is equally interesting or eloquent. The financial history of France during the last four years is indeed full of the most instructive lessons. Her immense recuperative power has risen superior to every disaster, and her budgets have been as creditable to her statesmen and to her patriotism as they have been conspicuous by the elasticity and growth of her resources. The nation which has paid an indemnity of 200,000,000*l.* has, since the payment, been financially and commercially more successful than the nation that received it; a problem which deserves to be probed to the bottom by statesmen and economists. But what we are now concerned to know is simply that, drained of the precious metals by the strain of the war and its penalties, she has, since then, replenished her stock to a marvellous extent. The dwindled contents of the coffers of the Bank of France have now once more reached an almost fabulous sum, and, though banknotes are legal tender, France has absorbed more than 33,000,000*l.* of silver during the last four years. She has replenished her stock at the most critical moment. She has bought five times as much as Germany has hitherto sold. But all seemed due to natural causes. The work seemed to do itself. No attention has ever been paid to the operation. No

public notice was excited, and to such an extent does the recovery of the silver stock in France seem to have been self-acting and a simple matter of course, that, till lately, it was almost unknown. Indeed, the fact itself was discredited till indisputable proofs were adduced. Clearly, the large absorption of silver by France long delayed the fall in the silver market, and must have averted a much severer decline. But France must be considered to have been an *extraordinary* customer. As the Committee observe: 'The replenishment of her stock can scarcely be regarded as other than a temporary circumstance. It is impossible to assume that it could be continued on the same scale. The natural inference to be drawn would be in the opposite direction.' There cannot be a doubt of it. With the mints of the Latin Union, including those of France herself, closed against silver bullion, her large imports must be brought abruptly to a close. Till the horizon clears, no hopes can be built on the action of France, nor can the eyes of producers of silver be turned with any confidence to Belgium or Holland. Where, then, can silver find a refuge?

Some consolation is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. The United States appear on the scene as a country prepared to profit by the opportunity, as a speculative customer who has an eye to a good bargain. The temptation is double. They have become the largest producers of silver, and silver is so cheap that they can introduce it once more into their currency on extraordinarily advantageous terms. They are not prepared to refuse help to native industry. They have compassion on home producers. A 'silver interest' has sprung up; indeed we are not sure whether it may not already be termed a silver 'ring.' Politicians cannot ignore it. A market for silver must be found. Already laws have been passed for redeeming the paper 'fractional' currency by silver coins. For this purpose 8,000,000*l.* will be wanted. The 'Director of the Mint' speaks of an amount of 75,000,000 silver dollars (15,000,000*l.*) as likely to be coined 'for limited legal tender.' He hints at special coinages of silver, and at other measures in the same direction. Private members at Washington are introducing bill after bill to give silver a lift. The success and extent of the movement cannot well be foreseen, but much of the silver produced has already been bought up at home. Thus far, indeed, no surplus supplies seem to be reaching Europe from the United States. Increased production has not led to increased export, and the patriotic ardour of the silver 'ring' has had its effect on the market at large. The Committee set off the abnormal demand in America for currency

purposes against the abnormal supply produced by the coinage operations in Germany.

But if the policy pursued at Washington offers some consolation, it can scarcely be said to inspire hope, and though we may pair off the United States with Germany, the surplus production still remains. The list of European countries contained, as we have seen, no promising purchaser. The East, then, alone remains. It is from the East that relief must come. The regions where silver is still legal tender must determine its ultimate price. They alone are likely to absorb unlimited quantities, but the absorption must be a matter of time, and no one can at present foresee the effect of that process on prices.

In the meantime what should be done? 'Dethrone silver 'at once' cries Monsieur Chevalier. 'It will go from bad to 'worse.' 'Rescue silver at once from its peril,' cries Monsieur Cernuschi. 'Let all nations, by a common act, draw up permanent articles of partnership between silver and gold!' Other plans do not reach such cosmopolitan proportions, but the proposal to demonetise silver in India is itself sweeping enough. We must reserve for a future occasion the examination of the various measures suggested as called for by the present emergency. We have expressed our own belief that we are witnessing at this moment a very incomplete phenomenon, and that no irrevocable steps should be taken till we know more. We do not wish to be understood to mean that the Indian Government should, in no case, have recourse to temporary administrative remedies. If it should be proved that though prices in India have not risen, the fall in the exchanges bears so heavily on the salaries of Indian officials that they no longer fulfil the conditions which were intended when they were fixed, let temporary measures be taken accordingly. Very possibly the Indian Government may be called upon to act in many other instances, but the essential condition of such action should be that the future ratio of value between gold and silver should be considered as an entirely open question, and that the policy of dealing with the currency should, for the present, be reserved.

Meanwhile great progress might be made towards arriving at a correct conclusion on matters of fact. It would be indeed a signal service rendered to those vast interests which are touched by the depreciation of silver, if the German Government could be induced to remove as far as possible the mystery which still surrounds the question of their disposable stocks. No doubt they are puzzled themselves. We have shown how estimates vary, and how the most prudent forecasts have been

falsified ; but further statements might well be given on official authority as to actual facts, compiled so as to include the most recent data, and embodying the experience gained in the retirement of further series of coins. We do not believe that the sale of the silver would be impeded by a full knowledge on the part of the public of what remains to be sold. On the contrary, the market is weighted at present by the fear of unlimited and unknown supplies. The German Government, while engaged on its colossal work, has shown no pettiness in the execution of the operation, and, indeed, is said to have acted in many respects with marked consideration towards general interests. Frankness on their part as to the present situation would be an invaluable boon to the world at large, and would in no sense militate against their own advantage.

To our own Government we ought to be able to look for further authoritative information on many important points. The India Office will doubtless furnish elaborate data in regard to the action of the depreciation of silver in the East ; but the Foreign Office, too, must be kept up to the mark. We trust that our diplomatists will be instructed to continue to report exhaustively and intelligently. The Committee were supplied, through the Foreign Office, with very interesting materials relating to most foreign countries ; this statistical information should be completed and brought down to the latest date. At home, it would be well if an official of high rank, combining, if possible, enthusiasm in research with accuracy of judgment (and we could point out several such men), were told off, to whom every occurrence in Europe should be interesting in proportion to its bearing on the silver question ; to whom politics should mean monetary legislation, war a possible displacement of bullion, and revolution paper issues. The materials supplied by the Foreign Office, the India Office, and the Board of Trade would be doubly valuable if concentrated in the hands of one responsible person, to be sifted and arranged and considered as a whole, with official impartiality, yet with scientific intelligence and care. A knowledge of facts thus obtained and presented, would be a most useful corrective of opinions expressed in pamphlets, compiled with fanatical bias by currency specialists, and of onesided views, locally formed, without reference to broader considerations or experience dearly bought elsewhere. The utilisation of such knowledge for legislative purposes, if legislation should eventually prove to be necessary or expedient, is a subsequent and graver question, to which we may have occasion to revert hereafter.

ART. IX.—1. *Through Bosnia and the Herzégovina on foot during the Insurrection, August and September 1875, with an Historical Review of Bosnia and a Glimpse at the Croats, Slavonians, and the Ancient Republic of Ragusa.* By ARTHUR J. EVANS, B.A., F.S.A. London: 1876.

2. *Correspondence respecting Affairs in Bosnia and the Herzégovina.* Presented to Parliament July 1876.

3. *La Russie et la Turquie depuis le commencement de leurs relations politiques jusqu'à nos jours.* Par DMITRI DE BOUKHAROW. Amsterdam: 1877.

4. *Eine Türkische Reise.* Von KARL BRAUN-WIESBADEN. Zwei Bände. Stuttgart: 1876.

Few travellers have been more fortunate in the choice of the scene of their autumnal peregrination than the writer of the volume at the head of this article. Mr. Evans repaired last year to the least known and most neglected part of Europe, though it lies within a few days' journey of the course of the Danube and the shores of the Adriatic. He took with him the qualifications of an accomplished traveller—experience of foreign lands, a multiplicity of languages at command, a store of historical and antiquarian knowledge even of extinct sovereigns and races, a taste for natural history which singularly enlivens his pages, a keen eye for the picturesque, a ready pencil, a good deal of humour, a bold heart and ready hand in emergencies, and above all a stout pair of legs and a hardy constitution, which enabled him to tramp over hills and valleys scarcely trodden by man or beast, to live on the food of a savage, and to sleep as well on the hill-side as in a Bosniak *Han*—which indeed is not saying much. Here are abundant materials for one of the most agreeable and instructive volumes of travels we have had the good fortune to meet with; and Mr. Evans has not failed to make the best of his opportunities. But his good fortune did not end here. He started on this journey in total ignorance of what he was to meet with. As he advanced into the country, the natural beauty of these provinces, the simplicity of their inhabitants, their past history and their present condition under a weak and incapable government, awakened in him sympathies amounting to enthusiasm; and before he left it, a popular and political movement had broken out around him, which seemed to be the harbinger of brighter and better days to a down-trodden race, and which, as it has since turned out, was of the gravest moment to the Ottoman Empire itself and to all the Powers

of Europe. As the travellers quitted Serajevo on a gloomy evening in August, the city stood out in lurid light, above the mist and darkness that enshrouded its base, an emblem of its portentous position. 'It is the beginning of the end,' said one of the foreign Consuls to them. 'Do not be surprised if you are surveying the last days of Ottoman rule in the Serai.' A year has past and the cloud has spread to the dimensions of a tempest. It lowers darkly over all the Turkish provinces in Europe and gathers around Constantinople itself. Political problems, the most difficult of solution—passions, both national and religious—war, carried on with extreme fury and atrocity, because it extends beyond the operations of regular armies, have broken loose, till they fill Europe with agitation, anxiety, and alarm. In this book we find a vivid and sympathetic picture of the origin of the contest, drawn by an eye-witness, full of the just and generous feelings of a young Englishman, and nothing certainly could be more opportune than such a publication.

Dr. Braun-Wiesbaden's sketches of Turkey, the result chiefly of his residence in Salonica, are more slight and desultory; but they are instructive and amusing. He brings vividly before his readers the extreme complexity of the problem, from the extraordinary confusion and disunion of the races and creeds of the inhabitants of these provinces, pervading their whole social life, and every branch of civil and ecclesiastical government. But he may be quoted as a fair and impartial witness of the state of the country, and we shall avail ourselves of some of his observations.*

At any other time we should have been tempted to accompany Mr. Evans at some length in his rambles through the Black Mountains, his expedition to the Latin monasteries of Guciagora and Foinica, which seem to be the least uncivilised abodes in the country, and his passage to the valley of the Narenta and the old city of Ragusa. But we must content

* Want of space alone prevents us from quoting Dr. Braun's account of the origin of the disturbances at Salonica and his very remarkable description of the Jews (Sephardim), who form nearly half the population of that city, but these curious passages would divert us too much from our present purpose. Suffice it to say, that the excitement of the Mohammedans of Salonica was caused by the intrusion of a railway official into the compartment of a carriage reserved for Mohammedan ladies, where he pulled off the yashmak and pelisse of the Bulgarian girl who was escaping in a Turkish disguise. This act set the town on fire with fanaticism and led to the murder of the Consuls.

ourselves with recommending the graphic and humorous portions of his narrative to our readers, when they make acquaintance with the pages of the author. At present, the political interest which attaches itself to Mr. Evans's observations is so strong, that they constitute the most important, if not the most amusing, portion of the book; and we shall confine ourselves for the most part to this view of the subject.

And here we would observe, that although no one can fail to be struck with the strength and unanimity of the feeling which has broken forth, like an eruption, from the very heart of the people of England on learning the horrible excesses committed by the Turkish irregular troops, and possibly by the Nizam and the Redif, in the suppression of this insurrection and the prosecution of the war—though we all share those feelings of disgust and pain, and condemn the acts of a government or an army by which such crimes could be tolerated—it appears to us that the best service that can be rendered at this time to the unfortunate victims of so much oppression and to the English public, who are anxious to release them from it, is to lay the real facts of the case before our readers. We are dealing, avowedly, with the least known part of Europe—we might almost say one of the least known parts of the world—and at the same time, a region split up and divided by strong conflicting currents of race, manners, language and religion. Hardly a speech was made, hardly an article was written, in the earlier stages of this discussion, which did not display some misapprehension of important facts, or some entire omission of essential elements of the problem. In such a state of ignorance, to which all the world must plead guilty, there can be no worse guide than vituperative eloquence. It is quite possible that the very measures recommended to punish the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities or to prevent the renewal of them (which is what we all desire), might have the effect of extending them a hundredfold. The whole of Turkey in Europe is charged with the most combustible materials; and if the fire which has broken out in one or two places spreads to the whole pile, the present generation might witness calamities which have not occurred in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. We write, therefore, under a strong and deep sense of responsibility, believing it to be the duty of every sound English politician and every rational man, not to seek to fan this flame, but if possible to extinguish it; and that the remedies which it may be possible to apply to so difficult and perilous a state of affairs are to be sought not by acts or threats of war, but upon the restoration of peace.

Almost everyone who has come forward in public to discuss this subject has begun by disclaiming party motives, or the desire to convert this calamity into a means of attack on the Government. We cannot say that the pledge has always been faithfully kept; but we agree with the Bishop of Exeter that it would be disgraceful to England to make this a party contest. The objects we have in view are national, and if they cease to be national it is only because they are absorbed in the broader interests of mankind. Lord Beaconsfield may have increased the excitement by his injudicious treatment of the question in the House of Commons; and we should have preferred that Lord Derby's declarations had been made earlier and in his place in Parliament. The Government ought to have coveted, not shunned, a full Parliamentary discussion in July. But these are details on which we shall not waste the least attention. Our sole anxiety is that a dreadful wound should be healed and a great danger averted, we care not how or by whom, so that it be done effectually. It is not by espousing vehemently the views of this or that Minister, or the cause of one or the other party in the quarrel, that an impartial judgment can be formed and a right course of action discerned. There are rights and duties on both sides, and if we are to act as mediators and advocates of peace, they must all be taken into account. Now and then, here and there, some incident recorded on the sanguinary page of war strikes the popular imagination with peculiar and overwhelming force. But if the details were fully known, every passage in warfare is atrocious to those who value human life and liberty—the very object of war being to destroy as many of our fellow-creatures as possible. War itself, between civilised nations, partakes of the refinement and restraint of civilised life. It has its laws, its usages, its alleviations. But war in the belief and practice of barbarous men is simply havoc and destruction. All means are used to kill, to crush, to terrify, to torture the enemy. They know nothing of mitigated carnage or chivalrous forbearance. The only cure for such evils is to terminate the war itself; the final responsibility for these curses of mankind rests with those who instigated and those who began the contest.

We propose on the present occasion to confine ourselves strictly to the evidence before us as to the state and character of these countries, so long neglected by Europe, and now rising into vivid interest. The population of Bosnia is estimated at 1,211,779 souls, of whom 442,170 are Moslems, 571,756 belong

to the Eastern Church, 185,506 belong to the Latin Church, the rest being Jews or Gipsies. There is, therefore, no true element of nationality in the district, for the religious divisions of the Bosniaks are the symbols of mutual hatred. But the peculiarity which it is of especial importance to bear in mind is that this large Mohammedan population is not *Turkish*. In point of fact, except a few Turkish *employés*, whose chief duty is to maintain peace between the native inhabitants, there are no Turks in Bosnia at all. These Bosniaks are not only Mohammedans, but they are, as Vambéry assures us, the most ignorant and fanatical of Mohammedans—fatalists, absolutely opposed to all reforms, and ignorant of even the language and the text of the Koran; but they are the true and pure children of the soil, absolute Slavonians, amounting to half a million of men, and the immemorial owners of the land. Mr. Evans tells us how this came to pass.

‘From the earliest days of the conquest the Turks inaugurated the policy of allowing all those natives who would accept the religion of Islām to retain their lands and belongings, and we hear at once of a son of the King of Bosnia and another of the Duke of St. Sava turning Mahometan. It is certain that though the Catholic faction among the nobility was still powerful, a large number of even the highest rank in Bosnia were infected with the Bogomilian heresy; and it is probable that many rightful heirs of ancient houses had been dispossessed for heretical opinions by the dominant Romish caste, and were willing to recover their honours by at least nominally abjuring their religion. By most, perhaps, the renegation was intended to be only temporary; they “bowed in the house of Rimmon” merely to retain their honours. Not a few of these renegade families have preserved even to the present day many of their old Christian and perhaps heretical observances; and it is whispered that there are still members of the old Bosnian aristocracy only waiting for a favourable opportunity to abjure Islām. Certain it is that a large part of the population of Bosnia went over to Mahometanism.

‘Whatever were the favouring causes of this wide-spread renegation, its effect has been to afford us the unique phenomenon of a race of Slavonic Mahometans. This must be borne in mind at the present moment, for nothing is more liable to confuse the questions at issue than to look on the Mussulman inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina as *Turks*. Conventionally, perhaps, one is often obliged to do so, and I must plead guilty in this respect in the course of this work. But it should always be remembered that, with the exception of a handful of officials and a certain proportion of the soldiery, the Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina are of the same race as their Christian neighbours, speak the same Serbian dialect, and can trace back their title-deeds as far. It is a favourite delusion to suppose that the case of Bosnia finds a parallel in that of Serbia; that here, too, an independent Christian principality could be formed with the same

ease, and that the independence of Bosnia has but to be proclaimed for the Mussulman to take the hint and quit the soil, as he has already quitted the soil of Serbia. But, as I have said, the cases of the two provinces are altogether different; in Serbia the Mahometans were an infinitesimal minority of Osmanli foreigners, encamped; in Bosnia, on the contrary, they are native Slaves, rooted to the soil, and forming over a third of the population. Under whatever Government Bosnia passes, it is safe to say that the Mahometans will still form a powerful minority, all the more important from having possession of the towns.

'The extraordinary phenomenon that presents itself in the history of Bosnia under Turkish rule, is that till within the last few years it has been simply the history of the feudal Kingdom, under altered names and conditions. A Mahometan caste has tyrannised in place of a Popish—a Turkish Vizier has feebly represented the Suzerainty of the Osmanli Grand Signior, just as of old we find Hungarian Bans or Kings representing the Overlordship of a Magyar King. The survival of the feudal nobility has been perfect. The great Bosnian lords, now calling themselves Begs or Capetans, resided still in the feudal castles reared by their Christian ancestors; they kept their old escutcheons, their Slavonic family names, their rolls and patents of nobility inherited from Christian Kings; they led forth their retainers as of old under their baronial banners, and continued to indulge in the chivalrous pastime of hawking. The common people, on the other hand, have clung to their old Slavonic institutions, their sworn brotherhoods, their village communities, their house-fathers; and have paid, and pay still, the same feudal dues to their Mahometan lords as they did to their Christian ancestors.

'But though in political affairs, language, and customs, so much of the Præ-Turkish element has survived—though there are to be found many secret observances of Christian rites among Mahometans in high places,—it would be a grievous error to suppose that the influence of Islâm is superficial in Bosnia, or that their religious convictions are not deep-rooted. On the contrary, the Slavonic Mahometans of Bosnia, occupying an isolated corner of the Sultan's dominions, have not been so liable to those external influences which at Stamboul itself have considerably modified the code of true believers. The Bosniac Mussulmans have had their religious antagonism perpetually roused by wars with the unbelievers who compass them round about; they, more than the Levantine Moslems, have borne the brunt of the long struggle with Christendom.

'Thus it is that Bosnia is the head-quarters of Mahometan fanaticism, and that when, at the beginning of this century, Sultan Mahmoud II. endeavoured to introduce his centralising innovations and reforms into Bosnia, which also promised the Christians a certain amount of religious liberty, he found himself opposed here not only by the feudal caste, who rallied round the Janissaries, but by a race of Mahometans whose religion had assumed a national character of a more fanatical hue than was fashionable in the capital. The wars between the Giaour Sultan, as the Bosniac Mussulmans contemptuously called the head of their faith, and his refractory vassals, have been described by Ranke,

and need not be dwelt on here. It was not till 1851 that Omer Pashà finally succeeded in breaking the resistance of Mahometan feudalism in Bosnia, and re-subjugated the country for the Sultan. Since that date the privileges of the native nobility have been greatly curtailed, and Slavonic Mussulman and Slavonic Christian alike have bowed before a new Osmanli bureaucracy.' (Pp. lvii-lx.)

So little is the Turkish rule, properly so called, established in Bosnia, that its authority is most precarious there; and the administrative powers of the Porte are contested and detested almost equally by both races, neither of which, however, could govern the other. M. Vambéry, who knows the East a good deal better than Mr. Evans, discards as utterly futile the supposition that the Bosniak Mohammedans are likely to renounce the faith they adopted in the sixteenth century and revert to Christianity.* They were the men who filled the ranks of the Janissaries and led the vanguard of the Crescent beyond the Danube. They know of nothing but the power of the sword; and the philanthropic schemes for the emancipation and self-government of Bosnia would place the supreme power in the hands of a race infinitely more fierce and fanatical than the present government of the Porte. These Slavonian Moslems of Bosnia, who know not a word of Turkish and cannot repeat a sentence of the Koran, and who call the Sultan the 'Great Czar of Constantinople,' not the Padischah, are formidable to the Porte itself. Omar Pasha put them down in 1850 with a strong hand; but it was to the Porte that the unhappy Rayahs appealed for protection against these Spahis, and some of the bloodiest conflicts Bosnia has witnessed have been fought between the Mohammedan Bosniaks and the Imperial forces.

The difference between the Mohammedans and the Christians of Bosnia is the difference between a dominant and a down-trodden people, but they are of the same race, and the orthodox clergy are as ignorant as the Mollahs. Their clerical functions consist in a few mystical rites. Many of them can neither read nor write, and some of them divide their day between the services of the altar and the herding of swine. For the education and morality of the people they have done and can do nothing. Indeed, the unhappy Rayahs are as much oppressed by their own clergy as by their Mohammedan masters. The dignitaries of the Greek Church throughout Turkey are chosen from the same degraded class of the

* M. Vambéry's essay on these countries appeared recently in that excellent German periodical called the 'Deutsche Rundschau.'

Fanariote Greeks as the tax-gatherers. Mr. Evans draws the following picture of the higher clergy in this province:—

‘It does not become the English language to record the Sejanian arts by which they rise. Usually, as the lackey of a Pashà or some rich Fanariote, they amass gains which they afterwards lay out in an episcopal speculation—for sees go to the highest bidders at Stamboul. The new Metropolitan arrives at Serajevo, and immediately sets to work to make the speculation pay. To retain their office they have further to send enormous bribes yearly to the fountain-head of corruption. Thus the simony which begins on the patriarchal throne descends to the meanest pulpit, and the poorest pope in Bosnia has to bargain with his bishop for his cure of souls! The shepherd, fleeced himself by his bishop, must recoup himself from his flock. On every occasion of life he levies a contribution in money or in kind, and in some cases he has even succeeded in establishing a system of heriots. On the death of the father of a family he takes the best ox; on the mother’s death, a cow. Not infrequently children grew up unbaptized because the parents were too poor to pay the fee required. As to the parsons themselves, their ignorance is usually so gross that they cannot read the Slavonic liturgy, and simply repeat it by rote! The Metropolitan of Serajevo is said to wring as much as 10,000*l.* a year from his miserable flock: the other three content themselves with about half that amount apiece. When it is remembered that the salary of the Vali Pashà himself only amounts to 500*l.* a year, the enormity of these figures may be appreciated. These four successors of the fishermen of Galilee extort annually between them a sum equal to one-sixteenth of the total income received by the government of the province from taxation. Since, however, a large part of what they extract from the unhappy rayahs must be transmitted in the form of bribes to Stamboul, the Turkish authorities have orders to assist them in levying their exactions; and whole Christian villages share the fate of a sacked city from Turkish gendarmerie, for refusing, or too often being unable, to comply with the exorbitant demands of Christian prelates.’ (Pp. 266–267.)

The Roman Catholic community, including nearly 200,000 souls, is somewhat better looked after. Rome has not lost sight of them, and there are now about seventy priests at work in this vast field. But this part of the population is said to be decidedly opposed to the insurrection. They have supported the authority of the Government, probably because they know that the Government can alone protect them from the jealousy and hostility of their immediate neighbours and countrymen.

Even the protection of the Government, such as it is, is dearly purchased; and, we believe, the most active cause of the disaffection and disorder now prevailing in Turkey is the detestable system of tithe-farming, by which the chief part of the revenue is raised throughout the Empire. In Bosnia,

since the establishment of the more centralised administration of 1851, the exactions of the tithe-farmer—most of whom are Fanariote Greeks—are intolerable. ‘No considerations of honour, or religion, or humanity, restrain these wretches,’ says Mr. Evans: ‘having acquired the right to farm the taxes of a given district, the Turkish officials and gendarmerie are bound to support them in wringing the uttermost farthing out of the *misera contribuens plebs*, and it is natural that their help should be most readily forthcoming when needed to break the resistance of the rayah.’ And again, in speaking of the Herzegovina, he says: ‘The insurrection in the Herzegovina has, on the whole, been directed *more against the Mohammedan landowners than against the Sultan. It is mainly an agrarian war.*’ Dr. Braun says: ‘It is an insurrection against the tithe-farmers; a civil war of classes, partaking of the character of a social war, a *Jacquerie* ;’ and he ingeniously remarks that the better the harvest, the more is the grievance felt, for the peasant is not allowed to get in his harvest until the tithe-farmer has levied his contribution on the standing crops; hence, if he delays his visit and has too much to do, half the harvest may be lost.

The tenure of land and the incidence of taxation are always the true tests of the social and political condition of a country. In Turkey both are vicious, for half the land belongs to the mosques in mortmain, and the other half to the Sultan; the taxes are whatever can be squeezed out of the people. Dr. Braun remarks:—

‘To begin with the beginning: the only thing to save Turkey is a land assessment based on a survey and immigration. The neglect of the natural riches of the soil is the result of the indolence and ignorance of the Rayah. But those defects arise from the fact that he has no secure property in the soil or in its produce. Freehold, hereditary, alienable property in land, protected by law, does not exist. On all titles to property the Cadi decides. But the Cadi is a judge nominated by the Turkish Pope, the Scheik-ul-Islam, for about five years, to administer the law of the Koran in the province. Worse than the Cadis are the *Multerim* (tax-farmers). The better the harvest is, the more industrious the peasant, the higher are the demands of the *Multerim*, and the less reaches the Treasury at Stamboul. The grand remedy is the abolition of the tithe-system and the establishment of a cadaster, or fixed land settlement.’ (*Braun*, pp. 346–348.)

These remarks, which might be corroborated by a vast amount of evidence, appear to us to throw a flood of light on the whole subject. The radical evil and misfortune of the Turkish Government is its thoroughly vicious and barbarous method of collecting the land revenue. A tenth or more of

the produce of the soil is collected in kind as the due of the State; but as the State cannot directly receive the produce of the harvest, a middle-man is appointed and armed with the despotic authority of the State, he supplying the money which the husbandmen cannot pay and the treasury wants to receive, and of course making a large profit on the transaction. If the Turkish Government had the good sense and the means of establishing an equitable system of land assessment, on the principle of the land settlement in India, whether it be that of the North-Western Provinces or of Madras, it is possible that in some years the greater part of its difficulties would vanish. The public revenue would increase; the treasury would not be plundered; and the people, naturally rather docile than turbulent, would become a contented and laborious population.

Not of inferior importance to the tenure of land and the incidence of taxation, is the administration of justice to the people according to their own laws and by judges versed in those laws—a thing difficult to obtain in Mohammedan countries. Our own Punjab Code is a favourable, though not a perfect, specimen of a rough and ready system of laws, adapted to the wants of a mixed population and capable of being administered by unlearned judges. But in India it is an essential condition of government that each race should be subject to its own laws, administered, in courts of first instance, by native judges; and Turkey has already conceded by the capitulations a jurisdiction to Consular Courts over foreign Christians. The difficulty would be in Turkey to find either Greeks or Bulgarians sufficiently learned and honest to administer the law at all. Dr. Braun asserts that all the culture of the valley of the Danube, north of the Balkan range, is German, and, south of that range, Italian. The following passage appears to us to be of great interest:—

‘In truth nobody except the Popes, the emissaries of Russia, and the politicians of the future who dream of a South-Sclavonian Federal Republic, will hear of the dominion of the Sclavonian race. The Roumanians, as well as the Greeks, think themselves very superior to the Slaves; and the Sclavonian race is disqualified for government by its excessive intolerance. Nowhere has the “stranger” so few rights as in the glorious principalities of Montenegro and Servia. The Christian Government of those provinces forthwith expelled the Turks, so that no Mohammedans remained in the country save those who were too poor to leave it. Christianity in the East is in general external and purely ritualistic. The Christian brethren hate each other to the death. And why? Because one sect makes the sign of the Cross from left to right, and the other from right to left.’

He then goes on to contend that if autonomy were estab-

lished in Bosnia and the Herzegovina the result would be that the Slavonians and Greeks would maltreat the Mohammedans, instead of the Mohammedans maltreating them. The picture he draws is discouraging; but he proposes a remedy:—

‘In point of fact, one cannot demand that the Osmanlis, who, though perhaps the most indolent, are still the most intelligent, the most respectable, and the leading race in Turkey, should place themselves under the authority of the despised Rayahs. It would be just as if it were proposed to the white population of the Southern States of America to put negroes and coloured men into all the offices of State. The thing cannot be done on ethnological and physiological grounds.

‘In preference to Slavonian or Greek courts of justice, the Turk would rather accept mixed tribunals, in which he should himself take part. Such institutions are not unknown to him. His jurisdiction has already been invaded by that of the Consular Courts. The emancipation of the peasantry, regularity and moderation in the land assessment, the substitution of a fixed rent-charge for the tithe-system, the collection of this revenue by the agents of the Ottoman Bank, the promulgation of intelligible laws of real and personal property, account-keeping on the European system, the alienation and sale of the domain and of Church property to be carried into effect by mixed commissions or tribunals—these are the reforms which would really be of use.’

These are the views of an impartial observer, a German, well acquainted with the country. The Turks have a proverb, ‘Round a broken-down carriage there are many counsellors.’ That is just their present case. To continue as they are is impossible. Bankruptcy, anarchy, subjugation are at their doors. The question to be solved, and that in the immediate future, is, whether there are men in the Councils of the present Sultan of sufficient energy to adopt practical measures of this nature, and whether the Sultan himself will support them. We are by no means convinced that the task is hopeless or impossible; though we admit it to be a difficult one. But if such are their intentions it cannot be the interest or the desire of this country to thwart them in the attempt.

The main cause of the sufferings and abuses from which the population of the Turkish Empire, of whatever race or religion, is undoubtedly suffering, is not the violence, or bigotry, or despotic strength of the Government of the Porte, but, on the contrary, its poverty and its excessive weakness. The administrative and judicial officers throughout the Empire are wretchedly paid, which is the fertile source of corruption in every branch of the public service; and the edicts of the Porte, however well designed, like the Irade of November 1875, are not executed, because the Government has not the

strength to enforce them. Turkish Ministers are not such fools as to desire that the people should be impoverished and disaffected, if they had the power to remedy the evil. But, in addition to other causes of decay, the resources of the Empire have been exhausted by the necessity of creating and maintaining a powerful fleet and army, because they can never forget that they hold their power in Europe, and in some parts of Asia, chiefly by a military tenure, and that formidable and secular enemies are always hovering on their frontiers. To this object a large portion of the loans raised since the Crimean War, and advanced in great measure by the people of this country, has been not unsuccessfully devoted. Every bondholder or fund-holder of Turkish Stock was a willing contributor to the restoration and augmentation of the Turkish military power, and some at least of these loans were encouraged by the British and French Governments. We are at a loss to understand with what reason or consistency Englishmen, who thought it right to invest their money in loans raised for the purpose of strengthening the military power of Turkey, should now join in a cry for the dissolution of the very power they have themselves helped to create. It were well if the citizens of a rich country, jealous of its reputation for humanity and freedom, would, before they invest their money abroad, consider in some measure the *morality* as well as the *security* of their investments. Loans to Russia for the purpose of constructing military lines of railroad to open the East to her armies; loans to Turkey to enable her to keep on foot a large and semi-civilised army; loans to Egypt, the interest of which is paid out of the blood of the *fellah*, appear to us to be very questionable applications of English money, and totally opposed to the political objects which, as a nation, we profess to have at heart. We should be curious to know how many of the persons who attended the recent meetings on 'Bulgarian Atrocities' were holders of Turkish stock, who had advanced money for the purpose of strengthening the military power of the Ottoman Empire. Such persons are irritated by the loss of half the high rate of interest they have been receiving, but if the Turkish Empire were annihilated, what would remain of their investment? We cannot forget that a year has not elapsed since the British public were jubilant because four millions of their money had been spent in relieving the Khedive of Egypt from financial embarrassment by the purchase of his unproductive shares in the Suez Canal. What is the Khedive but a Turk, and the vassal of a Turk? His forces form part of the strength of the Ottoman Empire, and have already

appeared on the theatre of war. But this is not the place or the time to speak of the political foresight and consistency of the English people.

Assuming that the present Turkish military power and civil authority can be swept out of Europe—a result not to be obtained without a most sanguinary war—that would afford but a very imperfect solution of the problem. Be the government of the Porte what it may, or whatever more enlightened and tolerant government be substituted for it, what is proposed to be done with the Mussulman population of Turkey in Europe? There are between three and four millions of Mohammedans in Europe, many of whom are of the same race as the Christians, and not Turks at all!* You cannot destroy them. You have no right to exterminate them. If you transport every Moslem across the Bosphorus, you would still have to deal with the problem of mixed religions in Asia; and you run the risk of driving to desperation a fierce people, who believe that to die in war against the infidel opens to themselves the gates of Paradise. There are Christians in Syria, there are Christians in Asia Minor, who need the protection of equal laws as much as those of Bulgaria or Bosnia, or more. Behind the Moslems of Europe, comparatively few in number, lies the whole of Islam, extending from Morocco to the western provinces of China. In all these races of men the sentiment of

* Dr. Braun states the present population of European Turkey to consist ethnologically of

Osmanlis	2,100,000
Greeks	1,600,000
Servians	1,600,000
Bulgarians	4,300,000
Albanians	1,100,000
Jews, Gipsies, Armenians, Circassians, &c. .	1,300,000

12,000,000

and he divides them, according to their creeds, into 3,800,000 Mohammedans; 7,350,000 Christians of the Eastern Church; 600,000 Christians of the Latin Church; smaller sects 250,000. Hence it would appear that Turkey contains 1,700,000 Mohammedans who are not Osmanlis or Turks, but Slavonians. The number of Bulgarians largely exceeds that of the inhabitants of Bulgaria. They extend, in fact, over the whole country. The girl at Salonica, whose apostasy led to the massacre of the Consuls, was a Bulgarian. M. Jakschitz, a Servian writer, estimates the whole population at about 8,500,000; but as he allows 3,609,455 for the Mohammedan population, and 4,788,074 for the non-Mohammedan, the proportion of the race of Islam is even larger than was supposed.

nationality is merged in the unity of creed, or rather in a common hatred of unbelievers. Is the spirit of the crusades to be revived in the nineteenth century? Is the pacific and progressive policy of this age to provoke a hundred millions of men to a contest, which, on their side at least, would certainly be waged with unrelenting ferocity? We hold, on the contrary, that the first duty and the chief interest both of the Porte and of the Christian Powers is to subdue and calm these passions, not to excite them. That is the reason why, in addition to the horror such crimes inspire, we deplore every outbreak of ferocity and the war itself which is the cause of them. The whole strength and authority of a government much stronger than that of the Porte is not more than sufficient to coerce the fierce animosities which smoulder in the hearts of the people. Dr. Braun writes:—

‘Who is to drive the Turks out of Europe? and how is it to be done? Egypt has an essential interest in the existence of Turkey, and of an indolent Turkey such as now exists. Roumania, Montenegro, and Servia are burning with the desire to measure themselves against the Turks, but in the first place they will never agree, because none of them will make concessions to the others, and secondly, in the long run, the Turks would be stronger than all of them put together. He who knows what military resources Turkey still has in Asia, whence come chiefly those big, broad-shouldered, strong soldiers, who have no wants, and bear all sorts of hardships without a care or a complaint—he who has compared the Turkish army in general with the Roumanian, Greek, and Servian forces—he who has the least conception of the religious fanaticism which smoulders in the Turks, and what that may bring forth if (as is to be feared) it be roused and let loose, like some fierce animal, by the course of events,—will not doubt which is the stronger side. . . . The plan of detaching the provinces of Turkey, like the leaves of an artichoke, after the fashion of Roumania and Servia, is, in itself, and for the rest of Europe, full of grave considerations. That would be a *dissolution* of Turkey, but not a *solution* of the Eastern Question. On the contrary, half a dozen such states would effect nothing for the culture of the people or the land, but would never be at peace, and would embroil Europe, which desires peace and will have it, in their disputes.’ (Braun, pp. 120–122.)

We must now return to Mr. Evans, who found himself, in August 1875, in the very heart of a formidable insurrection, which speedily diverted him from his antiquarian researches and his mountain rambles. The news of the outbreak reached him at Serajevo, which was formerly the very central point of Mohammedan fanaticism, and is still the seat of a highly irritable population.

‘It was on Sunday, August 15—the same day on which the great Christian pilgrimage took place on the mountain above Comulina—

that the peasants of that part of Bosnia, who had been goaded to madness during the last few weeks by the exactions of the tax-gatherer (with whom this year the Government, itself unable to meet its creditors, had driven a harder bargain than usual), first took up arms. From the rapidity with which the revolt spread through Lower Bosnia there seems to have been a preconcerted movement—indeed, it was previously known at Belgrade with sufficient accuracy what lines the outbreak would follow. The first movement took place near Banjaluka, where the rayah villagers rose on the extortioners and slew eight tax-gatherers. This was immediately followed by other risings extending along the Possávina to the neighbourhood of Brood and Dervent. Several of the watch-towers along this frontier were surprised, and their Turkish garrison massacred. Meanwhile, the Christian women and children are fleeing beyond the Austrian border for protection; the banks of the Save at the present moment are a piteous sight, and the forest border and willow river-hedge are crowded with these harmless fugitives, holding out their hands and entreating to be ferried over to the Slavonic shore. The news of the outbreak quite bewildered the authorities at Serajevo. The Vali, the only man capable of coping with the difficulties of the situation, had just left for the Herzégóvina. Bosnia was bereft of troops, for the Seraskier at Stamboul, disregarding the earnest warnings of the Vali, had persisted in withdrawing the regulars stationed in the province till hardly any were left, and of these every available man, except those absolutely necessary for garrison duty, had now been despatched to the Herzégóvina.

‘Meantime, the Mahometan population of Lower Bosnia has taken the law into its own hands, and the authorities have been forced to look on and see the Mahometan volunteers, the Bashi-Bazouks—not long ago suppressed for conduct too outrageous for even the worst of governments to tolerate—spring once more into existence. Such were the ferocious warriors whose acquaintance we had made at Travnik. To-day they are streaming into Serajevo: we met a party of them defiling through the street, and the leader of the gang, as he passed, glared savagely at the Giaour. They are, from what we hear, mere organised brigands headed by irresponsible partisans, and at present are committing the wildest atrocities—cutting down women, children, and old men who come in their way, and burning the crops and homesteads of the rayah. That the defence of Bosnia should have fallen into the hands of such men is one of the most terrible features of the situation, and nothing can better show the abjectness of her present governors than that they have now consented to accept the services of these bandits—and that even the Turkish authorities are now calling them out as well as the Redif. There seems, however, to be little authority of any sort left to the Government at the seat of the insurrection in Bosnia, for the native Mahometan population, seeing itself left defenceless by its Osmanli officials, has rudely thrust them aside, and the defensive measures are now being carried out by self-constituted committees of public safety, which have sprung up at Banjaluka, Dervent, and other towns. Thus, in Bosnia, the Christian outbreak has been opposed by a counter-revolution of Moslem fanaticism.’ (Pp. 260–262.)

Here, then, at the very outset of the quarrel, we find the Bashi-Bazouks, who have earned for themselves so frightful a reputation in Bulgaria, let loose on the country; on a subsequent occasion Mr. Evans and his brother were in some danger of falling into their hands, but the cyclamen or herb amulet they had gathered on their way brought them good luck, and they were not molested. The Duke of Argyll has just republished an excellent speech made by himself in 1867, on the occasion of the insurrection in Crete, in which he pointed out the fruitful cause of such atrocities.

‘I wish to remark,’ said His Grace—‘what ought always to be borne in mind—that all these wars in the Christian provinces of Turkey assume an internecine character. They are emphatically *savage wars*, embittered by the antagonism of race against race, and religion against religion, and the most terrible brutalities are committed on both sides. There is always one special circumstance that aggravates very much the horrors of war, and that on the side of the Turks. In putting down such insurrections the Turkish Government employ, not only their regular troops, but also Albanians, Circassians, and other semi-savage hordes, whose brutality may far exceed that of the regular soldiery.’

It is characteristic of the habits of the country that the Russian and Austrian Embassies at Constantinople had two or three thousand ferocious highlanders from Montenegro and Dalmatia in their pay, whose presence caused even more alarm to the Christians in Stamboul than to the Turks, for they are in fact the Bashi-Bazouks of Christendom, and would have been just as ready to play their part in a massacre.

Nothing is more clear in this perplexing question than this. Since the Sultan of Turkey was formally admitted and received by the Congress and the Treaties of 1856 into the ‘concert Européen’—the community of European and civilised Powers—he must cease to make war like a savage. That, all Europe has a right to demand. War, even the war of Moslems, cannot be carried on with the lawlessness and ferocity of undisciplined troops. They are a weapon and a force which turns infallibly to the destruction and infamy of him who lets it loose upon his fellow-creatures. The atrocities committed by the irregular Turkish forces in Crete in 1867 were not less horrible, though not on so vast a scale, as the recent crimes of the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria, though for some reason they failed to excite the sympathy of the British public. The insurrection was put down by hard and brutal means. But it is fair to add, that the island has since been comparatively well-governed by Raouf Pasha; large and liberal concessions have

been made to the inhabitants, and Crete is now one of the most flourishing possessions of the Empire.

It is clear from the reports of the Consuls and from all the evidence that has been collected, that one of the most fruitful causes of bloodshed has been the distribution of arms to a lawless population; and the appropriate remedy would be disarmament. In truth civilisation, order, and law cannot exist in a country in which the practice of bearing arms is universal—still less in a country in which one section of the population is armed and the other is not. In all European States there are restrictions on bearing arms. Even the soldiers of the Queen of England's Guards are not allowed to carry their side arms when off duty. In Japan, the first step to the establishment of a government based on liberal principles was to disarm the fierce retainers of the Daimios, who were as brutal as any Bashi-Bazouks in the first years of our acquaintance. If in Turkey, there are provinces in which one half the population is ready to murder the other half, the first step to peace and security is to take care that neither party should be armed; and no sacrifice would be too great to effect a general disarmament of the people, with the exception of the regular troops and the police.

Bosnia and the Herzegovina might, we believe, be detached from the direct government of the Porte, without any serious loss of power or revenue to the Sultan, for these provinces are only connected with Turkey by a narrow neck of land; they are flanked by Serbia on the east; and, in point of fact, they have enjoyed, down to a recent period, a great degree of independence, being governed by the native Mohammedan aristocracy much more than by Turkish officials. Mr. Evans gives us an interesting picture of the homestead of a family community among the Sclavonians. There are aggregate families of as much as four hundred members living under one roof and one patriarchal authority, and these peculiar institutions are maintained with a complete feeling of equality and with property held in common. Perhaps they are the germs of a democratic constitution; for Mr. Evans is of opinion that the form of government adapted to these societies must either be a despotism or a democracy verging on communism. Although the Servians have attempted to conquer Bosnia, annexation to Serbia is the last thing, it seems, that the Bosniaks desire. There are still the descendants of the Bosniak Janissaries, men of the Serai, Mohammedans, owners of great part of the soil, half a million in number, utterly irreconcilable to the government of a Christian State. There are

about 200,000 Roman Catholics equally hostile to a State belonging to the Greek Church. And even the Christian peasantry abhor the notion of what they call the Servian yoke. Of this Mr. Evans had frequent examples. How is an autonomous government to be established in a small province which has neither religious nor national unity, and would speedily be engaged in quarrels with its neighbours? How would Servia, which has expelled every Mussulman from her own territory, deal with half a million of Sclavonian Moslems? Probably the best solution of the problem for the Bosniaks themselves would be that Austria should assume the government of the country, which would open Bosnia to the Adriatic coast and place her under a neutral administration. But would anything tempt Austria to undertake so arduous and perilous a task as the government of half a million of fanatical Moslems, and the addition of another half million to her own South Sclavonian population? She at once refused the proposal when it was made to her, the other day, by Russia. She refused it because it meant immediate war with Turkey, but she would equally have refused it if that consequence had not been attached to it. The mere cost of the military occupation of the country, and the establishment of a police, would be considerable. Everything would have to be done in a region without roads and without capital. It would be twenty years before the district could pay its expenses, and Austria is already distracted by the evils of a divided population, without the addition of a Mohammedan element. To that we must always recur in considering the difficulties of this problem. Greece, Servia, and Roumania could, without much difficulty, be withdrawn from the administration of Turkey, because the Mohammedans of those countries were, so to speak, interlopers, comparatively few in number, and they are, therefore, justly regarded as Christian tributary states. But where the Mohammedan religion is professed by nearly half the population, the natives of the land, their presence must be accepted and dealt with as a fact which we have neither the right nor the power to alter.

It has been proposed that this difficulty is to be met by establishing the 'autonomy' of these provinces. What is meant by 'autonomy'? If that term means that the subjects of the Porte should have a much larger share in the management of their local affairs and in the administration and financial business of the country than they have had, and this without distinction of race or creed, that is precisely what the best friends of Turkey have constantly recommended, and it is the course

which the present Turkish Government is ready to adopt. Modern centralisation has been the bane of Turkey, and nothing is so essential to her as the restoration and extension of local self-government. The Mohammedans of India did not destroy the Panchayets of the Hindoo village. But if 'autonomy' means the transfer of political and military power from the government of the Empire to small detached communities or provinces, that would not only be fatal to the Empire but injurious to the provinces themselves. In Greece, 'autonomy' has been extended to complete independence, but the Duke of Argyll declared in 1867 that the Greek Government was, after that of Turkey, the worst in Europe, and it has undoubtedly all the defects of a small and weak administration. In Serbia, 'autonomy' has been liberally conceded, but the use made of it by the Servians has been, as we see, to declare war on their suzerain, and to make them the tools and dupes of a foreign Power. The former sort of autonomy is essential to the prosperity and welfare of a people, the latter is simply 'Home-Rule' under a Greek name.

This observation applies with as much force to Bulgaria as to Bosnia; for although, on the one hand, the proportion of Mohammedans to Christians is smaller in the former than in the latter province, and the Bulgarians, or Bulgarian-speaking people, amount in all to more than four millions, yet, as will shortly be seen, Bulgaria stands in a far more important relation than Bosnia to the Turkish Empire.

The Bulgarians were not originally a Slavonic people. They were Scythians, who settled on the Danube in the fifth century, conquered the Slaves and oppressed them. But conquerors and conquered have now, like the Normans and Saxons, melted into one, and even the language of the country is mainly, though not wholly, Slavonic. Down to a recent period, what little culture existed among them was entirely Greek and due to their Greek priests, but within the last forty years this is entirely changed. The studies of the younger generation have been conducted at Moscow or at Prague; the local schools are Slavonic; and the Bulgarian Church has come to an open rupture with the Greek Patriarch. The Porte has been obliged to appoint an Exarch of this separate church, and the Greeks complain that the Bulgarians plunder their church property. Bitter hostility prevails between the two races, the Slavonic element having driven out the Greek, and being far more hostile to Turkey, because it is impelled from the North. This explains the expression used by one of

the British consuls, when he says that no fusion between Greeks and Bulgarians appears to him to be possible. If the rising in Bosnia and the Herzegovina was, as we are told, agrarian, the movement in Bulgaria was mainly the result of a foreign revolutionary conspiracy, acting under the direction of the Panslavist Committee at Bucharest. The Russian Government may use this association as a feeler to promote its own objects, but the experiment is a dangerous one, for the members of this society are the disciples and agents of a school of Nihilists which would subvert all the institutions of the Empire, and they are not scrupulous as to the means employed. The following details were obtained by Mr. Baring from a document put in at the trial of the insurgents before the special Commission at Philippopolis:—

‘On the 19th (31st) March a meeting of 80 agitators took place at Otlou-keui, and the date of the general rising, which the Bucharest committee had fixed for 18th April (1st May), was postponed till after 1st (18th) May. The plan of action decided on was shortly as follows:—To destroy as much of the railway as possible, including the bridge at Ouzoun Keupni. To burn the rolling stock at Sarembey. To set fire to Adrianople in 100 and to Philippopolis in 60 places, and also to burn Sofia, Tatar-Bazardjik, Tchtiman, Isladi, and a number of villages. To attack the Turkish and mixed villages, and to kill all Mussulmans who resisted and take their property. To occupy certain important points, such as Avrat-Alan, Kalofer, Tchoukourlou, &c. Bazardjik to be attacked with 3,000 men, and the Government stores seized. The rising to be general and simultaneous. Such Bulgarians as refused to join the insurrection to be forced into it, and their villages burnt. On the 18th April (1st May) another meeting was held at Metzka, when Benkowsky informed his comrades that their plans had been betrayed by one Nenko, and that the rising must consequently be precipitated. Accordingly, obedient to his orders, the people of Avrat-Alan and Otlou-keui rose and killed such Mussulmans as they could lay hands on, and erected some rough fortifications; other villages, such as Yeni-keui, &c., were visited by small bands of men with flags, who told the peasants they must leave their homes or otherwise the Turks would massacre them, and that a large Russian army was ready to cross the Balkan. At Zindjirli the priest, the schoolmaster, and some other men actually drove the inhabitants out and forced them to set fire to the village.’

If, as we suppose, this document is authentic, it proves beyond all doubt that the outrages in Bulgaria were begun by the Christians, and that they began, not by the spontaneous movement of the people, but under the direct instigation of foreign agitators, who had their own ends in view, and were utterly regardless of the frightful consequences of their schemes to the Bulgarian peasantry. It is important to bear these facts in mind.

Acts of monstrous and revolting cruelty are generally due to the influence of fear. Mr. Baring, in his report, has not only ascertained the truth with regard to the crimes committed, but he has enabled us to touch the cause of them. They proceeded from a mutual panic. The Bulgarian peasantry, an industrious quiet people, not at all given to violence, were told by their foreign instigators that the Mussulmans were about to massacre them; the Mussulmans were persuaded by the rash attacks on Avrat-Alan, Bellova, and Otlou-keui, that the Bulgarians were about to massacre them. Both parties were animated by hatred, but far more by terror. The consequence was a state of total anarchy—the horrible condition of a country in which the armed minority falls upon the unarmed majority. The crimes committed, as is always the case in social warfare, were as irrational and unjust as they were brutal and barbarous—the innocent perished for the guilty; and the government of Mahmoud Pasha, then Grand Vizier, not only failed to maintain order by sending regular troops, but let loose on the people the very fiends of war. God grant that the scenes of horror which were enacted in a few remote Bulgarian villages, may never be renewed in the great cities of the East and the sites of a denser population, where precisely the same elements of discord exist, as was seen not long ago at Salonica and apprehended in Constantinople itself! Mr. Baring appears to us to have summed up the whole question with great good sense and impartiality. We cordially concur in his just reprobation of the acts of the Turkish Government, and we think his concluding observations deserve to be recorded in this place.

‘Wherever there is Turkish rule there, owing to its inherent faults, will be Christian discontent. Last spring this was naturally heightened by the total failure of Mahmoud Pasha’s high-sounding firman of reforms, by the deaf ear turned by the Porte to petitions from Bulgaria, and by the heavy pressure of taxation. Add to this the difficulties in which the Turkish Government was involved, and latterly, also, the fear of some outbreak of Mussulman fanaticism, which prevailed more or less throughout Turkey. The foreign agitators and those natives whom they had succeeded in seducing seized upon this apparently favourable opportunity to strike a blow; the peasants were deluded into leaving their villages by being told that the Turks were going to massacre them, and the populations of the small towns were induced to take part in the insurrection by threats and by the most extravagant promises of foreign aid. The revolution was well planned, but miserably executed. The heart of the people was evidently not in it; and many of them apparently thought that all that was necessary for success was a green flag, with a lion rampant and “liberty or death” embroi-

dered on it. The insurgents put themselves in the wrong by killing defenceless Turks, and committing other acts of insurrection, but the resistance they made when actually attacked was hardly worthy of the name. The Turks gained an easy victory, and abused it most shamefully, the innocent being made to suffer for the guilty in a manner too horrible to think of. . . . The Porte has, moreover, given a powerful handle to its enemies and detractors by the way it has treated those who took an active part in the suppression of the insurrection. Those who have committed atrocities have been rewarded; while those who have endeavoured to protect the Christians from the fury of the Bashi-Bazouks and others have been passed over with contempt.'

'This report may be brought to a close with the following remarks:— There was undoubtedly a revolution which had to be suppressed by armed force. A small minority of the population committed reprehensible acts which merited punishment. The Government of Mahmoud Pasha is to blame for the calling out of the Bashi-Bazouks, for had it sent troops earlier, this disastrous measure would never have been necessary. It is also to blame for allowing revolutionary agents to circulate under its very eyes, without taking measures to counteract the spread of their pernicious doctrines. The manner in which the rising was suppressed was inhuman in the last degree, 50 innocent persons suffering for every guilty one. The deeds of blood I have spoken of, and the misery I have witnessed, must rouse just indignation in every mind; but the infamous conduct of those agitators who, to serve the selfish ends of States, whose only object is territorial aggrandisement, have not shrunk from exciting poor, ignorant peasants to revolt, thus desolating thousands of homes, and leaving to a fine rich province a legacy of tears, should not be allowed to escape without their share of public execration.'

It is not very easy accurately to define what is meant by Bulgaria, for the present Turkish divisions of the pachaliks of Widdin, Rustchuk, Nish, and Sofia do not correspond to the old geographical denomination of the provinces on Kiepert's map for instance. But for our present purpose it will suffice to say that Bulgaria is that portion of Turkey in Europe which lies between the Danube and the Balkan range, extending from the frontier of Servia to the Black Sea—a distance of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of longitude. Its area is stated to be 32,000 square miles, which is about the size of Scotland. The population of this district is computed at 3,000,000, of whom two-thirds appear to be Christians and one-third Mohammedans. This province thus includes the whole Turkish shore of the Danube from Servia downwards, and all the mouths of that river. It will be remembered that one of the objects accomplished by the Treaty of Paris in 1856 was to place the command of both shores of the Danube in the hands of Turkey, and for this purpose Russia was compelled to retrocede to the Porte a portion of the territory of Bessarabia on

the left bank, which had been conquered in previous wars. Russia was thus cut off from the river altogether, and cannot approach it without violating the neutrality of Roumania or invading Bessarabia; she has therefore taken surreptitious means to place a considerable number of her officers and men on the right bank of the river. Lord Derby has recently said with truth that the last word of the Eastern Question is, 'Who is to have Constantinople?' No doubt. We would, therefore, beg anyone who wishes to form a dispassionate political opinion on this question to bear in mind that the line of the Danube is the first line of defence of Byzantium, as was seen in 1853, when it was not unsuccessfully defended by Omar Pasha.

The province of Bulgaria next includes the whole line of the border fortresses and towns of Turkey to the north, Widin, Rahowa, Nikopoli, Sistowa, Rustchuk, Silistria, memorable for its last defence, Schumla, and Varna. These fortresses are now, we have reason to believe, in a more efficient state than they were in 1854, and the Turkish army is far better able to defend them than it was in 1828 or in 1854. They have been put in a complete state of defence, and the whole system of fortification greatly improved by an eminent Prussian officer, Colonel Grach, and the last-named fortresses especially, Silistria, Schumla, and Varna, form a triangle, which may be compared for strength to the celebrated *quadrilatère* of Northern Italy. On them depends the existence of the Empire. It is totally impossible that the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, as guaranteed by all the Powers of Europe in 1856, and by ourselves in our separate treaty with France and Austria, should subsist, if these fortresses and the line of the Danube are not held by the forces of the Porte. But this is not all. Bulgaria also includes the tracks and passes through the Balkan Mountains, which are the third line of defence of Constantinople, and not the least important one; and here again the five important passes near Varna, Pravada, Osman Bazar, Tirnova, and Sumugh have been fortified by the Prussians so as to render them nearly impassable. Whoever is master of the Danube, the fortresses and the chain of mountains, may descend whenever he pleases into the plains of Roumelia, and advance on Adrianople and on the capital. There is an end to all political or military means of defence, as the Turks knew when they made peace in 1829. When Turkey ceases to hold the Balkan and the fortresses of the Danube, she ceases to hold anything in Europe defensible or worth defending.

It may here be observed that the scene of the horrible excesses of Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, which have called forth the indignation of England, was not in Bulgaria at all, but nearer to Philippopolis and Adrianople, being considerably to the south of the Balkan range. Similar misdeeds were afterwards perpetrated in the district of Tirnova, which lies north of the Balkan, but even these acts were not known at Rustchuk to have taken place until a considerable time afterwards.* The Bulgarian-speaking people, in fact, are also to be found to the south of Bulgaria. It is impossible to draw a geographical line within which certain races of men are to be protected and certain rights established. The Government of the Porte is bound to afford protection and equal rights to all its subjects under whatever degree of latitude they may live; and there could be no greater mistake, in the interest of the Christian population, than to establish conditions north of the Balkan which should cease to be obligatory south of that line. The Porte, therefore, seems to us to have been justified in its reply, that the measures of reform which are required must be extended to the whole Empire and not confined to one or two districts.

To withdraw these provinces from the military occupation and civil administration of the Porte is, therefore, not only to dismember the Ottoman territories, but to extinguish the Empire in Europe, and to lay open the road to the capital. Those politicians who are desirous of bringing about this result could adopt no means more effectual. It is idle to suppose that small dependent states, of a mixed population and an un-

* Consul Reade wrote from Rustchuk on May 23rd to the Ambassador at Constantinople:—‘There is a grave matter here which I should bring to Your Excellency’s knowledge, and that is the arming of the Mussulmans and Circassians in the Vilayet, and the letting loose of the latter on the Bulgarians simply reported to be in revolt. The lawless character of these Circassians is notorious—they are not to be trusted at any time; to employ them therefore in the way I have stated at the present moment is in my opinion to drive many, who have hitherto remained quiet, to revolt. *This fact has only been known here the last two days*, and it has already created a very bad feeling in the place, as everyone knows how difficult it will be for the authorities to withdraw the arms these men have been provided with.’ A similar report had been made from Adrianople on May 16th. On May 15th Sir Henry Elliot reported that whereas the Russian Consuls at Adrianople and Philippopolis dared not show themselves in public, the Greeks at the latter place united with the Turks to repel any attack of the Bulgarians; between the Greek Rayahs and the Bulgarians, it is stated, that no kind of fusion is possible.

settled government, with slender military resources, could offer any resistance to the advance of a great military Power. Roumania is such a State, and she is designed to cover the left bank of the Danube; but if it is the policy of Russia to invade Turkey, she will not be arrested by Roumania for a single hour. On the contrary, she will make it her base of operations. Servia is another semi-independent State; but Servia, we know, is only too anxious to use her arms against the Porte—she is, in fact, the advanced guard of Russia. These facts are so obvious that no Government in Turkey could, without absolute self-destruction, assent to such a proposal. The worst terms that could be imposed on Turkey, after the capture of her fortresses and the defeat of her armies, could not be more disastrous to her. At present neither of these events has occurred. Far from it. Turkey is in possession of a considerable army, hitherto victorious; and to enforce the surrender of these provinces would require successful operations of war, conducted on a very large scale. Before the Porte is asked to surrender this territory, or to withdraw from it, it might be well to consider whether the Powers of Europe are prepared to undertake the conquest of it; and if any one of the Powers of Europe is prepared to undertake such an expedition, whether the other parties to the Treaty of Paris are disposed to sanction it. For it is pretty evident that any Power which should go to war for such a purpose would simply retain the conquered territory for herself. To suppose that these small provinces could or would retain their autonomy or independence, after such a collision of great forces, appears to us a delusion. We have the distinct assurance of Lord Derby that one at least of the Powers is resolved to resist such a solution, and rightly so; for the existence of Russian provinces, or of South Slavonian provinces protected by Russia, to the south of the Danube, would be not less fatal to the independence and security of the Austro-Hungarian Empire than to the existence of the Porte. Yet this is what Russia appears to have contemplated when she made to Austria the audacious proposal that a Russian army should occupy Bulgaria, whilst Austria herself took possession of Bosnia and the Herzegovina. That would simply be a partition of Turkey in Europe. But *could* Russia occupy Bulgaria? With the army Turkey now has in the field, and with the strength of her present line of defence, we very much question whether the task would not be found one of greater difficulty than is commonly believed; and if the Russians were exposed to the risk of an Austro-Hungarian army

threatening the right flank of their line of operations, the expedition would be one of great danger, if not absolutely impracticable. Hence the importance Russia evidently attached to the attempt to persuade the Court of Vienna to join her scheme. Austria has it in her power, by a resolute attitude, to stop it.

Omar Pasha and the Turkish forces under his command held the Russians at arms' length upon the line of the Danube during the whole winter of 1853-54. It was not till eight months after the declaration of war by Turkey that the French and English forces began to arrive in the Dobrudscha. Meanwhile the Russians had been defeated at Silistria and recrossed the river, having in fact totally failed. They now regard Servia as their base in a military point of view; and it might give them a passage of the Danube, but Austria has, we believe, declared that in the event of the Russian forces marching southwards, she will turn her arms against Servia.

The present state of affairs reminds us forcibly of the course of events which led to the Treaty of London in 1827. No man who is sixty years of age can have forgotten the enthusiasm awakened in Europe by the Greek Revolution in 1821. The Greeks are a people with an illustrious name and an immortal language. Their country was one of the latest Turkish conquests. The entire population of the Morea and the Isles was Christian, united by blood, religion, and language. The oppression of the Turks was detestable and intolerable; and the Greeks rose to shake it off with a valour and patriotism which seemed worthy of their race. The war was carried on with great ferocity on both sides—deeds like the massacre of Scio, the surrender of Parga, the devastation of the Morea by Ibrahim Pasha, excited throughout the Christian world sentiments of horror of which the recent Bulgarian agitation gives but a faint idea, for they were universal throughout Europe. Church and Cochrane went to fight there; Byron went to die there. Collections for the cause of the Greeks were made in every school and every village. The Turks were denounced with execration from every hustings and every pulpit. This lasted for six years, during which time the Porte had shown itself incapable of subduing the insurrection, though it had invoked the aid of the Egyptian army, then very powerful. As to the means employed, they surpassed in horror and atrocity anything which has yet been witnessed in our time.* When it was

* Even after the battle of Navarino, Ibrahim Pasha contrived to carry off in his shattered vessels, which nearly sank on the voyage, 5,500 Greek women and children for the harems of Egypt.

found that the armies of the Porte were unable to quell the revolt, the Sultan, says M. Dmitri de Boukharow, whose work we have before us, invited his Moslem subjects to exterminate the Christians. Great slaughter took place in Constantinople itself, where the patriarch Gregory was dragged from the altar and hanged in front of his church in his pontifical garments. The population of Scio was estimated at 100,000 before the massacre; after it, there remained but 900 Christian males in the island. The Emperor Alexander I. assumed, in presence of this movement, precisely the same attitude which has been observed towards Serbia by his nephew Alexander II. He refused to countenance or abet the insurrection, although the Russian nation and the army were, as now, eager to make the Greek cause their own. It was not till Mr. Canning had succeeded Lord Castlereagh at the Foreign Office in London that the Greeks found among the great Powers a protector, and that protector was England. The Congress of Verona had turned a deaf ear to their appeals. Mr. Canning recognised the Greeks as a belligerent Power, and a Greek loan for 800,000*l.* was raised in London. Upon the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, Russia determined to adopt a more decided course, and on April 4, 1826, a Protocol was signed at St. Petersburg by Count Nesselrode and the Duke of Wellington in the following terms:—‘Greece was to be an autonomous dependency of the Porte, paying an annual tribute, but the Greeks were to enjoy entire self-government. The properties of Turks, whether on the continent of Greece or the islands, were to be purchased by Greeks.’ On this basis the allied Powers undertook to mediate, binding themselves ‘not to seek for themselves or their subjects any territorial or commercial advantage or influence which should not be equally applicable to all other nations.’ Here, then, was an example of a cordial and disinterested union between England and Russia, dictated by lofty sentiments of policy and humanity. The Porte did not accept the Protocol, but within six months Russia contrived to extort from the Sultan the Convention of Ackerman (signed on October 7, 1826), confirming the Treaty of Bucharest, establishing the semi-independence of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Serbia, and opening the Dardanelles to Russian merchant vessels. This convention, says M. Boukharow, secured to the commercial interests and religious influence of Russia advantages as great as she could have obtained by war. But Russia was not satisfied. The Porte still refused to acknowledge the independence of Greece, and in July, 1827, the Treaty of London was signed between England, Russia, and France,

to compel Turkey to treat with the Greeks on the basis of the Protocol of April 4, 1826. The allied fleets appeared in the Mediterranean and announced to Ibrahim Pasha that they should cut off the communications of the Egyptian army, then in the Morea. Upon this declaration, which was regarded as an act of war, the battle of Navarino was fought on November 20, 1827, and the Turco-Egyptian fleet destroyed. Turkey being thus deprived of her naval power, Russia no longer hesitated to declare war on April 26, 1828, and invaded Turkey with two armies, one in Europe and the other in Asia Minor. The European campaign was a failure, Schumla and Silistria having arrested the march of the Imperial armies. But the Asiatic expedition, under Paskiewitsch, put Russia in possession of Kars, Akhaltzikh, Anapa, and Poti. In the following year the Russian army in Europe was more successful. Diebitsch reduced the border fortresses, partly by force of arms and partly by corruption,* and crossed the Balkan: and on August 20, 1829, the Porte was compelled to treat for peace at Adrianople. Meanwhile, the Duke of Wellington, sensible that we had been outwitted by Russia, and that the Protocol he had signed at St. Petersburg three years before, had led to consequences he did not contemplate, ordered the British fleet to be in readiness to enter the Dardanelles, in the event of the Russians marching on Constantinople. We found ourselves, therefore, on the brink of war with Russia, as the consequence of our joint intervention. The peace of Adrianople was disastrous to Turkey. Russia obtained complete command of the navigable mouths of the Danube; and she added to her own dominions the whole eastern coast of the Black Sea. The independence of Greece was recognised, and Turkey had to pay 10,500,000 ducats and the expenses of the war.

The Porte, reduced to the extremity of weakness by these defeats, due in great measure to her own obstinacy, but due also to the designs of Russia, now found herself attacked by her own subjects. The Pasha of Egypt was then a rising power; Syria was conquered; Asia Minor invaded; and by the Battle of Konieh, won on December 21, 1832, by Ibrahim Pasha, the road to Constantinople was thrown open to the Egyptian army. Then it was that Russia changed her tone, declared herself the most faithful friend and tutelary genius of

* Youssef Pasha, who commanded at Varna, was bought by the Russians, and his treachery caused the fall of the place and the success of Diebitsch's campaign, otherwise very doubtful, for the Russian army had suffered enormous losses.

the Porte, and sent her fleet to the Bosphorus for the protection of the Sultan (January 1833); and this unnatural alliance was consolidated by the Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, on July 8, 1833, by which Russia engaged to place her naval and military forces at the disposal of the Sultan, and a Russian army encamped in front of Buyukderé, on the Bosphorus, but on the Asiatic shore. The situation created by the exclusive protection of Turkey by Russia was intolerable to Europe, and it was terminated by the intervention of the Allies in 1840, which wrested Syria from Egypt, and once more restored the authority of the Porte, with the concurrence of Russia.

We ought, perhaps, to apologise to our readers for this brief recapitulation of events, which are well known: but their application to the present state of affairs appears to us to be highly instructive; and it might be inferred from some of the speeches which have recently been delivered in England that the lesson of fifty years ago is already forgotten. If we are told that the interests of justice and humanity loudly call upon this country to enter into a close, cordial, and disinterested alliance with Russia for the settlement of the affairs of the East, our answer shortly is that *we have already tried it*. That is precisely what Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington attempted to do by the Protocol of April 1826. The consequence was a series of wars, the destruction of the military power of Turkey in Asia as well as in Europe, and the prostration of Turkey herself under the protection of a Russian fleet and army in the Bosphorus. Yet the liberation of Greece was a far easier task than the divulsion from Turkey of her northern provinces. The Mussulman population of Greece was insignificant and could be bought out. The Greeks had waged war, not unsuccessfully, for six years. The Greek nation was unanimous. The loss of Greece was not fatal to the Ottoman Empire. On the other hand, Russia succeeded in securing for herself great territorial and political advantages from these transactions, and at last held Turkey and Constantinople itself almost entirely in her grasp. If we are not misinformed, General Ignatieff, whose influence over the late Sultan was paramount, and who had a large share in the most improvident and oppressive acts of his reign, had brought matters to a point very nearly resembling the alliance of Unkiar-Skelessi. The terror of the half-insane and incapable sovereign had been excited to the highest pitch by the dread of an outbreak in Constantinople. Russia was again to protect him; a corps of troops was ready to sail for the Bosphorus, and the demand for their intervention was either signed, or on the point of being signed, by the Sultan, when

the manifestation of the Softas, speedily followed by the deposition of Abdul-Aziz, cut short the intrigue. This is a matter of secret history, of which we cannot speak with certainty, but we have great reason to believe it to be true; and we are certain that there are circumstances connected with the schemes of General Ignatieff and the deposition of the Sultan which have not yet been made public. The fall of that unhappy and misguided sovereign was the death-blow to a whole system of policy, based upon his subserviency to the Russian ambassador, and nothing remained but for General Ignatieff to quit for a time the scene of his discomfiture.

We must here observe that we believe Sir Henry Elliot, Her Majesty's representative at Constantinople, to have been most unjustly attacked in England. Far from being indifferent to the fatal consequences of the employment of irregular troops in Bulgaria, he had remonstrated repeatedly with the Ministers of the Porte, and pointed out the danger before it occurred. The mischief was done before the British fleet was summoned to Besika Bay, and when the British ambassador found himself backed by that powerful force, these deplorable excesses and the danger of an outbreak in Constantinople itself, ceased. Some credit, therefore, is due to Sir Henry Elliot for the prevention of further calamities, if credit is ever given to a diplomatist for the evils he averts. Moreover, the sufferings of the Bulgarians, however loudly they called for redress, were not the only thing he had to think of, even if the full extent of them had been known in Constantinople, which it was not. He was in the midst of a revolution. The Sultan was deposed; the Divan unsettled, and two of the Ministers assassinated. The whole scheme of Russian policy, which had overshadowed the Empire, was suddenly overthrown. In the midst of these tremendous events Sir Henry Elliot acted with coolness, discretion, energy, and judgment; and we have no doubt that justice will be done him not only by the Government, but by his own political friends and by the public, when the history of this extraordinary crisis is more fully and accurately known.

Bearing these facts in mind, we shall simply say, when we are advised to enter into a close and cordial understanding with the Russians for the settlement of the affairs of the East, that *we cannot trust them*, even when it suits them to act with us.

In spite of Lord Beaconsfield's assurances that Russia has met us half way, and the opinion of those statesmen who regard all apprehensions of Russia as obsolete delusions, a

calm review of the facts already known to the world does at least warrant a suspicion, if not an absolute belief, that a deep-laid plan was, and is, in the course of operation for the complete overthrow of the Treaties of 1856 and the conquest of the Turkish Empire in Europe. The Government of the late Sultan, misguided by General Ignatieff, was rendered odious to its own subjects and contemptible to Europe. In the western provinces, as we have seen from independent testimony, the tendency to agrarian insurrection was inflamed by financial oppression, and artfully used by foreign emissaries. Montenegro, a district entirely under Russian influence, and not governed by the Porte, prepared to take up arms. In Bulgaria the movement, such as it was, came entirely from the North; the people, says Mr. Baring, had no heart in it. Meanwhile, Servia, with no grievance at all to complain of, for her independence was complete, had long been preparing for war, and at last declared it. Prince Milan must have known perfectly well that he could not resist the forces of the Turkish Empire, unless he received foreign support, and whilst the Emperor Alexander sent him messages from Ems to dissuade him from hostilities, Russian aid in the most practical forms continued to stream into the country. At this moment, it is said that 15,000 Russian troops are serving in the Servian army and commanding it, in a manner certainly inconsistent with any known rules of neutrality; in fact it is no longer a Servian army at all, but a Russian detachment, exercising an authority over the Servian Prince and his Ministers, which seems to be absolute. These adventurers are real *filibusters*, and their mode of proceeding is precisely analogous to that the Americans accomplished in Texas and attempted in Cuba. The test of the sincerity of Russia at this moment is whether she will or will not prevent (as she doubtless can) the influx of military incendiaries into Servia. If not, she may live to repent it, for they are the forlorn hope of Russian revolution. Finally, this long series of intrigues and acts of ill-disguised hostility, is crowned by the proposal to occupy Bulgaria and by open preparations for war, although her ambassadors are still ordered emphatically to deny any such intentions. Are we to believe them?

Russia is the one Power in Europe which has avowedly a direct territorial interest, in what we shall venture to call the disestablishment and disendowment of the Ottoman Empire. To her, neutrality in such a question is almost impossible. But that is not the case with ourselves, or with any other great Power. Austria, Germany, France, Italy, England, may all

be regarded as mediating States looking to the common interest. But Russia is unquestionably looking to her own. It has been the settled policy of England, under many administrations, to make these questions the common property of Europe, and to place them under the sanction of a common authority. The treaties to which we are parties for the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire, are not mere engagements between this country and the Porte to defend and uphold a decrepid empire; they are public and general engagements between all the European Powers *with each other* to determine their relative positions, and to pledge them all alike to avert a catastrophe. Nothing could more effectually break down and destroy the results of the Crimean War than an abrupt and unauthorised departure from the principles and the letter of the Treaties of Paris by one or more of the parties to them. That result alone would be to Russia an enormous advantage and satisfaction.

If this view of the facts of the case should turn out to be the true one (and although Russia may continue to play a secret game as long as she can, in order to avoid a winter campaign, she must at last throw off the mask, if these are her designs), we would simply point out to our readers three of the consequences of the recent agitation in England:—1. It has encouraged the Servians to prolong the war and enabled General Tcherniaeff to reject the liberal terms offered them. 2. It has strengthened the war-party in Russia, which is endeavouring to force the hands of the Emperor, and may possibly succeed in producing important results. 3. It has considerably weakened and embarrassed the diplomatic action of the Queen's Government, at a very critical moment, when peace or war may turn upon the incidents of an hour. These are exceedingly serious and, we think, mischievous results—speaking of them, not with reference to Turkey or the Ministry, but as affecting the general interests of this country and of Europe—interests in comparison with which the mere question of the misgovernment of Turkey shrinks into insignificance.

We adhere to the opinion, in which we have never wavered, that the Crimean War was a just, necessary, and useful war. It was caused by the arrogance and deceit of Nicholas, and it rendered to the world the signal service of the overthrow of the despotic, relentless, and reactionary influence he exercised in Europe. What would not the results have been to Europe if he had been allowed to carry his design into execution, unopposed by the Western Powers? For, as Lord Palmerston said in the House of Commons on March 25, 1854: ‘Russia

'has always, from the time of Peter the Great, systematically laboured, without any deviation, to realise the scheme of the conquest of Turkey. When checked in her advance, she draws back, but only to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity.' That we hold to be an invariable truth in politics. M. Boukharow, himself a Russian, boasts that the extension of Russia in the last century is a fact unexampled in history. Since 1772 she has doubled her territories. Within eighty years she has advanced 350 leagues on the road to Vienna and to Paris; she has swallowed up half Sweden, and of Poland as much as would make another Austrian Empire; she has conquered from Persia about as much as the area of Great Britain. From Turkey she has wrested, by successive wars and treaties, States as large as Prussia was before the war of 1866; and we have recently seen her advancing over Central Asia with accelerated rapidity.* To this movement, as against Europe and Turkey, the Crimean War put a stop; and although the barrier raised against it was not imperishable or insurmountable, it has proved for twenty years sufficiently effectual. We see no reason to allow it to decay, for the danger is always there. To denounce as worthless results obtained by so great an effort seems to us to be sheer folly.

But the chief result of the war and of the Treaty which concluded it was that it annihilated the claim of Russia to the exclusive protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and substituted for it the joint and collective action of the Six Powers. It takes away from *her*, and it imposes upon *us*, collectively, the duty of providing, as far as possible, for the equal rights and just government of the non-Mussulman population. That is the point on which we chiefly rely, at this moment, for the pacific settlement of these disturbances; and to disparage that most important result, or to act as if it had never been obtained, is an act of absurdity of which no man conversant with the facts could be guilty.

Mr. Bright consistently holds, as is well known, the opinion exactly opposed to our own; but, as far as England was concerned, the language of Mr. Bright and his friends was one of

* One wrong does not palliate another; but it must be said that Mr. Schuyler's account of the ferocious proceedings of the Russians in Khokand last year is an exact parallel to the atrocities in Bulgaria, even to the employment of Circassian levies. General Kauffman deliberately ordered the extermination of the Yomud tribe, without sparing age or sex. The Cossacks and Circassians *killed them all*. In like manner several towns were utterly destroyed. The officers who committed these barbarities have been rewarded by the Czar.

the chief causes of the Crimean War, because it led the Emperor of Russia to believe that England would never fight. Much of the language recently used on this question has the same tendency. It has led the Russians to suppose that they will have the support of a considerable party in England if they attack the Ottoman Empire. The proposal to occupy Bulgaria was the natural and immediate result. What would be the fate of any British Minister who should deliberately or by negligence make over to Russia the defence of Constantinople? Would a British Minister be unsupported or censured who should even have the courage to occupy it?

It may be well to remind our readers of the terms of the Treaty of Paris which directly concern this matter. The VIIIth Article provides that the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Sardinia, declare the Sublime Porte to be admitted to share all the advantages of public law and the concert of Europe. 'Their Majesties promise, each on his own behalf, to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire; they therefore guarantee in common the strict observation of this engagement, and will consequently regard every action of a nature to impugn it as a question of general interest.' This therefore is a binding engagement entered into by the Christian Powers *between themselves*. Art. VIII. provides that, in the event of any difference between the Porte and one or more of the Powers, it should be referred to the mediation of Europe before force is resorted to. By the IXth Article, the Sultan spontaneously communicated to the Powers the 'Firman,' which he had just published for the protection of his Christian subjects without distinction of race or creed, and the Article goes on: 'The Contracting Parties acknowledge the high value of this communication. *It is well understood that it does not, in any case, give a right to the said Powers, either collectively or separately, to interfere with the relations of the Sultan to his subjects, or in the internal administration of the Empire.*' We translate from the French text, not having the English text at hand. To this may be added, that by the XXIXth Article it was provided expressly that, 'no armed intervention can take place in Servia without a previous agreement between the contracting Powers.' When the Treaty of Paris was modified in 1870 by the surrender to Russia of the article establishing the neutralisation of the Black Sea, at the Conference of London, Lord Granville declared in opening the Conference, that it is a fundamental principle of the law of

nations that no single party to a general treaty can withdraw from it or break it at pleasure; and this doctrine was unanimously assented to. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville having thought it expedient to assent to a modification of the treaty in one particular, wisely took care expressly to renew and confirm all the other provisions of it. This, therefore, was not only the policy of the British Government under Lord Palmerston in 1856, but also under Mr. Gladstone in 1870.

This is the ground on which the Ministers of all the European States, and any British Minister, be he of what party he may, must take his stand. It is not a matter of choice, but of positive engagement. It is not more binding on the statesmen who made this agreement than on their political opponents, but it is equally so. It is an engagement not of Ministers, but of the Crown; and it is made, not to Turkey, but to Europe. It is, in fact, what the lawyers call a synallagmatic contract.

Nor was this all; for in addition to this general treaty, to which Russia and Turkey were parties, the Courts of England, France, and Austria concluded between themselves for their own protection, on April 15, 1856, a separate treaty, by which they agreed to guarantee jointly and severally the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Porte, as recognised by the general treaty of March 30, and they added this most significant engagement—that ‘every infraction of the stipulations of the last-mentioned treaty shall be regarded by the three contracting Powers as a *casus belli*. They will concert with the Porte the necessary measures, and will arrange amongst themselves the employment of their military and naval forces.’

These engagements not only do not exclude, but rather they invite, a concurrent deliberation of all the Powers. The language of Mr. Gladstone, the efforts of the Government, and the course of events, all happily point in that direction; and although opinions may differ as to the means it is expedient to adopt, there is, we hope, no dissension as to the necessity of restoring and maintaining peace between the Porte and the insurgent provinces. Then will come the consideration of the reforms by which these calamities may be averted for the future; and there is no reason to suppose that the Sultan, who has just ascended the throne, and the Ministers of his Divan, will be opposed to measures calculated to promote the present prosperity of the Empire, in which they more than anyone else are interested. But in spite of a great deal of wild talk, we do not suppose that any statesman will deliberately propose in a Conference of European Powers, or to the Porte, the

abandonment of the principles on which the settlement of 1856 is based. It is perfectly consistent with those principles to recommend to the Porte, with the authority of united Europe, those regulations which the cry of justice and humanity loudly demands, and those administrative reforms which are indispensable to the welfare of the country. We do not imagine that the government of the Ottoman Empire can be put in commission, or carried on under the direct control of half-a-dozen representatives of Christian Powers. Such a government would not only be the worst that can be conceived, but it would simply be impossible, either for the Porte to accept or for the Powers to establish. Unity of will and purpose is the first condition of good government: but if the accounts to which we have referred of the present successful administration of the island of Crete are true, we see no reason that the same liberties should not be extended to the other Christian provinces of the Empire, and we trust they might have the same beneficial effect in Bosnia and Bulgaria, as they have produced in the island which was visited not long ago by similar calamities.*

* To show that when we speak of the reform in the administration of the Turkish Government there is something more in it than mere talk, we quote the following summary by Mr. Philip Stanhope of what has actually been done in the Lebanon and in Crete, by the judicious intervention of the Great Powers. Some valuable letters from Crete have recently appeared in the '*Pall Mall Gazette*,' which give a satisfactory account of that island, which was seven or eight years ago in all the miseries of civil war. Mr. Stanhope writes as follows:—

'Now let us see what are the arrangements in force in Crete, and the Lebanon, by which a fairly satisfactory basis has been arrived at for regulating the relations between the Christians and Mussulmans in those districts. The general principles, which are the same in each case, are—1. The appointment of a governor for a fixed period, and of the creed of the majority of the population. 2. The division of the provinces into departments, who, through their notables or chief inhabitants, appoint the members of a Governor's Council, composed of members of all creeds, to assist in the government and control the financial administration. 3. The appointment of a local chiekh in each commune, chosen by the governor, and of a mixed council chosen by the people of the commune, who decide all matters relating to the assessment and levying of taxes. 4. The establishment of the equality of all sects before the law, the publicity of all causes, the appointment of local magistrates of the creed of the majority of the inhabitants of each locality, and the nomination in each department of a mixed tribunal or reformed "*Medjlis*." 5. Definition of the administration of criminal justice, setting forth the class of offences for which summary punishment may be inflicted and those which must be judged by

In conclusion, we would say one word on the attitude assumed by the Liberal Party on this question. It was greatly to the credit of the leaders and representatives of Liberal opinions both in the daily press and in public life, that they took the initiative in protesting against acts revolting to humanity, and peculiarly offensive to the British people, inasmuch as they were committed by the authorities of an Empire, in which this country takes a deep interest and to which she has so often afforded a generous support. The reticence or incredulity of the Government seemed to call more imperatively for this protest on the part of the people, and the result showed that England is not more insensible than of old to the cry of humanity and freedom. But these are not the only principles on which the foreign policy of this country is based. We hold with the Liberal Party that neutrality in the disputes of foreign States, but especially in civil wars—non-intervention until the interests of this country are assailed—the maintenance of peace, the strict observance of treaties, and absolute religious toleration, be it to Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or Hindoo—are permanent principles, not only accepted by the nation, but imposed by the nation on those who would govern it. If these really are the principles on which England desires her statesmen to act, they are not lightly to be thrown aside under any amount of temporary excitement or even provocation; and for our own part we abide by them as an essential part of the Liberal creed. The Marquis of Hartington, whom we recognise with unqualified confidence as the leader of the

superior courts. 6. Abolition of the system of farming taxes, regulation of the gross amount of revenue to be levied in each province, and the proportion to be applied to local objects. 7. Regulations as to police; that they shall be recruited from among all sects; and stipulations with regard to the imperial army that the commanders of the imperial troops, except in matters of strategy and discipline, are subject to the civil authorities of the province.

‘It will be found that these are the general principles in each case, though there is some difference in detail due to local considerations, the governor of Crete being a Mussulman, while the governor of Lebanon is a Christian. The scheme of reform in the Lebanon is, however, perhaps, the one in which the machinery for the local administration of justice is best defined, and where by reason of the multiplication of sects the greatest difficulties had to be overcome. In this case also the maximum and minimum amounts of revenue to be raised in the province are alone established, but the mode of raising it is wisely left to the decision of the local authorities, and not subdivided as in the case of Crete under different heads of taxation.’

Liberal Party, and whose rapid progress in public life is a source of genuine satisfaction, not only to his own adherents but to the country, which has marked him out as the statesman of the future, and Mr. Forster, second to none in his attachment to the cause of humanity and freedom, having taken little or no part in the numerous demonstrations which have taken place in various parts of the country, have visited the scene of these occurrences, and will doubtless have an opportunity of learning from the Ministers of the Porte themselves what are their intentions and their hopes. That appears to us to be the most practical and useful course to be adopted by two great English statesmen; and we have no doubt that the House of Commons will reap the advantage, in the next Session of Parliament, of their personal experience and observations.

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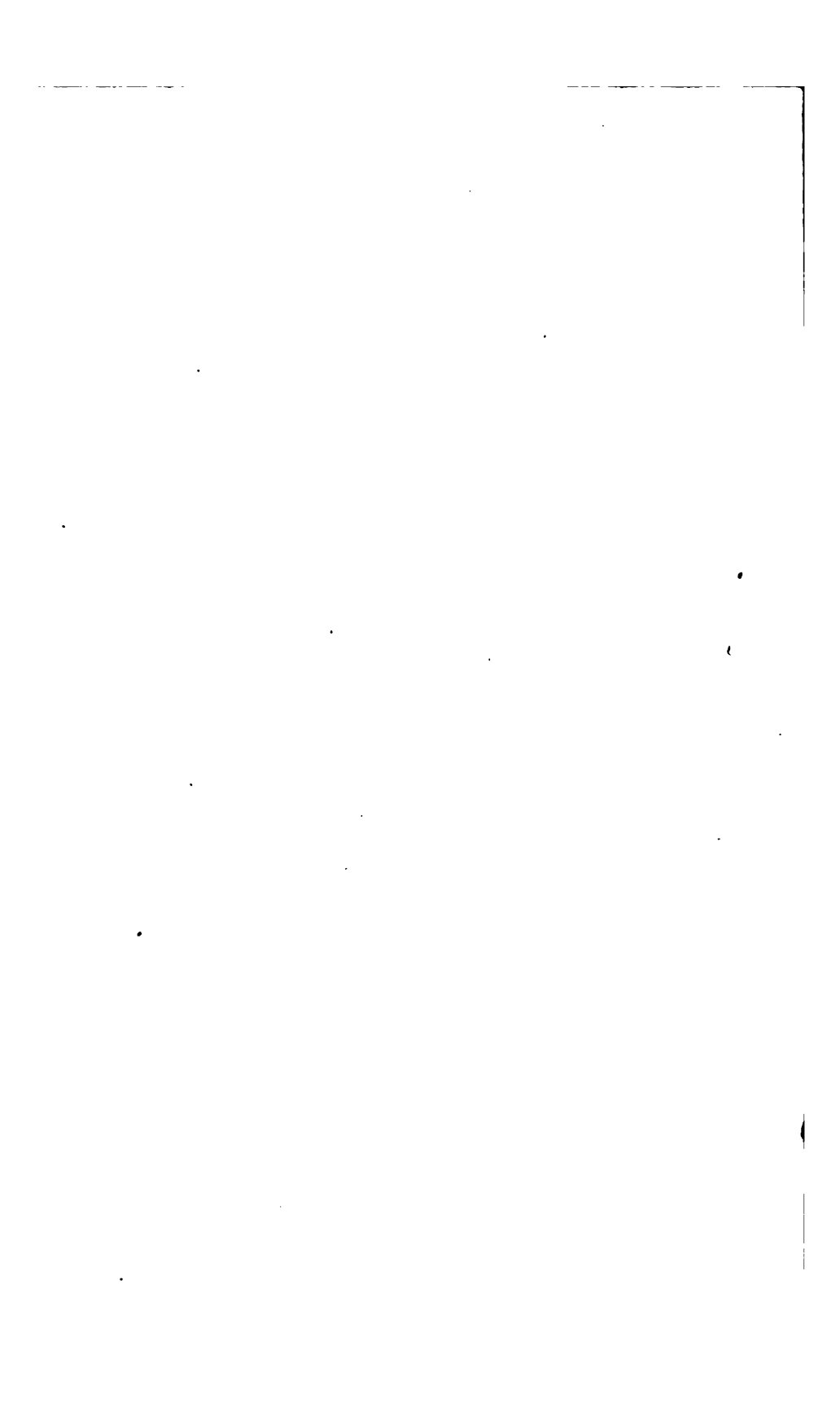
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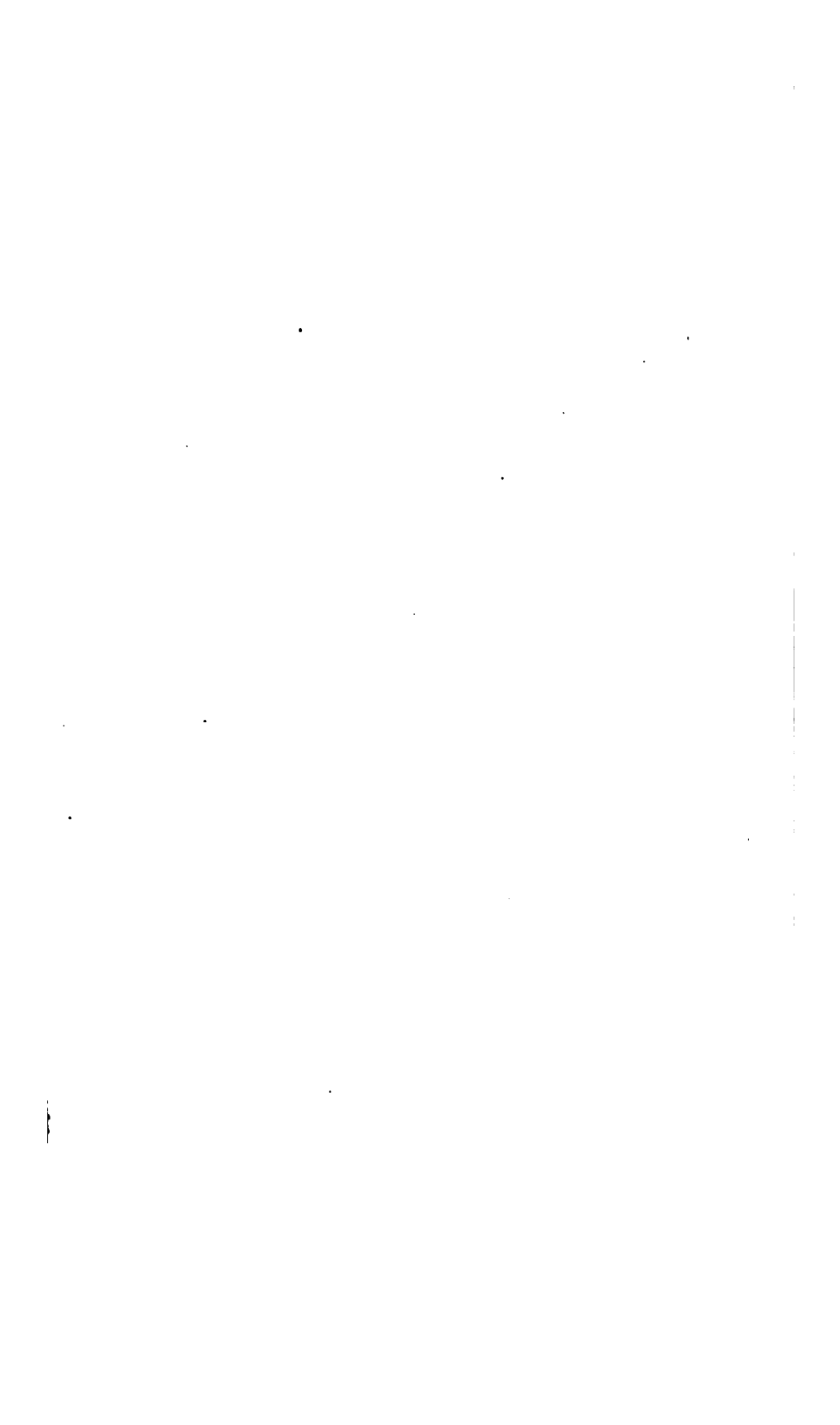
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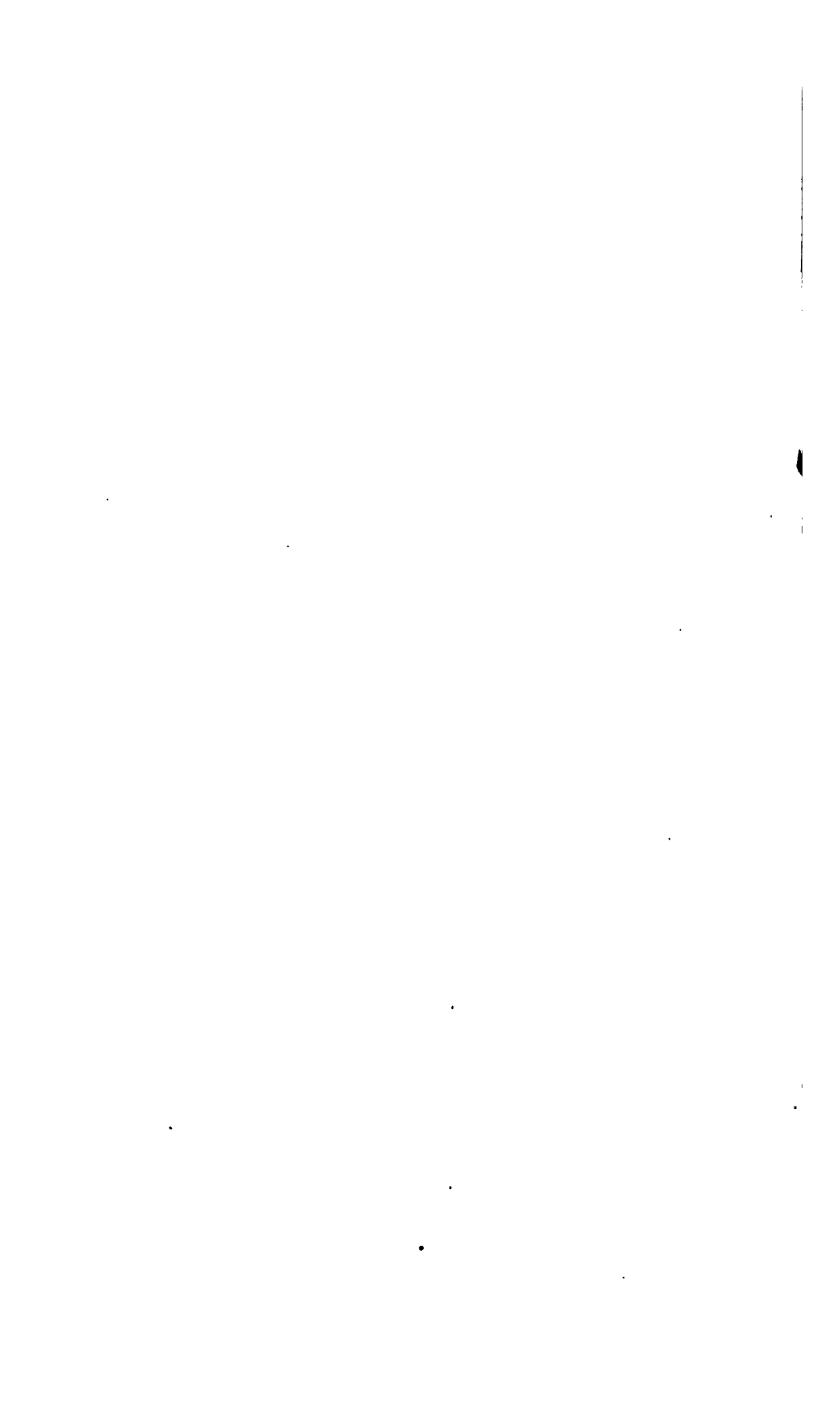
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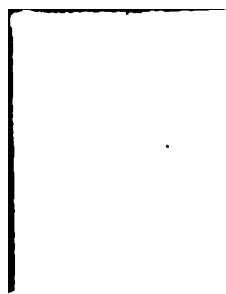
T

Turkey, state of. See *Bosnia and Bulgaria*.









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